THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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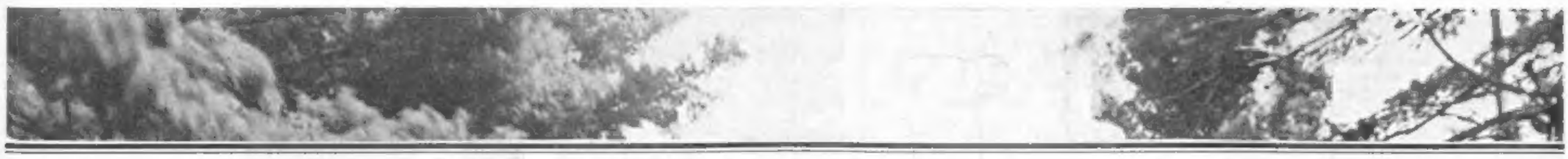

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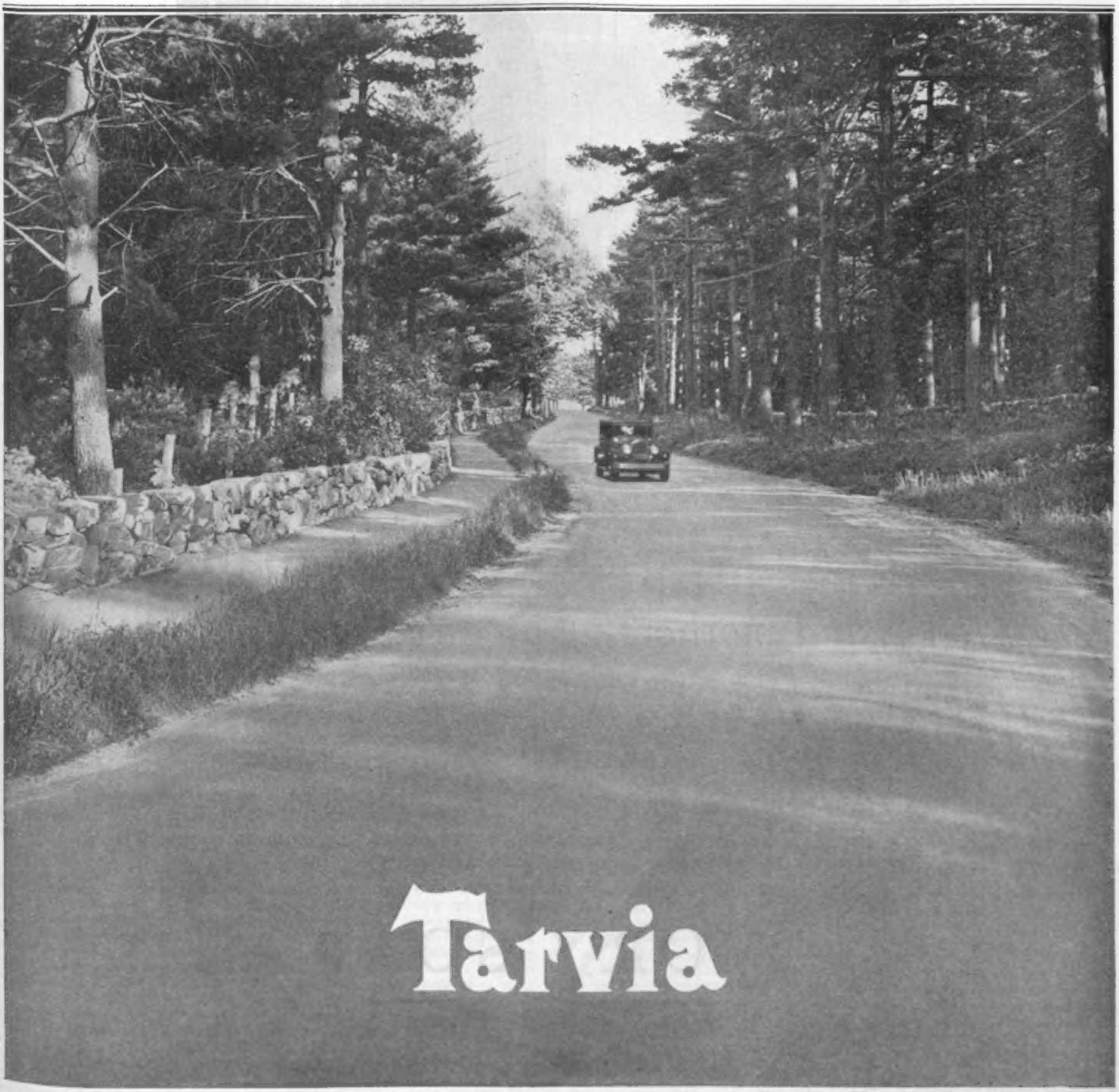

Concord Road, Weston, Massachusetts. Tarvia-built, 1917.

To fathers who sometimes spank 'em

and mothers who can't bear it!

Tonight mother and dad are dining with a bank president (whee!)—and it's time to go—and the little feller is still fumbling around in the tub, half an hour late.

That's why dad thundered into the bathroom, breathing fire and looking daggers—*going to spank!*

"But gee, daddy" (just in time) "I c-couldn't find the b-blamed ole soap. How c'n I bathe fast when that ole s-soap keeps a-sinkin' and a-hidin'? Gee wh-whiz!"

And there's mother right in the next room, hurriedly screwing a pearl button to the lobe of her left ear, and making a silent resolution, "Next time he shall have a cake of Ivory!" So there's going to be Ivory tomorrow night! And, if the Little Fellow is late again—well, there'll be one excuse he just *can't* make!

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
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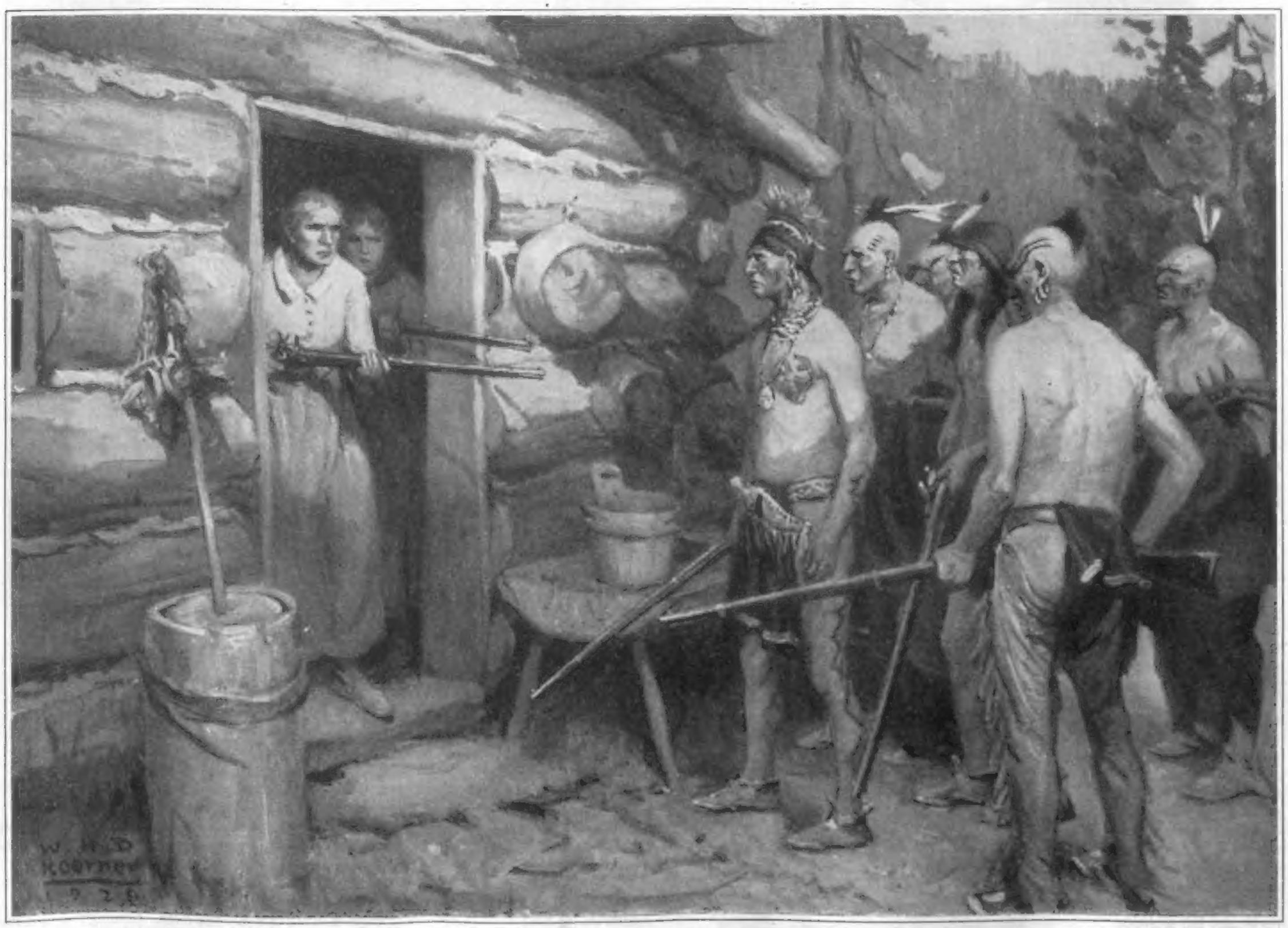
FUR BRIGADE

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



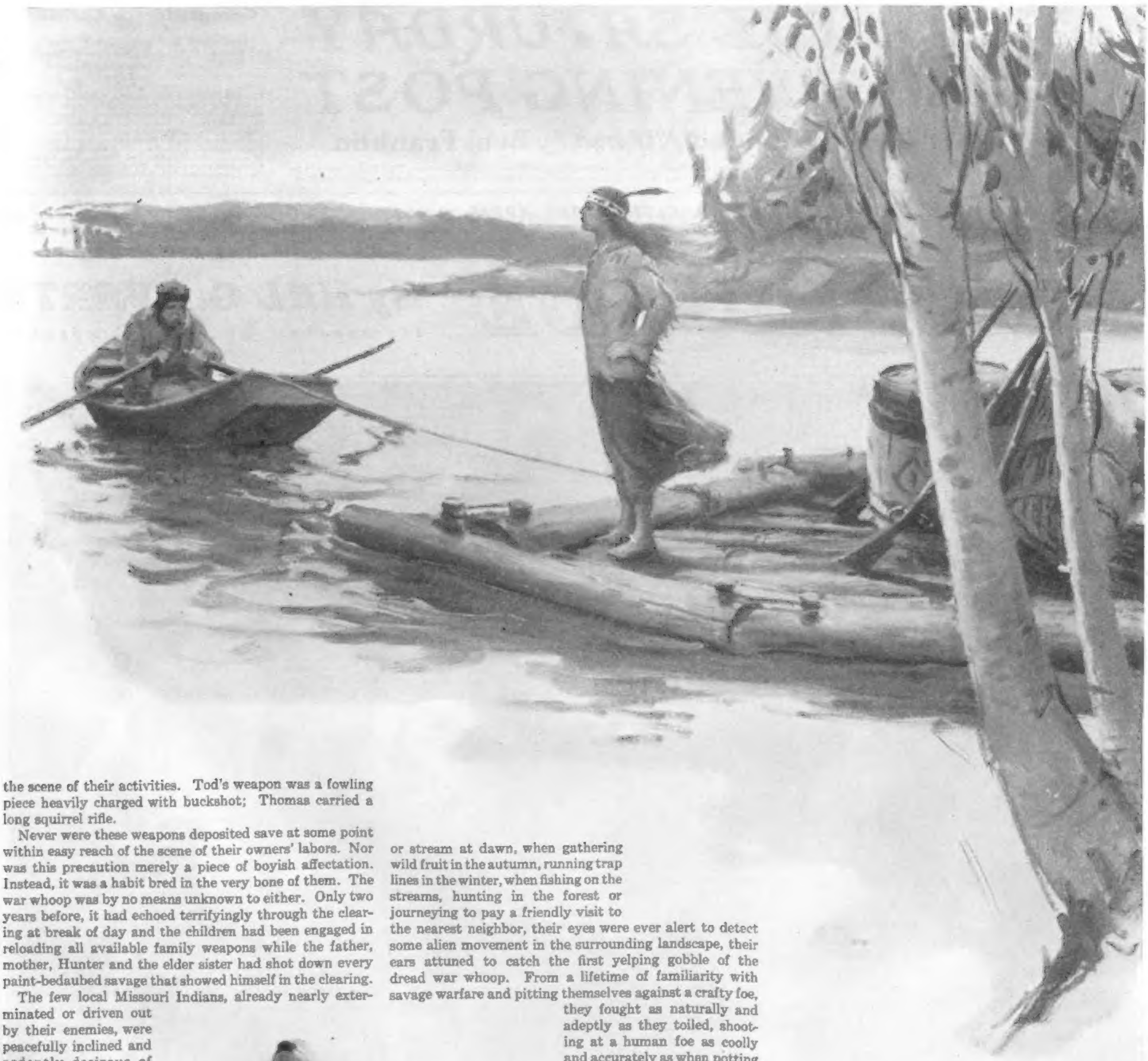
Mrs. Breckenridge and the Elder Daughter, Each Armed With a Rifle, Stood in the Open Doorway, Firmly Declining to Grant the Sacs' Insistent Demand That They be Permitted to Enter and Partake of Food

THE singing river crooned its seductive song to Hunter Breckenridge as he leaned upon his long rifle and gazed out across its swirling waters. Its gurgling current chanted a refrain of far places and battles unrecorded. It whispered to him invitingly—the Missouri. No doubt it was partly the fascination the river held for him that caused his first glimpse of the girl Nepanamo to be so strangely stirring. She came floating down from the distant regions drained by its headwaters. Perhaps that fact served to invest her with some of the mystery that he had always sensed in the river that carried her. Then, too, her hair was yellow—the first of that color that had ever come under his observation. Always thereafter the girl and the river were inextricably associated in his mind. She seemed to personify its alternating moods of benign placidity and wild turbulence.

A tall youth of sixteen summers, his was a man's estate in point of productivity, labor and defense. Throughout the day, in company with four of his younger brothers and sisters, he had toiled in the clearing. Ordinarily he deemed that sort of activity too trivial to necessitate his own participation. It might well be left to the younger members of the household while he aided his father in clearing more land or in hunting to supply the family larder. But since the father's departure down river two weeks before in a bateau loaded high with the winter's catch of fur, the weeds, left to the devices of the youngsters, had threatened to take the clearing and crowd out the crops. So on this day Hunter had assumed personal supervision of the work.

Save for the tiny meadow that had tempted the elder Breckenridge to settle on this creek, which now bore his name, the clearing was dotted by the charred stumps of the trees that had been removed, the Indian corn, potatoes, beans, squashes and watermelons having been scratched in between these blackened relics. Shoots persisted in springing from the living roots of these dead stumps and it was the self-appointed task of Hunter Breckenridge to cut the troublesome volunteer saplings beneath the surface with an ax while directing the energies of his minions to the easier chore of slaying the weeds with their rude homemade hoes.

In midafternoon, having laid low the greater part of the upstart saplings, he picked up his long rifle and hied himself to the adjacent forest, leaving the small laborers under the protection of his younger brothers—Tod, aged thirteen, and Thomas, ten. These two, aware of their responsibilities, moved their guns from place to place as they transferred



the scene of their activities. Tod's weapon was a fowling piece heavily charged with buckshot; Thomas carried a long squirrel rifle.

Never were these weapons deposited save at some point within easy reach of the scene of their owners' labors. Nor was this precaution merely a piece of boyish affectation. Instead, it was a habit bred in the very bone of them. The war whoop was by no means unknown to either. Only two years before, it had echoed terrifyingly through the clearing at break of day and the children had been engaged in reloading all available family weapons while the father, mother, Hunter and the elder sister had shot down every paint-bedaubed savage that showed himself in the clearing.

The few local Missouri Indians, already nearly exterminated or driven out by their enemies, were peacefully inclined and ardently desirous of the protection of the whites; but there were occasions when some war party of Sacs, bent upon avenging some actual or fancied affront, swooped from the north and left a bloody trail behind, sometimes even penetrating south to the Arkansas country to raid on the outskirts of the Osage nation. The few isolated cabins of settlers that had emigrated from the United States were too tempting to be passed by if opportunity offered for a surprise attack.

Little Bull Buffalo

Small wonder that those of the breed who survived to manhood became such redoubtable warriors. From earliest infancy they were schooled to carry guns to their work, to be prepared for attack at any instant of the night or day. As they toiled in the field, went out to drive in the cows of an evening, stepped out to carry a bucket of water from spring or stream at dawn, when gathering wild fruit in the autumn, running trap lines in the winter, when fishing on the streams, hunting in the forest or journeying to pay a friendly visit to the nearest neighbor, their eyes were ever alert to detect some alien movement in the surrounding landscape, their ears attuned to catch the first yelping gobble of the dread war whoop. From a lifetime of familiarity with savage warfare and pitting themselves against a crafty foe, they fought as naturally and adeptly as they toiled, shooting at a human foe as coolly and accurately as when potting deer or turkeys. It was all a part of the day's affairs.

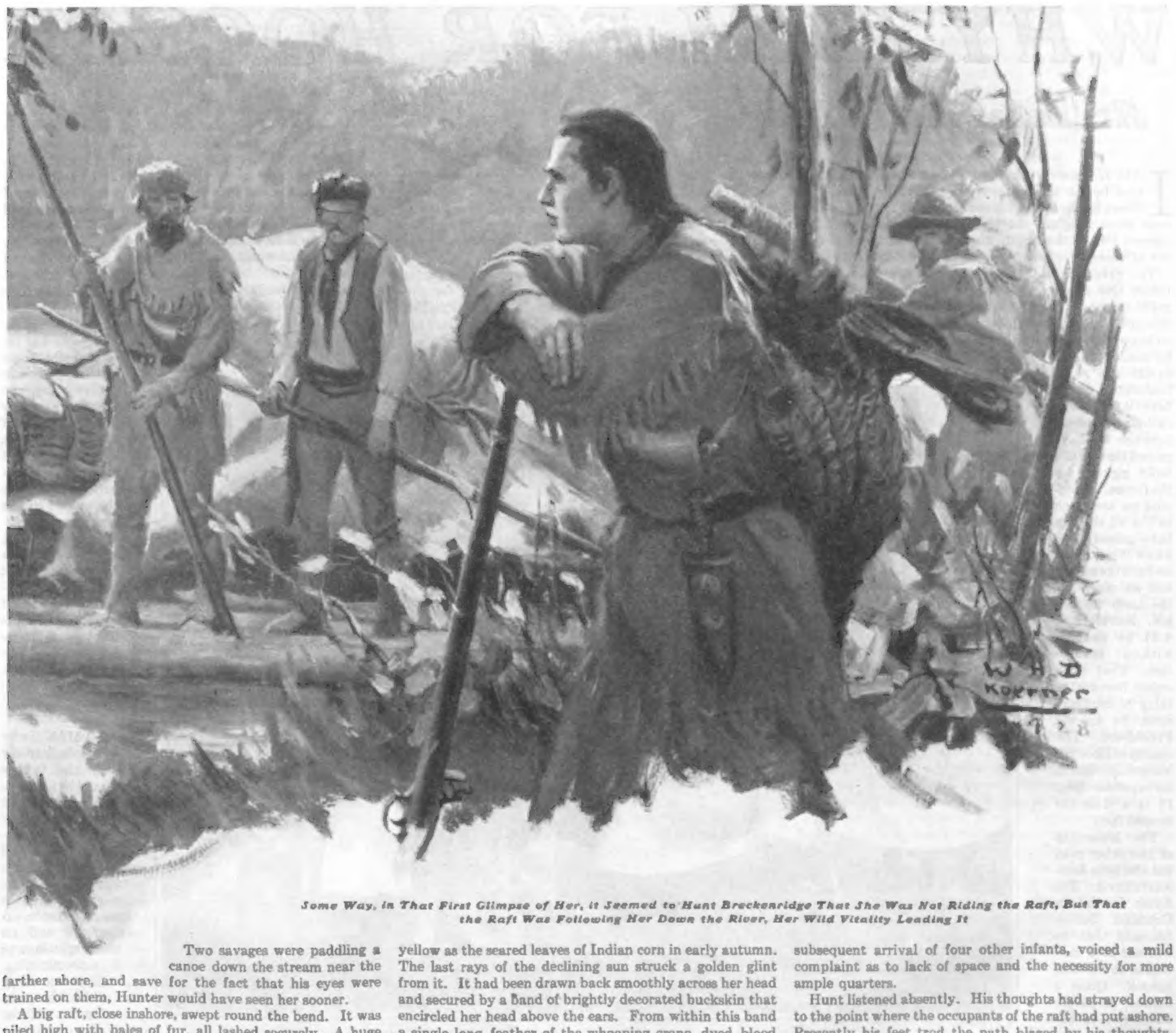
Perhaps half an hour after Hunter's departure the distant detonation of black powder drifted from the depths of the forest. Tod Breckenridge leaned on his hoe.

"I reckon as how Hunt has got him a deer," he sagely pronounced in his soft Southern drawl.

Toward sundown Tod gave the signal and the quartet of two brothers and two sisters gathered implements and weapons and repaired to the cabin. The elder sister was swinging an ax at the woodpile, its sharp strokes ringing cheerily through the evening quiet. Tod relieved the girl and she withdrew into the cabin to aid the mother in the preparation of the evening meal.

Hunt Breckenridge was still standing on the banks of the river for a final survey of its waters before turning up the course of Breckenridge Creek to the cabin. It was not a deer, as Tod had surmised, but a turkey that had been laid low by Hunter's shot. The big gobbler was now suspended from his shoulder. He lingered, loath to remove his gaze from the turbulent expanse of the Missouri. Its roily waters swirled in a myriad eddies and miniature whirlpools near the shore.

Always it called to him—the river. Coming from a tribe of restless souls that had pressed ever deeper and deeper into the wilderness generation by generation, he inherited the wandering feet of his breed. The river spoke to him of new and untried fields. Down its boiling course came canoes and bateaux, scows and rafts, manned by savages or traders returning from the head reaches of the river and its tributaries more than two thousand miles beyond. They voiced wild chants, these *voyageurs* of the fur brigades, and told wilder tales—tales of the Iowas and Cheyennes, of the Sioux and the Assiniboins of the Northwestern prairies, both of which tribes had been driven west of the Mississippi by those wolves of the forest, the Iroquois, a century before; of the Absarokas, or Sparrow Hawks, erroneously called Crows by the whites, a nation boasting twenty-five thousand warriors; of the savage Blackfeet, the Gros Ventres and the Snakes. The chuckling current, dark and mysterious, sang its seductive song to Hunt Breckenridge, inviting him to embark upon its waters and play his part in the mighty deeds of which it sang.



Some Way, in That First Glimpse of Her, it Seemed to Hunt Breckenridge That She Was Not Riding the Raft, But That the Raft Was Following Her Down the River, Her Wild Vitality Leading It

Two savages were paddling a canoe down the stream near the farther shore, and save for the fact that his eyes were trained on them, Hunter would have seen her sooner.

A big raft, close inshore, swept round the bend. It was piled high with bales of fur, all lashed securely. A huge figure manned a long sweep oar at the rear. A man in a skiff, with a line attached to the prow of the raft, was lustily pulling riverward to head the clumsy craft farther out in rounding the bend lest the current should drive it ashore. Two other men there were aboard the raft, both poised on the inshore edge and balancing a long pole apiece, ready to aid in fending off if the action of the sweep aft and the outward pull of the prow line by the man in the skiff should fail to clear her.

Now they were stowing away their poles, the danger past. Hunter, however, observed these things but semiconsciously, knew the portent of the activity, because he knew the river and its ways. His entire consciousness was centered upon the figure that graced the prow of the raft. She stood there on its very peak. Some way, in that first glimpse of her, it seemed to Hunt Breckenridge that she was not riding the raft, but that the raft was following her down the river, her wild vitality leading it. She was garbed in a loose buckskin jacket, from beneath which showed a faded blue calico skirt.

A stiff upriver wind tore at her, pressing the soft garments against her body. She was younger than himself, perhaps by two or three years; yet even now her youthful figure gave promise of the future, presaging the fact that she would be of Junoesque proportions, abundantly equipped by nature and training to bear the burdens and stand the hardships of helpmeet and mother to the hardiest breed of pioneers that the world has ever known.

All this Hunt Breckenridge sensed but vaguely. It was the girl's hair that caught and held his eye. It was tawny—yellow as the seared leaves of Indian corn in early autumn. The last rays of the declining sun struck a golden glint from it. It had been drawn back smoothly across her head and secured by a band of brightly decorated buckskin that encircled her head above the ears. From within this band a single long feather of the whooping crane, dyed blood red, slanted up and back, Indian fashion. Behind her, the unconfined yellow length of it streamed in the whistling wind like the plumed tail of some golden wild stallion of the prairies.

One of the men observed Hunter there on the shore and spoke a few words to his companions. The occupants of the raft looked up and for just an instant the two gazed deep into each other's eyes—the tall straight youth with his long rifle, the turkey slung from his shoulder, his hair black as a crow's wing, and the girl, equally tall and robust, with the streaming golden hair. And in that instant of passing, Hunt Breckenridge saw that her eyes were the deep blue of the first woodland violets of spring. Then she was gone and he stood gazing after the swift-gliding raft on the muddy flood tide of the Missouri.

A half mile downstream from his point of vantage the current thrust away from the shore, providing a landing spot of sorts in the relatively quiet water just below. The boy watched the occupants of the raft make preparations to effect a landing and knew that they intended to camp there for the night.

He turned up Breckenridge Creek to the cabin, entering as the family sat down to the evening meal of roast venison, vegetable stew, corn bread and strong tea. The meal ended, the mother and elder sister began the process of stowing a veritable swarm of youngsters in the one adjoining room and in bunks ranged along the wall of the main room. Mrs. Breckenridge, as had been her nightly custom since the arrival of the twins six years before and the subsequent arrival of four other infants, voiced a mild complaint as to lack of space and the necessity for more ample quarters.

Hunt listened absently. His thoughts had strayed down to the point where the occupants of the raft had put ashore. Presently his feet trod the path blazed by his thoughts.

Leroux

Silent as some cat-footed denizen of the forests through which he trod, his approach unheralded by so much as the snapping of a twig, he appeared in the circle of light cast by their camp fire and presented the turkey without a word.

Black of hair, moccasin shod and attired in jacket and fringed trousers of buckskin, he might have been mistaken for one of the Indians whose ancestral wilderness his family had invaded.

Dubois and Charteris, the two Frenchmen from the little village of St. Louis, he had seen once before when they had stopped at the Breckenridge cabin. The genial Dubois thanked him cordially for the turkey. Wordlessly the visitor seated himself upon a down log and listened to the conversation, from which he gathered that the big sandy individual who had manned the sweep was a Scotch Canadian named McKenzie. He was father of the girl, whom he sometimes addressed as Ann, more frequently as Nepanamo, an Indian name meaning Hair-that-shines, bestowed upon her by the Minnetarees of the Saskatchewan prairies. McKenzie, after the death of his Norwegian wife, had moved ever westward across Canada as factor of

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WHY I AM FOR HOOVER

An Interview With Henry Ford—By Samuel Crowther

I AM for Hoover for President because he has shown that he can size up any job, pick the right men and direct it through to success. Through fourteen years—ever since Belgium—he has been handling some of the biggest jobs in the world. He has made a success of every one of them. He has shown that he is not afraid of size.

The greatest job that the world has ever known is now before this country. It is so big that none of the old-line politicians even knows that it exists. We have developed this country just enough during the past six or seven years to know that much which was thought to be impossible can be made possible under the right leadership. The task is to make such use of the experience we have gained that we can build rightly for the future. Otherwise we are going to lose all that we have gained. We have the men, we have the money and we can make the tools for the job. But all these will be useless without leadership. That leadership, because the thing is national, must be in the President. The quality of Hoover's leadership requires no experimenting. It is a demonstrated fact.

The leadership of one other man has also been demonstrated. His name is Calvin Coolidge. But he has said that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself. Quite a number of people affect not to believe that he means what he says. They seem to think that he ought to repeat his no every day. I respect the man too much not also to respect his word. He has been a fine President and doubtless he could have remained in office, but he has declined and is out of it. He has made a place in history.

We have had a taste of how experience can be put to work to serve the people. Secretary Mellon came into the Treasury from big business. He was rich and used to handling great amounts of money. That, according to a certain kind of politician, unfitted him for office. But now everyone acknowledges that his management of finance has saved the country hundreds of millions of dollars that a less trained man would never have known could be saved. Likewise, to the Department of Labor Secretary Davis brought a long experience in the leadership of men, and therefore he has been a success in his office.

A Pleasant But Costly Compliment

BUT of what value is experience in the management of public affairs? What difference does it make who is President? The politicians of both parties apparently think that selecting a presidential candidate is no affair of the people's at all. The primary elections were established on the theory that through them the members of a party in a state might express a choice of candidates. That has remained the theory. The practice is to select a stalking-horse who has as much chance of being eventually nominated by his party as he has of being emperor of the moon, call him a favorite son, let him amuse himself making speeches, and then get the people voting for him as a matter of local pride. The delegates he gains are not delegates at all, but just pawns in a political game that is commonly played in a hotel room.

The people thus have the right to nominate juggled away from them. They good-naturedly vote for their favorite son, not because they want to see him President but just to pay him a compliment; and the politicians play on this good nature for their own purposes.

P. AND A. PHOTO.

Secretary of Commerce Hoover (Right) and Secretary of War Davis (Second Man From Left) With Negro Refugees at Natchez, Mississippi

If one were to judge by the array of favorite sons that are being brought forward as presidential candidates, then experience is of no moment—which is only another way of saying that it makes no difference who is President. More than a few Republican politicians have the notion that any Republican candidate will be elected, while some Democratic politicians privately believe that any Democratic candidate will be defeated. My own opinion is that the independent vote of the country will decide the election; that vote will be cast for the best man, regardless of party. The younger generation is not hog-tied to any party.

To get back to the question: What difference does it make who is President?

We all have our personal preferences, but a mere preference is not important. If it be true, as is said, that no real issues are before the country, then any man of reasonable ability will make an acceptable President. The favorite sons are not stating any issues—other than those which orators always state. Mr. Hoover cannot state any issues, for he is a member of the Administration and its spokesman is President Coolidge. We can hardly decide what kind of President we want until we know something of the task which inevitably lies before any President whom we may elect.

It is quite true that we have no real political issues. But we have an economic problem which looms greater than any of the old issues. It is not in politics. It cannot be described in the old language of politics.

No one is much concerned now with liberty and independence as tied up with the right to vote. We have all the rights our forefathers struggled for. We are concerned with new and different rights and responsibilities. The great issue is to develop this country to a point where every man and woman has the opportunity both to work and to play.

We have proved that wages can be made high. We have now to prove that they can be continuously paid—that there will be no periods of unemployment over which the worker cannot finance himself. The working day has become eight hours instead of ten or twelve hours, and the six-hour day may be just around the corner. The five-day week is no longer an experiment. And so the use of leisure is up for analysis. We must have analysis or otherwise we shall just have regulation—which means that we shall lose the freedom that we are working forward to.

Transport

NO MAN is wise enough to say how the future should be planned. But we have right at hand many enormous developments which will keep all of us busy over enough years to give us a chance to gain more experience and on this experience to do more planning.

This country could not have developed without transportation. That gave us national markets. These are mass markets, and thus we have been able to use better methods of manufacturing and get higher wages and lower prices. The first rapid transportation came through the railroads. Then came the automobile. The motor vehicles were at first thought to be competitors of the railroads, but now we know that they fit in together. Business breeds business, and now we have not enough transportation. We must use the great waterways that have been put here for us to use both for transport and for power. Damming them for power improves them for transportation. Besides, the accumulation of these large bodies of water assists the rainfall. We have the Great Lakes and the Mississippi partly in use, but they are doing only a fraction of what they can be made to do. And many other projects only await further planning and coördination. For we know that we are in need of all kinds of transport—by air, by land and by water—and that each has its place and that each will make business for the others.

This country needs to have its industry more spread out. Electricity and transport will do this. Then things can be made where it is most economical to make them. We have too much useless transport of goods. If we can cut out this waste, then the added purchasing power will create so much new business that all the new facilities of transport will be taxed to their utmost to carry those products which must be carried.

This program will circulate billions of dollars. Don't say it will cost billions of dollars; say it will circulate billions

of dollars. That is the true way of saying it. We have the money and will have much more, for every dollar thus spent will produce several dollars. And undertaking this work will mean that for many years—perhaps forever—we shall not have to bother about unemployment anywhere. Both the farm and the factory will share in every dollar that is paid out to the men actually on the work.

It does not matter to me who does the work or who owns this work when done. It is use, not ownership, that counts.

Our Government is not organized to manage business and therefore we should probably get less use out of government-owned enterprises than we should get out of privately owned. For private ownership has to charge low rates in order to get volume, and to practice efficiency in order to get profits. The Government has to do neither. The public advantages of private ownership are unequaled.

The bare statement of what this country must do for its own well-being also describes the kind of President it needs. It is not that the President is the director general of the nation or any other kind of absolute ruler. But someone has to be spokesman of the progressive need of the country. In times past we have had very able men who led the country without living in the White House. We called them bosses—and they were. We do not now need bosses, but we do need a President who is the natural spokesman and leader of the country. But he cannot lead without a knowledge of what he is leading.

Hoover knows the language of modern progress better than any man. As an engineer, he has already planned the water and hydroelectric development of the country; and as a public officer and with a knowledge of cause and effect, he knows the great present and future influence of these developments. For instance, in 1921 he was the guiding spirit of the employment conference which met to discover ways and means to end the hardships of unemployment. That was a conference of employers to find methods for putting people to work.

A Man of Ideals and Action

THERE was unemployment everywhere in the world. In England and other countries the politicians met the situation by granting a dole to the unemployed—and made matters worse. Our employers spread out their work among as many employes as possible and all the public work which could be started was started. And the result was that by 1922 the whole country was at work and by 1923 we were having a high prosperity. That is only an example of what planning can do.

From time to time foreign nations have been foolish enough to imagine that by some system of control they could raise the prices to us of raw materials that we had to have and which they imagined they alone could supply. Some of the controls were official and others were semi-official. The British control of rubber was undertaken from the best of motives, but the temptation to boost the price was too strong and so rubber went above a dollar a pound. Secretary Hoover did not ask for legislation or make any protest—any foreign nation has the right to charge us what it pleases. It is up to us to defend ourselves. He called a meeting of the rubber men. They learned just how much rubber was already in the country and what could be done toward reclaiming rubber. That broke the artificial price and saved the users of automobiles at least half a billion dollars. Incidentally, it caused some of us to make a start toward getting our own sources of rubber. A man less versed in the ways of the world and of business would have made a great many speeches and probably had the country talking war—and accomplished nothing but the generation of a great deal of hard feeling.

Herbert Hoover With His Son Herbert, Junior, as They Arrived at the Dock at Key West, Florida

This man Hoover not only has ideals but he can do things. He knows what to do and where to find the right men.

Among what are said to be the issues are prohibition and what is called farm relief. We cannot elect a President who says in advance that he will take the oath of office with a mental reservation not to support the Constitution. No candidate proposes to do this.

Some farmers are well off and others are not. But I cannot regard the farm as distinct from industry or as in opposition to industry. The one depends on the other. If the farmers do not earn money, then a great industrial market vanishes. If the workers do not earn, then the great market for farm products drops. Undoubtedly the freight on farm products is too high, just as is the freight on all products, but this will be cured only by providing more and better methods of transport in the general plan of the development of the country. The farm is small business in a world of big business, and only through the development of the country can it become big business. The farmer is solving his own problem by moving off the farm where he cannot earn money. The man who earns money on the farm is doing so by applying the methods which have made industry.

The small farm as a money-making affair is dead, just as the small country store is dead. And they are dead because they are crude. The man who wants to be so aided that he can earn a living without improving his methods is beyond aid. And I suspect that only the farmers who are failures are asking for help.

That the vast majority of farmers are not failures is shown by the buying power of the farm states. I know farmers who make out well and others who do not, and those who make out well would do equally well in almost any line. The others could fail in anything. That happens to be the way of the world—and no one knows it better than the farmers.

The Place for Government Aid

THE pensioning of various industries has been tried time and again everywhere in the world. It has never worked and can never work. And no more can it work with farming. In addition, this is a world of lowering prices. Progress is in the direction of learning how to pay wages and earn money with low prices. That has created big business. It will create big farming. We are now in the transition period and that is always a period of temporary hardship.

In short, we are not using what we have. There is a tendency to think of the country as already developed, when actually the development has scarcely begun. We have already gone further than any other nation. We have done this by taking advantage of science in a large social way for the benefit of all. The whole country is in flux. If an industry or an industrial unit tries—even for a little while—to stand still, it never catches up again. New methods in farming are coming in as quickly as are the new methods in industry. New methods are adopted in both industry and agriculture only because they make a fuller use of materials and men than did the old methods.

We have reached our present point without plan, but to go much further we need the opening of the country on so broad a basis that the Government itself must aid—not in finance or in managing but in helping so to plan that the barriers to individual action may be removed. And unless we take this in hand quickly we may find our progress rather suddenly blocked. That is a very real danger. We are faced with the alternative of use or decay.

To know that we have come to the end of our resources within a given circle is to know something worth while. If the old circle is barren, nothing is left but to break into a newer and wider circle, and that is exactly what will occur under the pressure of the circumstances which are now piling upon us. The old system is going out of business; there is no cure but the wisdom

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P. & A. PHOTOS

With Secretary of War Davis and Children at a Flood-Relief Camp

MODO CORRECTO

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

SAN SEBASTIAN, on the day of a royal bullfight —— It seemed a suitable introduction into all the Spains. The Concha, that charming shell of blue bay sheltered by arms of cliff from the violent Atlantic beyond, alive with boats—the king's yacht, La Giralda, and others, fishing craft, excursion steamers from Biarritz, darting, spray-plumed motorboats. The quay and the *paseo* alive with people—swaggering Malaguan sailors with earrings and oiled locks on their cheeks, Basque "cats" in from the fishing smacks; priests smoking their *cigarillos;* elegant black-clad women in landaus, greeting one another with the odd Spanish salutation of opening and closing the palm of a lifted hand; an open barouche with bells to it, drawn by Andalusian mules; a fat erect old hidalgo in a tall hat, sitting a lively Arab stallion as if it were a rocking-horse; a char-à-bancs of bullfighters in gold-embroidered jackets, each with the little braided *coleta* of hair which marks the *torero* sticking out from beneath his hat, responding with amiable smiles and handwavings to the roars of cheering that followed them everywhere.

Emily Urruty was able to take full pleasure in the color of it all, since she was not expected on this occasion to attend the bullfight itself.

"The gentlemen may go without us today, since the Queen is absent," said their hostess, an agreeable Baroness Jauregui, who had some post in connection with the court. "We Basques do not greatly love the *corrida*—we are perhaps too fond of our horses," she added in the manner of one making confession. "Though I understand our Cousin Esteban is something of a matador, is he not?"

"A very good *torero*, if not a matador," replied Esteban's young sister, Bette, who had a passion for accuracy.

Emily seemed never to come to the end of wifely surprises; she asked Esteban if this were true.

"But naturally," he replied. "Any boy of spirit who has been brought up in the vicinity of an arena tries soon or late his fortune with the bulls. There is no sport more exciting. However, I am not greatly skilled at it, as Bette indicates; not enough to give the *estocade*—I have never killed. It is sufficient honor for me if I am allowed to play the bull, and once or twice I have ridden him."

"Ridden—a bull?" gasped his wife. "Not in the arena?"

"Where else?" He smiled. "A *taureau* is not exactly the mount one would choose for a promenade in the park. Sometimes on the *estancias* where bulls are raised is held a *charro*—as with you in the West of America—where they wear down the young animals by roping and riding them instead of tiring them with horses."

"It sounds to me at least to be more humane," commented Emily.

"So?" He smiled. "To risk the lives of men instead of old horses? But you shall see for yourself. We are to visit near Toledo the *ganaderia* where the Canellos bulls are raised for the ring; very good bulls too. The *charro* there should be amusing."

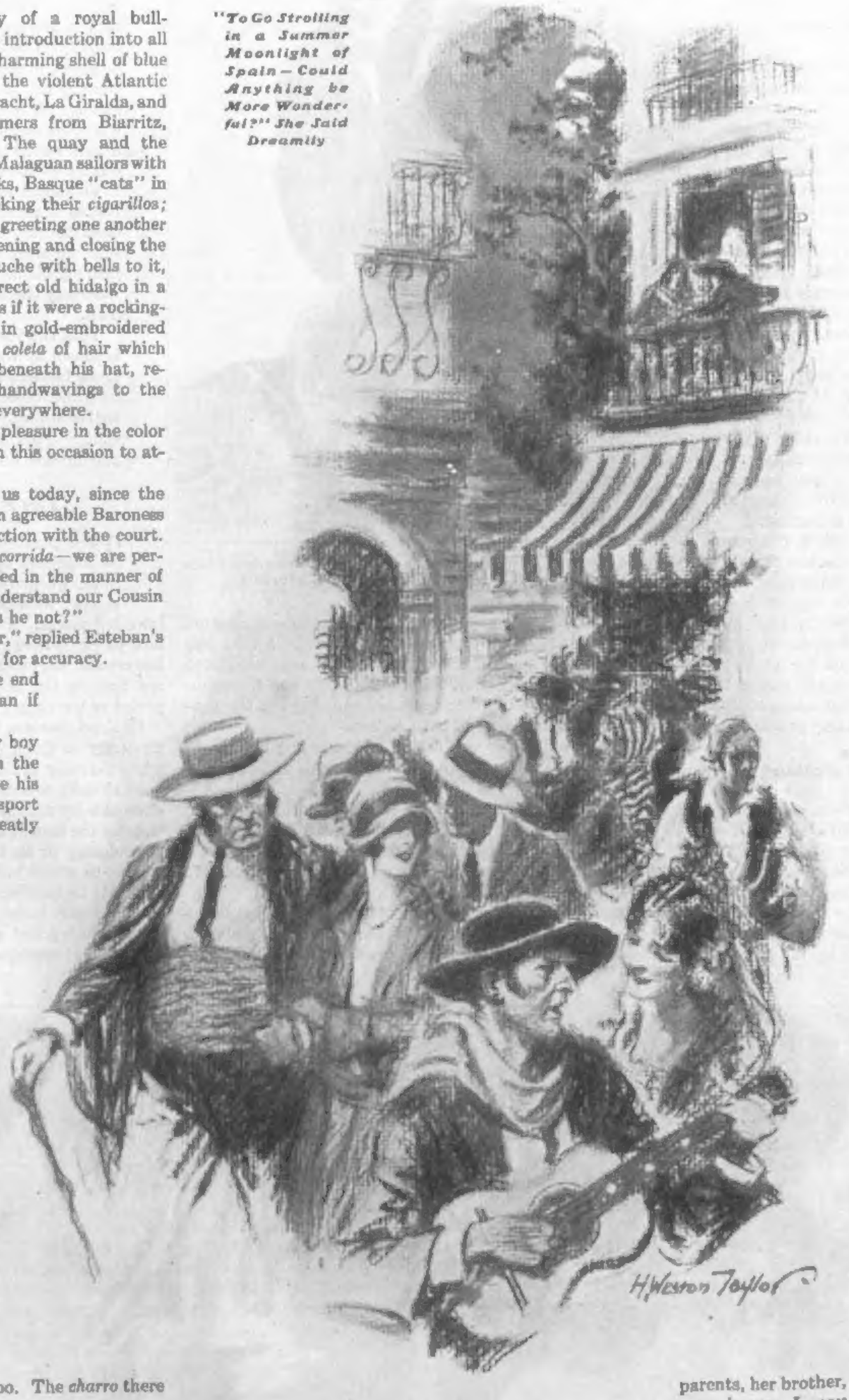
She clung to him in sudden fright.

"Esteban! Now that you are married and the father of a growing family, promise me you won't risk your life in needless ways like that!"

But Esteban was not fond of making promises. "Is it your idea, my heart"—he kissed her, laughing—"that risk ceases automatically with marriage? Courage needs to be kept in practice in these days of dangerous peace. There was something to be said for the duello!"

They had come down into Spain on a momentous errand—no less than marriage arrangements for young Bette, barely out of her convent school and quite piteously pleased with the impending honor. Madame Urruty had sprung the announcement upon them as a glad surprise, in celebration of her sixteenth birthday. Emily had gone quite pale with the shock of it; and even the Comte des Luynes, present as usual in his rôle of neighbor in chief, was moved to dismayed protest.

"But, *chère amie*—it is still a child!"



"To Go Strolling in a Summer Moonlight of Spain—Could Anything be More Wonderful?" She Said Dreamily

"Bette has never been so much of a child as other people," commented her grandmother, with a nod of commendation at the girl, which made her blush with pleasure.

Etcheverray sighed. His little friend and mentor and self-constituted guardian! There were fewer people than ghosts in his lonely world, and now she, too, was going out of it. He had a vivid memory picture of a serious, wide-eyed visitor with two tight braids of hair standing well out from her neat little head, looking in at the ruined gates of his courtyard to scold because when he was writing he sometimes forgot to eat. He saw her as they had found her on that terrible night of storm, after her escape from the *cagot* who had pursued her, half dead from terror and exposure, yet declining to be rescued herself until her brother had taken on his shoulders the exhausted old dog that had saved her. He felt again the sleepy, confiding weight of her against his breast, he who had never before carried in his arms either child or woman; and his heart, which he believed had done long since with aching, suddenly made itself felt again rather poignantly.

"Who am I that time should stand still for me?" he thought with a wry inward smile. "Human affections—one catches at them as they pass; but they are only shadows. Or is it I who am the shadow? . . . Ah, Pilar, Pilar!"

Aloud he said, "You tell me it is the Duc de los Canellos who proposes for Mademoiselle Bette? But the man is old—old enough to be her father!"

"Her grandfather," corrected Madame Urruty calmly. "Not that such an age is to be really old; he is perhaps a year my senior. Naturally, however, it is not to himself that Don Jaime proposes to marry the child, but to his grandsons."

"To all of them?" inquired Des Luynes mildly. "He has several, as I recall."

"Two only," informed the matriarch; "both of marriageable age. The duke is kind enough to offer us our choice."

"And Bette rather favors the younger specimen, I think, because he seems to be blond, like me," said Emily dryly. "Is that the reason, darling?"

Bette nodded, studying with critical interest two photographs which the duke had been thoughtful enough to provide, of rather wooden youths with elongated Spanish faces and haughty Spanish profiles, who obviously shared the same mother and the same tailor.

"Me, I have always had a great fondness for golden English hair—especially in babies," she admitted absently; her own smooth, braided tresses showed the blue-black sheen of beetles' wings.

"It is a weakness of our Basque women," remarked the matriarch indulgently. "Nevertheless, it is the older grandson we shall probably accept, since it will be he who inherits the ducal title. While titles are of small value in these days, it is well—*n'est-ce-pas?*—to have always of the best. '*La señora duquesa*'—there is a more mouth-filling sound to it than '*la señora marquesa.*' I find myself surprised," she added, turning a dispassionate gaze upon Emily, "that you of all persons, my child, appear dissatisfied with an opportunity which very much gratifies the girl's parents, her brother, and myself. Arrangements for which were begun, I may add, while Bette was still in her cradle."

Emily herself was surprised. Time was when she would have done a good deal to further such a marriage, either for herself or for any member of her family. These Canellos doubtless were impoverished hidalgos with an eye to the substantial dot which would be settled upon this daughter of a rich Basque hill family. But Emily was sufficiently Europeanized to take such arrangements as a matter of course; she had often seen them working out quite happily. For Bette, however—honest, simple, trusting little Bette, with her grave childish dignity and her tremendous capacity for devotion—she wanted something better; she wanted the very best. The matriarch's attitude, too, had astonished and rather shocked her. Madame Urruty in the guise of a title-hunting matchmaker was something new.

"It is well you have come, Tubal," said the old lady, eying Emily thoughtfully. "It appears that my granddaughter disapproves my conduct of the affairs of this *etcheonda.*"

She spoke quite without rancor, and Emily answered her as quietly: "I seem to have become more Urruty than the Urruty, do I not?"

The other lifted an eyebrow at the reproof. "It is not an Urruty trait to marry other than wisely, as you yourself bear evidence," she said with the rather disarming courtesy of which she was capable on occasion. "Our friend here is better fitted to understand my position than are you, perhaps, with your strange American idea of expecting a young and inexperienced girl to make for herself decisions which involve her entire life. Explain to her, Etcheverray."

The Comte des Luynes, thus urged, did his best "Canellos is not only one of the ranking dukes of Spain d'Alba and Fernan-Nuñez, I believe, are above him but he is also a grandee, a king's cousin; he wears on his hip the golden key."

"And what does that get him?" inquired Emily, who became in moments of stress quite blatantly American.

"The right to enter the king's house at any time; the right to remain covered in the presence of royalty. You recall our French phrase of idiom, '*Couvrez vous, vous êtes grand' d'Espagne*'?"

"I cannot feel," said Emily, "that to be allowed to keep on her hat in the presence of King Alfonso would add particularly to Bette's happiness, can you?"

"And we cannot feel," said the matriarch with some asperity, "that happiness is the entire purpose of marriage, although a frequent result of it. One does not marry quite for oneself." She added more gently: "We love our little one too well to leave her future to chance as you will forgive me?—your parents appear to have left yours, my child. It is not our custom."

Emily was silenced. Not for the first time she wondered how much her husband's grandmother knew, and realized, of her own haphazard girlhood.

"Our little Bette," went on the matriarch, "is fitted, I trust, to make an excellent wife for a man in any station; but with full knowledge of the position she would presently be called upon to occupy, it has been possible to train her accordingly. She will, in time, have charge of more important establishments than this of ours; requiring in addition such knowledge of the world as we have permitted you to give her, Emily."

"A few weeks of Biarritz!" protested Esteban's wife.

"One sees much of the world in a few weeks of Biarritz," commented Madame Urruty. "And your companionship will continue to be of service to her, I dare say. Once safely married, her husband should not fear your influence over her, as we have done," she added candidly.

Emily bit her lip, flushing. So that was it—that was why they had declined her urgent suggestion that she and Esteban take Bette away with them to Paris, London, perhaps to New York, to give her some taste of free and natural girlhood, some knowledge of travel and of men.

"She will travel after she is married," the matriarch had said with finality. "And as for knowing men—why should the child know men? One man is quite sufficient for her to know."

Emily was hurt to the quick by the realization of this mistrust; and yet were they not right? If she chose to urge little Bette, who adored her, to decline this arrangement, the child would doubtless obey without question. Bette was the only member of the family who had no fear of her grandmother.

It was Emily herself who had fear. She dared not trust her own judgment here; her own pursuit of happiness had come too near catastrophe.

Bette was curiously intense by nature—"*un peu trop*," perhaps, as the matriarch had once described their tragic cousin, Pilar de Maytie. She had a capacity for feeling that might well prove dangerous if misdirected. Once, when she herself had spoken sharply to the child over some trifling displeasure, Bette had declined food for several days; not deliberately or stubbornly, but because her throat hurt too much, she explained, to swallow. Not long since, when the gypsies, always implacable enemies to the Urruty household, had managed to make away with a superannuated horse named the Tarasque, upon whom all the Urruty children had learned to ride, Bette had so grieved for their old pet that she developed a high fever from it and had to be dosed with *tisane* of elderberry and put to bed. Beneath her quiet, stoical young exterior, as beneath her brother Esteban's grave calm, were certain banked fires which it were as well, perhaps, never to arouse, seeing that Bette was of the sex which must take life as it happens to them.

There were moments when Emily sensed keenly the differentness of this race into which she had married; a people more passionate, more nearly primitive, living closer to the heart of life than others do. Perhaps the matriarch knew best, as usual. There was much to be said for the Continental custom of putting a young girl's emotional development into the hands of a husband selected in cold blood by persons competent to judge of men. But she had carried her point that no husband should be accepted for Bette without very competent and careful judging.

"It is not enough to know his grandfather." The Duke de los Canellos, it appeared, was a family friend. "Nor is it possible really to know any man without knowing his environment," she urged, reminding Madame Urruty how nearly her own happiness had come to wreck out of sheer panic over ways and customs strange to her.

To this the old woman had nodded reasonably, and presently proposed the family hegira into Spain which she invited Etcheverray to join. One more or less did not matter, she indicated; there would be few expenses, since they would travel in Esteban's automobile and had in Spain many relatives to visit.

"We shall also embrace the occasion to make our pilgrimage," she had added, "to the Holy Oak of Guernica, Tubal. You have been to the Bilcaar recently?" Not for some years, Etcheverray admitted. "Tchk-tchk! How is this? You, the head of your house? In my day the head of every Basque house made at least his yearly appearance at the juntas to renew allegiance before the Arbola Santua."

"But you were born in Guipuzcoa, *chère amie*," Des Luynes reminded her, "whereas my allegiance belongs of right to the French Government, since I was born on the French side."

"Your allegiance belongs, like that of your forefathers, to the Basque *fors*," said Madame Urruty sternly, "no matter what temporary political affiliations our ancestors thought best to form with neighbors. It was mere unfortunate accident that your father happened to be French. I think it well, indeed, that you should come with us to Guernica, my friend. Strange disloyalties are abroad; beware of them! Only recently my grandson, that knowing young half-wit Nacio of ours, has informed me that his contemporaries consider Father Adam and Mother Eve to

(Continued on Page 189)

"I Enjoy Better to Dance Myself," She Confessed. Monsieur, She Hoped, Also Enjoyed to Dance. Maxime's Lip Curled. "I am No Ballarin," He Said Scornfully

DELICIOUS PROSECUTION

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THE most pessimistic natural law in the world is the law of gravitation, which tends to pull all things downward. But the optimistic feature is that things won't be pulled downward—fish rise, frogs hop, birds fly, men try to fly; their thoughts and spirits do fly and their bodies tumble along crazily thereafter.

The cans in the forward end of the milk train bumped cozily to and fro. Miss Effie Kaetzel, in the rearward end, bumped cozily to and fro; the cream rose optimistically to the top of the milk; a resolution rose optimistically to the top of Miss Effie's brain. She resolved that within the next seven days she would make herself greatly beloved by the one person in the world who both actively and inactively disliked her; she resolved that she would insinuate herself into the good graces of Miss Amanda Bowersox. This was entirely necessary, for Miss Effie intended to preempt to herself the apple of Miss Amanda's eye—namely, her adopted son, one Daniel Fricke—and Miss Effie was not the sort who steals anything, even apples.

Oh, of course, in the letter which shunted bluntly about upon her lap, Mr. Fricke had stated that he did not intend to marry her. But that was of minor consequence—of no consequence at all save that it had precipitated this week's visit to Miss Bowersox and the resolution above stated. For Miss Effie knew, or thought she knew, the reason for Mr. Fricke's brief declension of her personable self. The serious, overly conscientious Daniel had more than once stated that since he owed everything—life itself—to Miss Bowersox, he would never, could never have to do with anything of which Miss Bowersox did not approve. And Miss Effie knew also why Miss Bowersox did not approve of her. Summed up in the lady's one devastating word, Miss Effie was a co-kwet.

Miss Effie smiled vaguely and wondered why Miss Amanda thought so. But since she did—well, here another resolution was in order. During the week of her visit she must prove to Miss Amanda that she was exactly the opposite. Miss Effie slid back upon the seat with determination, and the letter slid forward with determination to the floor. Yes, from that very moment, if a representative of the male sex happened to be present, she would never so much as ——

A representative happened to be present and he at that moment retrieved the letter and handed it across the aisle.

Miss Effie became upon the instant that which she was not—or was she? Her hair, which had seemed an even enough brown, flew sudden high lights of umber gold as she started forward through a slant of sunlight; her cheek, which had seemed smooth, now flashed about a tiny pink eddy an exact inch from the corner of her lips; and her eyes, which had seemed ordinarily wide and blue, were now extraordinarily wide and extraordinarily blue and a little taper of tawny light danced in each of them. The man stared, Miss Effie glanced, murmured her thanks and glanced again. The man was bald save for a black curtain which hung from ear tip to ear tip in the rear and a crooked

"No, I Guess Anyhow Not! In This Here Little Place and Him the Only Justice That Way—Well, He Has Got Me, That's All"

black struggle which lay across his frontal dome like a question mark—a challenge to the onlooker to guess what was within. The eyes below did not answer the question; they were a foggy gray. The mouth, too, was held so thinly tight at its corners that it pursed slightly in the middle.

Miss Effie looked at the question mark, smiled, looked away and began thinking of Miss Bowersox. But there it was again; she did not look as though she were thinking of Miss Bowersox.

When Miss Effie smiled she made the onlooker feel that he was by all odds the most pleasing object upon which she had ever gazed; cheek flushing, eyes widening, dimple flashing, she seemed to stir into life upon the instant and to give the impression that the other had caused this intense and pleasurable emotion.

The man continued to gaze at Miss Effie; Miss Effie continued to think of Miss Bowersox. He looked uncertainly toward a contrivance against the wall which held open a metal mouth with the mute assurance that should it be fed a nickel, a packet of chewing gum would be obligingly disgorged. Upon the man's face appeared the tormented expression of one who seems to remember that under certain happier auspices three packages of the same commodity may be purchased for a dime. He glanced again at Miss Effie and cramped forth a nickel. He extracted from his purchase one of its five wafers and extended it with an air of devilish recklessness across the aisle.

Miss Effie crinkled, flushed and flashed, and with flattering promptitude observed the social amenities by sliding cozily into the farther corner of the seat. The man tilted his hat rakishly over the question mark and sat down beside her.

During the remaining half hour of the journey he told much, though he seemed to be telling little. Miss Effie told little, though she seemed to be telling much.

His name was Aaron Schubkegel; nay more, much more—Judge Aaron Schubkegel, justice of the peace of Heitville. His duties were many, his business interests large and varied in more ways than one—in more ways than one; and here he tilted his hat even more, so that the sharp end of the question mark edged cryptically beneath the brim.

It did not prod Miss Effie's curiosity apparently. She confided in her turn merely that she was going to visit Miss Amanda Bowersox, near whom she had formerly lived, in the farther end of the county.

Oho, then, she would be visiting also Mr. Daniel Fricke. Oho-o-o!

"No," said Miss Effie steadily, "him and me ain't relationed together. But Aunt Amanda, now, she's my aunt—my stepaunt from marriage—or, at the least, my aunt from stepmarriage, or what it is."

"But I guess you know this Fricke anyway?"

"We had our schoolage off the same teacher," admitted Miss Effie. "Why? Was you acquainted to him?"

Were they acquainted? Well, wasn't he the justice and wasn't young Fricke the sheriff? Didn't young Daniel have to take orders from the judge—in more ways than one? In more ways than one; and not only him but Miss Amanda, too, seeing that she had been sworn in as deputy sheriff.

"Deputy sheriff?" gasped Miss Effie. "A woman sheriffing? Aunt Amanda oncet?"

"What's anything so funny about that?" retorted the judicial gentleman. "What fur man is going to take a job that don't pay anything? It's only in the name anyhow. But you take it whiles the sheriff's off somewhere beatin' around after criminals, it's just as good to have somebody by the jail where has the name of authority anyhow." Here a strange sound squeezed from behind the crimped corners of the lips; it might have been a laugh, but it sounded more like the rasp of a file. "Not"—Justice Schubkegel eyed his companion intently—"that his beatin' around ever fetches him anything."

Miss Effie studied the landscape. "I guess you mean that he ain't ketching hisself so many prisoners."

"If you call a half a dozen in his three months many!"

Miss Effie's eyes widened with amazement upon the prospect without. She said slowly, "And they live off the prisoners' board money, ain't? Ain't that the rule in this county—that the sheriff gits what he makes off the prisoners he packs in?"

"And it's a good rule," nodded the other. "It had ought to work both ways—neat—liberal. Two and a half per the day allowed for each and every jailbird. Why, if he only had five stuck away, he'd ought to be making

seven-eight dollars per day off the outfit for himself. But if he only manages to round up a half a dozen in three months, and no one of them sentenced for more than four days — well, that's something else different."

Miss Effie was silent for a space. Then she pursued: "And I guess it's you where makes the sentences for them, not, being the judge that way."

Her companion glanced at her quickly, straightened and fingered the buckle of his bow tie meticulously.

"To be sure, I am the leading and only justice in Heitville—a suit of two large rooms in the heart of the city. And, you understand," he added magnanimously, "I ain't the stripe to insinoonte anything against a county officer. But—well, now you take it in that school of yours, I would bet you learned off your lessons twice ower as quick as what this Fricke did."

Miss Effie considered him brightly. "I might of made more quick with my books," she conceded, "but I didn't keep them by me so good. No, he stood always on the head of his class anyway."

Justice Schubkegel kicked the leg of the forward seat. "His books ain't doing him much good now."

"No, I guess not too," agreed Miss Effie.

Again the legal gentleman gazed at her with judicial suspicion. But the tiny eddy in her cheek was still in evidence; about it her fine color was flaring and her eyes were wide and innocent upon him. He made a swift swooping gesture toward her.

"You're smart at the trains, that's easy seen. How long was you visiting this Fricke now?"

"Aunt Amanda," amended Miss Effie. "A week, I conceit."

"A week?" scoffed her companion. Well, he'd just settle that right now. Look here! It wasn't often he took a notion to the female sec, but look here! He was a bachelor—yes, she might as well know it—a bachelor by choice, but not a confirmed one.

"You wouldn't be a Luth'ran then?" deduced Miss Effie.

"A Lutheran? But what has that got to do with——"

"Not confirmed," murmured Miss Effie.

The train stopped. Not Heitville already? Yes, Heitville. Miss Effie routed a small bag from under the seat and for the first time showed perturbation. The gentleman seized the bag; Miss Effie held to it firmly.

"Aunt Amanda ——" she fluttered. "No, please; good-by." And she wanted to go down the steps by herself. But his lips were pushing over yellow teeth; indeed if she thought he wasn't going to walk to the jail ——

"You ain't!" stilled Miss Effie; and, now upon the platform, scuffled redly after the bag. Her resolution! What had become of that resolution of hers? What if Aunt Amanda ——

Ach, nightmare! There, there upon the platform was Aunt Amanda herself. Later Miss Effie was to know that her aunt did not despise the one social function of the day; that she, with all the more enterprising housewives, timed her marketing so as to be in the receiving line for the milk train. But now —— Well, here was Aunt Amanda, large and uncompromising as ever; and here was Miss Effie, small and compromising herself worse than ever as she skittered down the steps with a strange gentleman, her hand unwittingly tugging at his as they snatched after the absurdly small bag between them. And because things were as bad—nay, worse than it seemed they could possibly be, she laughed; and Justice Schubkegel laughed; everybody laughed but Aunt Amanda. Miss Effie still didn't quite know what she was doing as she left the platform with Aunt Amanda; and because she didn't, she even turned about, dimple flashing, and gazed at Justice Schubkegel as he stood immobile upon the platform staring after her; and, as always, that smile of hers seemed to say that he was really the most intensely pleasurable object her eyes had ever beheld.

If it had ever been necessary to crate Miss Amanda Bowersox, the crate would of necessity have been large, strong and square at the corners; for Miss Amanda herself was large, strong and square at the corners. Miss Effie had never been quite so aware of Miss Amanda's size and strength as this day when she went creeping beside her toward the jail. No, they hadn't expected her, her aunt averred; why, pointedly, should they?

"But," added Aunt Amanda with grim significance, "I might of knew it was you."

Yet even then, before that walk of three short blocks had ended, Miss Effie sensed dimly that after all she herself did not greatly matter. Miss Amanda's slow, formless mind seemed inwrapped in some large preoccupation of gloom.

As she opened the gate into the small yard surrounding the brick house with its barred upper windows, Miss Effie saw that her really fine skin, which had stretched so firmly, hung pendulous and that her eyelids looked heavy and somehow helpless. Miss Effie's quick hand flew out; for the first time in her life she felt as though she really liked Aunt Amanda.

In two minutes more she knew she didn't. Left alone in the living room upon the ground floor, she heard from behind a closed door: "And who do you guess she's a co-kwetting with now? Schubkegel yet! Yes, it's the lyin' truth! They come a-climbin' the steps down a-snigglin' and a-laughin'."

The door burst open. Daniel Fricke went white, he went red and he stared as though at unreality.

"Hello, Dannie," beamed Miss Effie. "What makes you look so all over funny? The sight of me ain't gittin' you sick, was it?"

"You shouldn't ought to of come here," said Daniel Fricke.

"What's ower you—you and her too? Fur it's easy seen you ——" *(Continued on Page 168)*

Justice Schubkegel's Eyes Roved Toward the Floor Above—Where Waited the Empty Cells; Then They Roved Toward the Girl—and Lingered There

HOW I PICK MY MEN

By Commander Richard E. Byrd, United States Navy

SOME years ago, a group of men lay huddled in a rude rock shelter far beyond the Arctic Circle, dying of starvation. Suddenly one of the party sat up. Above the hissing of the incessant wind was audible a scratching sound.

"A bear," murmured someone.

Hope flickered up. A bear meant meat. Meat meant a chance to survive.

The man who had first sat up drew on his overshirt of fur, bending double as he did so, because the roof over him, composed of two whaleboats laid crosswise on four rock walls, was very low. He looked at his rifle's magazine before he left. Eyes of the dying followed him with pitiful eagerness and envy as he shuffled out through the canvas curtain that did for an inner door leading to a snow passage beyond.

Outside was night. It had been night for three months and would still be night for another month. A million stars glistened overhead. In the north a bright aurora slowly unfurled its iridescent banners. A sharp wind cut down from the looming cliffs near by. The temperature was 51° below zero.

The man outside did not know that another man had followed him to the door of the hut. The second man did not emerge, but crouched watching the one outside.

"Going to see if he'll get the bear," an invisible onlooker would have said about the second man.

Wrong. Something far more vital was in the wind. For the man outside, after prowling about for a few minutes, headed back toward the hut. He stepped carefully so as not to crunch too loudly on the snow crust. Just outside, he stopped and listened. There was no sound. The man inside the entrance passage held his breath.

Now a strange and very terrible thing happened. The man without leaned over a snow-covered wooden case. Carefully he raised the lid, withdrew a small package and placed it under his shirt.

He was stealing food from the small, precious store of provisions that stood between this group of American explorers and death, as they lay suffering at Cape Sabine, Ellesmere Land.

Between Two Extremes

THE man inside the passage quickly slipped back into the squalid hut and reported the matter to Lieutenant Greely, U. S. A., who was in command. That night a whispered conference of officers was held in a corner of the hut. And a few days later the strongest survivors shot their companion, whose physique was admirable, but whose moral character could not stand the strain of hunger and cold. A young private of the Greely Arctic Expedition was the unfortunate man.

Thirty years later, five Englishmen found themselves in much the same situation as the little band of the ill-fated Greely expedition which I have just described. The Englishmen were encamped in a frail tent on the great ice-capped Antarctic plateau; they were bound home after having successfully reached the South Pole. They were making a desperate fight to keep going, as distinct from the forlorn intrenchment of the Greely party. Yet, like the latter, they were victims of bitter cold and gnawing hunger. Also, they knew the cards were stacked against them.

Again, as was the case with the Americans, above the hissing of the incessant wind was audible a scratching sound. At least, so it seemed to one of the party.

"I am just going outside," this man said quietly.

He drew on his overshirt, bending double because the roof over him was low, thin fabric, white with hoarfrost that fell in showers upon his wretched companions when he touched it. Eyes of four dying men followed him with pitiful concern as he shuffled out of the curtain that did for a door.

"I may be some time," he added just before he disappeared.

Outside, a smother of snow struck the man's face, which was already striped black with frostbite. A sharp wind cut down from the ice cap's higher level behind him. The temperature was 43° below zero.

The man outside had been weakening daily on the terrible march of cruel miles. His feet were frozen—one so badly that he was sure to lose it. The chances were fair that he might die even if he reached the base camp. He reasoned that the food he would eat on the way might save the lives of his four friends if it could be apportioned among them. And so he walked to his death in a heroic effort to save his friends.

Commander Byrd and His Companions in the First Flight to the North Pole, at Spitsbergen, Just Before the Take-Off

Next morning, Capt. Robert Scott, R. N., the leader of the party, wrote in his diary, later recovered with the bodies of all four:

"He went into the blizzard and we have not seen him since . . . the act of a brave man and an English gentleman."

The man was Captain Oates of the British south polar party of 1912, whose heroism was superb, but whose physical equipment could not stand the strain of hunger and of cold.

Between the young private and Captain Oates lies a vast spread of human possibilities in the way of character, temperament, courage, will power, imagination, physique and self-control.

The two tragedies are as extreme as the bitter events leading up to them. But they serve to show to what heights or depths a man's normal self may be forced under the pressure of weakness, suffering and protracted isolation.

How is it possible to tell what a man will be like in such emergency? What traits should be looked for to mark the brave man? How old should he be? How big? How strong? How energetic? How phlegmatic? What racial characteristics fit him best for meeting danger? What education and training lay the surest foundation against nervous collapse under strain? What prior habits are dangerous and what are helpful? And how does one locate them?

What are the rules of physical examination in choosing men for hazardous field work? How does one pass upon thousands of applicants when there is scarce time to pass properly upon a hundred? Where is one to draw the line between physical and mental qualifications for scientific work?

Applicants

WHAT about the married man? The smoker? The brilliant bookworm, gifted also with good muscles? The star athlete? How far does family history count? And how do you get at it?

These are but a few of the questions the leader of any sort of expedition would like answered, whether he be bound across an ocean by air or to one of the globe's icebound poles.

It is difficult to realize the pressure of applications put on the leader of a public expedition. By far the largest number come by mail. With a reading public of, say, fifty million people, it is natural that the newspapers should inspire many men and some women with a desire to visit the wild spots of the earth. For two cents any reader can send me a message something like this: "I am a young man of good health and all my life have wanted to go on an expedition. I can give good references and will come to see you if you think there is any chance that I might go along." And so on, sometimes for as many as ten or fifteen pages, going into family history for the past several generations. I am convinced that the authors of many of these letters are

The Rescue of the Survivors of the Greely Expedition. Drawn by J. O. Davidson From a Description by Officers of the Relief Party

splendid young Americans, of the rugged sort that filled the ranks of great pioneers a century ago, and deserving serious consideration.

But what can the leader do? It would take a staff of medical examiners, psychologists, file clerks and stenographers to handle the problem satisfactorily. In my own case it goes painfully against the grain to deal curtly with such initiative, and I don't. But with my limited time and facilities for handling applicants, I always feel distressed that I cannot go the limit in giving each one a full and detailed examination for fitness to accompany me to the South Pole.

I think the most painful circumstances are those in which a group of my friends combine to lobby for some particular man. At this very writing no less than five good friends, all of whom I trust and like, and to whom I am under obligations, are organized in a little Battalion of Death to make me take a certain young scientist south with me.

Now the young scientist is desirable in every way; he is strong, amiable, competent, reserved, and has twice been a success on hard expeditions. So far as I can judge or find out, he is 100 per cent in every possible way. I am lucky to have such a man apply. Peary or Scott or Amundsen did not have a better man than he on any of their expeditions.

Why don't I wire him this minute: "Have selected you for my Antarctic expedition; meet me New York July first"? Simply because there are eight other lobbies consisting of about two score other friends insisting that I take eight other applicants for the same job. And all of these eight other applicants are, to the best of my knowledge, 100 per cent in every possible way. Further, my secretary informs me that there are also on file about four hundred bona fide mail applications for this position.

Removing Supplies From Shackleton's Ill-Fated Ship, "Endurance," Which Afterward Sank, Marooning 22 Men on the Antarctic Ice Fields

Sir Ernest Shackleton Returning for the Men Left Behind When He Went for Assistance After His Supply Ship Sank. Elephant Island, in the Antarctic, August 30, 1916

That Hidden Weakness

LIKE every other man in a semipublic position, I have my troubles with cranks. Perhaps I do many a wrong by using that term. Zealot is less harsh. Anyway there are many zealots who become fired with the idea that nothing is more vital either to them or to me than that they become members of my next expedition.

Some of these people have special inventions they wish tried out. Others claim a peculiar aptness for expeditionary work—a virtue to which they alone can testify, though in eloquence and volume their testimony surpasses that of a dozen indorsers. Strange to say, I find such men coming with written approval of important people; though I always wonder if I am not being used as a means of escape for the former target of the zealot's fevered ambitions.

Sometimes it is the parents that are overwhelmed with a desire to send their boys with me. If the parents are rich and have influential connections, I find myself put to it to elude the importunities that flood upon me by mail, telegraph, telephone and personal appointment.

It might seem to the uninitiated that some sort of lottery might be the simplest way out of the difficulty, once reasonable qualifications were lived up to.

I know one man exclaimed: "I'll fix it for you, Dick. Have a board of Army and Navy surgeons give your applicants the standard recruiting test. This will boil the number down to a few thousand. Then we'll draw lots to see which twenty men of this select crowd shall be the lucky ones to go with you."

The trouble with such a plan is that a year of isolation and hardship on the polar sea or in the African jungle does things to men that are never even dreamed of in ordinary military service. Every man familiar with the archives of exploration knows dozens of cases in which a fine man at home became a menace in the field. Some of the most notorious type cases are:

The man who, despite previous physical examination, turns up with a weak heart, digestion or lungs. The man who goes native—wants to eat and live and dress with native negligence. The man who becomes hysterical in a tight place and wants to fight. The man who is a secret drinker. The man who blows up when his tobacco is gone. The victim of nostalgia, with wife or sweetheart at home. The man who has a vulnerable spot—old wound, football knee, shoulder or ankle, infected tooth, or asthma, and so on. The man who, when he's tired, can't stand the other fellow's banjo. The man who becomes misanthropic under pressure. And so on.

It is all very well to say that a good physical examination ought to suffice for discovering such defects. But this is not the case. Few of us have not the germs of some weakness or other. And if, perchance, we were ever punished to the breaking point, we should soon enough find out what our weaknesses are.

What the leader is after is the man whose potential defects are well buried in the first place, and who is strong enough physically and nervously to remove the likelihood of these defects ever coming into view.

I think that when I consider a man for danger or hardship I put the facing of danger first. When I speak of danger I don't mean the sudden emotional situation men faced who went over the top in France. There the individual was sustained by a combination of mass emotion and excitement. What I have in mind is protracted peril, in which there is no stimulant of rapid and vital events.

In our transatlantic flight last summer my men had to give highly concentrated attention to important duties during forty-two hours, in twenty of which we saw neither land nor sea. All knew well that trouble with our engines or with our instrument board might plunge us to death in thirty seconds. Yet all of them worked accurately and without cessation throughout the flight. Only a peculiar indifference to continual danger made such efficiency possible.

Health and Nerve

THE health of a man has much to do with the degree of this indifference. The same man may cease to be sanguine after a bad attack of grippe, indigestion or other illness. Flyers inaccurately say "So-and-So lost his nerve after the crash." I remember, in my training days, seeing a plane plunge into the sea with two men aboard. Both lived to tell the tale. One was hurt; the other wasn't. The hurt man was said to have lost his nerve. Literally this was not true. Certainly he didn't feel like flying for a while, but it was only a case of Nature subconsciously asserting her rights by urging the man to protect himself while he was not up to his usual form.

When mild ill health becomes chronic there is a strain of this same apprehension or pessimism running just beneath the surface. It may not show and be of utterly no consequence in the protective confines of civilization. But let this man have to face danger and his apprehension comes out full force in the shape of a timidity that damages his judgment. The man is not at all a coward, but merely the victim of mild ill health.

Temperament and danger are a far more complex combination. Lord Byron flung himself into a war for Greece with gorgeous disregard for personal safety. All his poetical genius flamed up in a grand defiance of consequences. Savonarola,

(Continued on Page 54)

The Ice Closing Over the Sinking "Endurance"

WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN—

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

She Rode Up to Pat Shayne's Hay Camp and Asked Pat if He Wouldn't Let One of His Men Ride Into Town and Get Doc Ammerman for Victor

A LATE February sun shone brightly from a blue sky on the Box Elder stage station. The gentle chinook had succeeded to yesterday's freezing nor'wester and under its soft breath there was a quick and constant dripping from the diminishing icicles pendent from the eaves, while now and again a patch of snow detached itself from the roof mass to slide with a rushing sound over the shingles and fall with a plop into the puddles below. The station doors were open, and, within, the stock tender sat, habited in a Mephistophelean costume of red flannel. Across his skinny knees lay a pair of trousers that had seen service, and he was making himself cross-eyed in a painful endeavor to push the end of a coarse thread through the eye of a fine needle. His friend and winter companion, old Sam Stegg, ex-bullwhacker, occupied a comfortable chair close by.

"Want me to tell you how to do that, Hank?"

"No," replied the stock tender ungraciously. He added a few vigorously qualified remarks concerning the thread and a few more about the needle.

"It ain't that I'm tired of watching you try," said Mr. Stegg. "I could set here all day and not ask no better entertainment. Only thing, I was sort of anxious, for your sake, to have you get that patch sewed on afore the stage gets in. It's warm enough to do without pants, maybe, but Red might have some lady passengers aboard. Still and all, if there was, one of 'em might be kind-hearted enough to help you out of your troubles. Say what you will, there's times when womenfolks is useful. It's a wonder to me —— Got it through, did you? Well, well! Shows what perseverance and fools' luck will do. An hour ago I'd have been willing to bet that you'd have to ruin the best part of your good suit until the needcessity for decency was past."

The stock tender beamed with triumph and knotted his thread securely.

"A woman wouldn't never have had the gumption to try," he said. "She'd have told you that it was a sixty thread and a six needle—or whatever it is. She's got to have things just so. This here patch now—she'd tell you that the pattern didn't match and the color was wrong. Too dog-gone particular!" He sang in a cracked voice: "P-a-r, par; t-i-c, tic; u-l-a-r—too darn particular."

"Well, some is, I reckon," agreed the old bullwhacker. "And then again, some ain't. I was just a-going to say it was a wonder to me that you never got married—you with your handsome face and winning ways. But maybe it was for one of them two reasons."

At that the stock tender made a startling disclosure.

"I wouldn't say exactly that I ain't never got married," he began. "I never was what you might call ser'ously addicted to it, though. I could marry a woman or I could let her alone—quit right off, anytime; and sence I come to the territory I seem to have lost what little taste I ever had for them holy bonds. Take it all told, I don't spose I been married more'n three-four times. Lemme see. . . . Yes, four times in all—or was I? Yes, four times."

"Live and learn," remarked Mr. Stegg. "I thought you'd told me the most of everything about yourself, including all crimes and misdemeanors. If anybody had ast me I'd have said I'd got your record from the time the top of your head had hair on it. How come you've never told me?"

"I aimed to forget it," the stock tender replied. "Let bygones be bygones is my motto. Sleeping dogs had ought to be let lie. What for would I want to harrer up your feelings by exposing of my wownds?"

"There's something in that," Mr. Stegg admitted, "but it's almost equally sad to watch you wrasthing with that patch. You sure ain't no seamstress. I seen some copper riveta in the tool box the other day. Why'n't you just rivet it?"

"I reckon you'd use baling wire," said the stock tender. "Well," he continued, "my second, she could sew, and then some. Bella, her name was; it comes to me now. Yes, sir, Bella could sure sew—got me all sewed up, you bet she did. . . . I wonder what ever become of Bella."

"I ain't the least idee," said the old bullwhacker. "Don't you remember where you left her? Sure you looked good?"

"If there was any looking done, she done it," said the stock tender. "If I looked for her, I'd be like the feller that was looking for a job and hoping to gosh he wouldn't find it. You talking about lady passengers—say, the stage don't never roll in but I get all in a sweat until I'm dead sure Emmeline ain't among 'em."

Mr. Stegg raised his bushy eyebrows. "Emmeline?"

"Or Peggy or Laura or Frances," said the stock tender calmly. "No, Sam, I reckon I wasn't never cut out for a fam'ly man. I give it a fair trial, but somehow I never could get the hang of it. Either that or my luck was poor—something. I'm prob'ly like you, a born old sour-dough bach with a love of freedom. You and me don't want no woman bossing us; we're too dog-gone independent to stand for it. We don't aim to let no female have the say-so regarding of our incomings and our outgoings or our income and output—ain't that right? Sure! We was born free and we propose to remain thataway. We may have our faults, but that ain't no sign that we want to be told about 'em from morn till dewy eve, as the feller says. Ain't our consciences enough guide to tell us when we've done wrong? Cert'nly."

"Seems like they ought to be," agreed the old bullwhacker.

"What I claim is that a man has got to be a man or a mouse," the stock tender declared. "It's all right to have your buttons sewed on and your pants patched, but pants ain't everything, nor yet having your socks darned. A feller can run barefoot in the pursuit of happiness and stand as good a chance of overtaking it as he would with darns raising blisters on his heels. Ain't that so? What's been your experience—your pers'nal experience?"

He glanced cunningly at his friend, who was carefully shaking granulated tobacco into the black maw of his corncob.

"I ain't had no pers'nal experience," replied Mr. Stegg. "Sometimes I wisht I had, and then there's other times when I'm mighty glad that I ain't—according to my observations of them that's having it, which has been aplenty. All the opinions I got is derived from them observations, and there ain't nothing more deceiving than such; so the conclusion I've come to is that I've missed a heap of comfort and joy by staying single, or else a considerable grief."

"Grief is right," said the stock tender. "Give me liberty or give me death, as the feller says. If ever any of them women of mine showed up and reco'nized me and claimed me, I'd sure be apt to c'mit the rash act in a fit of temp'ry insanity. I would so."

"What makes you think they'd have enough temp'ry insanity to claim you?" the old bullwhacker inquired.

"I'll tell you," answered the stock tender. "Oncet a woman gets a man weak enough to promise her a mess of fool things that ain't possible, before a preacher or a J. P., she looks on him as her pers'nal property from that time on. She may think that he ain't worth hell room and she may not have a particle of use for him in any way, shape or manner; she may think that he ain't got a lick of sense—which she most always does, and is most always correct—but all the same he's hers, body, boots and britches, and particularly the britches. He may have allowed that his soul wasn't included in the worldly goods what he endowed her with, but she looks at it different. They'll tell you that a woman'll always stand by her husband, but that ain't quite right. She'll stand over him—with a club. I ain't saying that she won't defend him, but that's just because he's her property. You got to protect your own property and not let it get depreciated outside." The stock tender again sang, appositely:

"I don't keer if he is a hound;
They've got to quit kickin'
my dawg around."

Eileen

The old bullwhacker chuckled.

"Reminds me of Victor Watts and his woman," he said. "Vic was just about the mangiest, orneriest hound I ever see. He used to live up on the Chugwater, not far from where the big Bosanquet ranch is now. He sold out to Pete Bosanquet afterwards and moved out near Fort Sheridan. May be there yet for all I know. I was working for the Pearl Button outfit—Circle Cross. Gene Holly was foreman. You know Gene. There was one fine man!"

The stock tender said that he had never heard about him and wanted to know what about Watts. The old bullwhacker resumed:

He was one ornery hound, and what was more he had one of the nicest little women you ever seen. That ain't so uncommon, but this was an extry-special case. You wouldn't skassly have thought it, either, to look at him. The first time I ever laid eyes on him was in town after I'd drew my month's wages and rode in to sort of break the monot'ny of the boundless perairies. I was knocking the balls about on a pool table in the back of Dancey's when Mr. Watts come in and sat down to watch me. I was a-considerable out of practice, but I made a few fancy shots

"They Can't Run Me Out of This Town Nor No Other"

th:t no common ordinary player could have made, and he had the sense to reco'nize the same and to mention it. He wanted to know who I was and I told him, but I seen he thought that my chaps and spurs was a disguise. No forty-a-month puncher could handle a cue the way I done, according to him. I couldn't skassly make him believe it for a while.

Yes, sir, he was right agreeable. I liked the way he talked. A good-looking feller he was, too; a heap taller than me and not fleshy enough to hurt. Told me he'd got a ranch and a few head of cattle out about twelve mile. I done some of those shots over, just to show him that it wasn't no fluke, and wanted him to try his hand. He wouldn't, though.

"No," says he. "I thank you kindly for the offer and I reelize what it would mean to any plug player to get a lesson from you, but I ain't even a plug. It takes an acc'rate eye and a stiddy hand, which I ain't got, and a heap of judgment and a math'matical mind, which I'm likewise shy, to make any kind of a pool player, let alone a wonder like you. I can play a fair-to-middling good game of poker, but I ain't got the qualities for pool. I'd esteem it an honor and a pleasure if you'd have a drink with me," he says.

I didn't see no reason why I shouldn't give him the pleasure and the honor, so I put my cue in the rack and stepped up to the bar.

"Dancey," says Victor, "give my friend here the very best of whatever he wants that you've got." He slaps a five-dollar gold piece on the bar. "I want to tell you that there stands the finest pool player ——"

Oh, all right, all right; but that's what he said. Anyway, what struck me was the cold, fishy eye that Dancey turned on him and the way he rung that coin on the bar before he put it in the till and made change. Then, as I was reciprocating a minute later, in walks Holly with Perry Minns, who was a big husky belonging to the Pearl Button and prob'ly the next best in the bunch after me. I hailed 'em and invited 'em to join me and Victor, but Holly only shook his head sort of sober, and Perry stared straight and square at Victor and says "Ex-cuse me!" Then the two of 'em moved up to the far end of the bar.

Well, I was sure took aback; but I wasn't long a-following 'em, and I reckon there must have been a sort of irritation in my voice. I says to 'em, "Friends and feller citizens—in a manner of speaking—I'd sure be glad to listen to any of your whys and wherefores of this here proceeding, and satisfying reasons for your being excused. Otherwise," I says, "my feelings will be hurt and some parts and portions of you-all is apt to be also."

"Keep your shirt on, Sam," says Gene, and that time he smiled; and Perry, looking a-past me, smiled too. "It wasn't you; it was your comp'ny," Gene goes on to say, and I turned my head and lo and behold you, Mr. Watts had folded his tents like the Ayrab and silently stole away.

"I give him the office," Dancey explains, and he grins. "'Course I can't keep him out of here as long as he behaves himself," he goes on to say, "but I reckon he knows that if he starts a fuss he'll find himself throwed out on his ear right prompt. The way it is now, if anybody hints too broad he asts 'em to step outside with him and then whales the tar out of 'em. Well, I can't make no objections to that, can I? All I can do is hope the time'll come when some good little man'll pump him full of lead and make a happy widow of his wife."

"I don't need no gun for the thus-and-so and I'll drop a hint broad enough to cover the ground," says Perry, and he was a-starting for the door when Gene made a jump and caught him by the arm.

"I got work for you to do that can't be done in jail," says Gene—"not even if you was in good condition otherwise. Don't be foolish and hunt trouble. Besides which, there ain't no abs'lute proof; and anyway you can crawl his hump sometime when we ain't so rushed, if you feel it's ne'ss'ry to your happiness. Another thing, Sam he has invited us to take something with him, and you don't want to hurt Sam's feelings again, do you?"

"Sure I don't," says Perry, yielding to pressure. "I wouldn't hurt his feelings for anything in the wide world."

Dancey set out the bottles and they drunk my health. I told 'em that I was a heap gratified, but I'd take it as a favor if they'd be so obliging as to tell me what the objections was to Mr. Watts.

"The only trouble with him, 's far 's I know, is that he's a pussylanimous, highly putrefied polecat," says Perry.

"A low-flung libel on humanity," Gene adds. "A speeches of scum that a decent man won't have no truck with."

"A dirty, cowardly whelp that ain't fit company for a self-respecting hyena—if all that's said about him is true, and I guess it is," Dancey puts in.

I told 'em that what they said give me the impression that Mr. Watts was a sort of undesirable character.

"Still and all, we've most of us got our little weaknesses," I says, "and there's so much good in the worst of us," says I, "that I think you may be a mite hard on the gentleman."

They allowed they was real easy on him.

"Then why is he a-walking the streets of this burg with the breath of life in his nostrils and no tar nor feathers on him?" I wanted to know.

"Because we can't prove it on him," says Dancey.

"Prove what?"

"That he beats up that pore little woman of his—beats her up regular, mind you. That big, husky so-and-so lambastes her until she can't stand and her back's just a criss-cross of welts." *(Continued on Page 77)*

And When He Did Fall Perry Jerked Him Up On His Feet Again—Twice—and Then Knocked Him Down Again

LOVELY GRAVY

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"I'll Tell You Who You Represent," Weaver Persisted, While Everyone Present Looked Troubled. "You Represent a Lot of Bootleggers. I'm Not for Any Man You're For"

"WELL, Danny," drawled Forrest Weaver, "your job as mayor of the great and thriving city of Commerce is drawing toward a close. What do you intend to do next?"

"I don't know," the mayor answered light-heartedly. "Hadn't even thought of it."

"If anyone else said that," Weaver commented, "I'd think he was evading the question, but you're just that kind. Still, you've got to eat."

"Yeah, that's right, Weaver."

"But you have no plans, eh?"

"Not a one. Something always turns up. I'm not like you, Weaver. You're always planning a year or two ahead. No wonder the boys call you Old-Tree-Full-o'-Owls."

"You've never gone hungry, have you, Danny?"

"No, and never expect to."

"Well, I have; it makes a difference."

"Yes, I guess it would. I'll bet you came here today to suggest something."

"That's right. I did."

"Much obliged. Let's hear all about it. Prop your feet right up on the chief executive's mahogany desk and make yourself at home. You listen like good news." Weaver smiled, lighted a cigar and propped one foot on the official desk as requested.

"You've given us a very good administration, Danny," he began. "There's been plenty of pie for the boys in the organization and everybody's satisfied. You're popular and you're going out with banners flying. Naturally, I don't want to lose contact with you. Politics being my business, I expect to work with you again in the future. That means we've got to find some way to form a profitable alliance so that you'll be on hand when opportunity knocks. I think I've got the little plan we need, so I've come to outline it to you and get your O. K. on the dotted line."

"That's fine, Weaver. So you think you've figured out some way for me to make a living until I get back into office?"

"That's it, Danny."

"Well, go ahead and make your speech while I applaud hysterically."

"You are going into the insurance business with me as silent partner."

"I don't know a thing about insurance."

"That's all right; you don't have to; the chief clerk will run the business."

"Fine! I like that."

"You may not write much insurance, but there is a lot of business in writing bonds for city employes and officials and contractors. I've been neglecting that source of revenue for years; in most cities of this size a contractor or whatever he may be knows where he ought to go to get his bond written. If he didn't know that much he wouldn't have landed the job. But here in Commerce we let that business stray all over the pasture, and it isn't right. When you open your office everybody'll know where he ought to go. I don't think you'll have to wear out shoes chasing business. If it doesn't come in of its own accord, then I'm missing a guess."

"You've never done that yet, Weaver. It'll come in."

"Yes, I think so. All right, then, you are going into the insurance and bonding business until wanted elsewhere."

"Right! Already I'm beginning to think of myself as Demon Danny, the boy bonder. Up and at 'em every dewy dawn—how's that for a motto?"

"Pretty good if it lands you in the office in time for luncheon engagements."

"It will. By the way, partner Weaver, I hear that Herbert Dixon is going to run for mayor. He's got lots of money. Do you think he'll make it hard for us to put Jimmy Farrell across?"

"Yes, I do."

"You think he's going to run, then?"

"I know he is."

"I hate fellows like him."

"Why?"

"Aw, he's one of those professional good citizens."

"Yes, that's true."

"They have the same effect on me as a fly in my soup. I've been thinking up some wise cracks to drop on him if he runs. He owns a wholesale drug business. Let's call him Pills."

"The trouble with that suggestion," Weaver interrupted, "is that I'm going to manage Dixon's campaign."

"How on earth can you do that when the Third Ward Club and our whole gang have already indorsed Jimmy Farrell? He's my city attorney."

"I'm going to kick up a row with the Third Ward Club, Danny. I'm going to quit them cold."

"No!" the mayor gasped. "Quit 'em? What do you mean, quit 'em? Something's wrong with my ears. You didn't say you were going to quit the Third Ward Club, did you, Weaver?"

"I'm going to have a row with the Third Ward Club and walk out on them in hot anger."

"Well, what the hell do you know about that, Geraldine! Old-Tree-Full-o'-Owls is going to get mad at the Third Ward Club! What's the big idea, Weaver?"

"It's about time for a reform administration, Danny. We'll put in a business man pledged to make a greater and purer and better city. We're going to cut loose from wicked machine politics and do noble things that cost a lot of money and make juicy pickings."

"But why quit the organization with a program like that?"

"It's time for a big bond issue. You passed out lots of pie, Danny, but in very small slices and all for the rank and file. Uncle Forrest Weaver wishes several fat slices of fruit cake with whipped cream."

"Then why on earth do you want to monkey with a reform administration? Can't the grand old Third Ward Club handle that better than anyone else?"

"No, Danny. There is always a back fire after a big bond issue and I'd rather not have the organization hurt by it. The best way to put over that sort of thing is to bring in a super-patriotic business man and then manage him."

"Well, do you have to get mad at the organization and walk out on them to put it over?"

"Certainly. That's the correct strategy to get control of the noble and self-sacrificing business man's campaign."

"Oh, yes; I see. When will this unfortunate row and secession take place?"

"This evening. That's why I came to you today. I want you to understand what we're doing. When it's all over, the

boys in the organization will be swimming in gravy, but they're not so smart as they think they are, so I can't take them into my confidence. You've got loyalty, Danny; I can talk to you. We'll play the game together. When they see that you're sticking with me, they'll be uncertain about their own course, because you're their hero; and finally, we'll all be playing together again in time for the juiciest cuts. Is that clear?"

"Absolutely, Weaver; and if it wasn't I'd trail along with you anyway. In this man's town, when anybody manages to get himself called Old-Tree-Full-o'-Owls, he's not simple-minded. I'll play my bets along with yours any day. How big a bond issue are you planning?"

"About seven millions."

"Wow!"

"Well, the city can stand it."

"Yes, I think so. There'll be some lovely gravy when the contracts are awarded. Seven millions is a nice little handful of change. I wish we were going to handle all of it through the gang."

"Well, Danny, for all practical purposes that's what we're going to do. We'll all be smoking the peace pipe with our feet in the feed trough by the time the gravy flows. But in the meantime I need some quick cash. And the way to get it is to stir up a red-hot campaign with the better people backing Herbert Dixon. They can raise a juicy campaign fund when they get excited."

"Yes, I guess you're right; but I don't care much for 'em."

"I know that; you understand, though, that you're supporting Dixon."

"Yes. But I don't have to get out and tear my shirt, do I?"

"No."

"What is the cause of your sudden need for cash? Not in trouble, are you?"

"Yes, I am. The wife made me promise to buy her one of those great big expensive cars and have a lot of work done on the house and grounds. I'm a little overextended in my investments, so that I can't borrow, and I hate to sell anything right now. I need some quick cash."

"That seems to be the chronic condition of the human race. We'll get out and strike a blow for cash and liberty, eh, Weaver? There's a program that stirs my blood: Cash and liberty!"

"It's a fine motto, Danny. Well, I'm on my way." Weaver rose and stretched. "Now that we understand each other," he added, "you won't faint when you hear tomorrow about the row that will take place tonight." They shook hands, laughing.

II

ORIGINALLY the Third Ward Club had comprised a vacant retail store, a pool table in not very good repair, seventeen chairs, two oak tables, numerous decks of astoundingly soiled playing cards, twenty-seven members who paid dues of ten cents a month, and about fifty hangers-on who saved the dimes. The members and their friends were interested in politics principally because politics appeared to offer jobs in the police and fire departments. As bait for these desirable prizes the members invited candidates for municipal offices to visit their clubroom and make speeches, which they did, using the pool table as a platform. One historic day a member was smitten by genius and suggested that the Third Ward Club should always hold a little primary of its own just before election day, after which all of the members should vote as a unit. From that day on, the Third Ward Club became a power. Within two years it had actually dictated the awarding of a fat contract for garbage removal. Thereafter candidates for membership stormed its portals.

There was nothing comparable to the Third Ward Club in any other ward; consequently, as it gained power, delegates from other wards were admitted. In short, the Third Ward Club became the political machine of Commerce.

Its cabinet of seven members was in session when Forrest Weaver entered the little back room, adding his contribution of cigar smoke to the heavy blue cloud that already floated above the council table. "Evening, gentlemen," he mumbled, pulling up a chair.

The others nodded. Weaver had interrupted a speech by a heavy-jowled orator of ample paunch known to his fellow patriots of the Third Ward Club as Butch. Butch liked to make speeches. They were an innovation so far as the council members were concerned, but Butch was well liked. In fact it was his business to be well liked. He represented the local bootlegging industry. All of them knew it, and yet, in the sense of being able to testify, none really knew it. Butch had lavished twenty minutes of fulsome praise upon the administration of "our Danny," and now he was predicting a glorious future for Farrell, who was slated by the Third Ward Club as Danny's successor.

If there had been any argument among the members about Danny's successor, Butch would have been silent, but there was none, so he spoke with the fervor of a pleader who hopes to carry the day by his eloquence against powerful opposition. His audience chewed cigars, tipped their hats sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, then forward to their eyebrows, then far back; they crossed their legs, uncrossed them and occasionally spat with more gusto than delicacy. They were bored, but at the same time they admired Butch for being able to make a speech. None of them could; not even Weaver, although he could write one. Finally Butch closed with a dramatic gesture toward the smoke-befogged chandelier and sat down.

"Who do you represent here?" Weaver asked abruptly. Frost and venom were in his tone. Butch blinked and his lips parted, but he decided not to speak; instead, he looked around the table, appealing silently for a defender. None appeared. The question might have embarrassed any member present, since none carried credentials. Weaver himself sat at the council table because he had been able to raise campaign funds, harmonize conflicting forces, baffle political opponents and bring out well-balanced tickets, in short, he represented solely what was under his hat. Butch represented what was in his pocket, but that was not a matter to be discussed openly.

"I'll tell you who you represent," Weaver persisted, while everyone present looked troubled. "You represent a lot of bootleggers. I'm not for any man you're for; and that goes for Farrell too." There was a stir around the table. This was decidedly dynamite. Everybody was supposed to be for Farrell. Moreover, everybody was supposed not to suspect Butch's business connections.

"What's the matter with Farrell?" asked Gus, whose last name is unimportant, since it was never used. Gus represented six rock crushers, certain deposits of sand and gravel, and a lively business with the city government.

"I'm for Herbert Dixon," Weaver announced, "and I want this club to support him for mayor because no bootlegger will." (Continued on Page 117)

"Adolph," Weaver Interrupted, "Karl Marx is the Sorriest Reading I Ever Struck in My Life. Compared to Him Even Blackstone is Thrilling"

The Fellows Who Made the Game

By HUGH FULLERTON

SOMEONE—possibly his press agent—has estimated that 1,420,000,000 words have been written about Babe Ruth and his exploits, and that at current advertising rates the space occupied was worth $250,000,000.

Probably the figures do not mean anything, and more probably they are not true, but they express bigness and are introduced as evidence that Ruth made baseball what it is today. If so, we hope he is satisfied.

The statistician failed to mention who wrote those 1,420,000,000 words and made Ruth and, through him, made baseball. In fact, no one seems to have gone to the trouble of collecting the dope on the fellows who made the game. For regardless of what the present generation of baseball reporters is doing to promote the welfare or add to the box-office receipts of the club owners, the sport owes its popularity and probably its continued existence to earlier generations of scribes who gave their talents and the newspaper space of their bosses to popularize the game and its players.

A Baseball Team of the 70's, When Shortstops Sported Mustaches

The pioneer writers were an interesting group, many of them as individualistic and as great characters as were the old-time players, yet most of them are forgotten. One may find in the record books all the feats of Old Hoss Radbourne, Mike Kelly, Cap Anson, Ned Williamson, Amos Rusie, Keeler, Comiskey, Latham and the early leaders on the field, but even the names of the writers who boosted them to fame are unknown to most present-day fans.

It is odd that baseball, which was played before the Civil War and which grew to great popularity during the 70's and 80's, remained unwritten, as far as making it interesting to the reading public went, until the late 80's. The reports of early baseball games were about as readable as the market reports or the steamship movements, and even less interesting than the obituary column of the newspapers. The papers printed the scores and a brief statement of the result without effort to tell what happened on the field and without details or description.

Humanizing the Sports News

LATE in the 80's, however, when Chicago was unique among cities and before it imitated others, a whimsical genius named Leonard Washburn was working as a newspaperman. The papers of Chicago in those days were unlike any printed anywhere else. They were written largely in the language that the wild growing young city understood. They had individuality. The Herald, which was owned by a cooperative crowd of newspapermen, set the pattern, and the Inter-Ocean and Times rivaled it in presenting the news in entertaining manner. There was nothing sedate or dignified about them except the editorial pages and the stockyards reports. They were boisterous, at times rough; they lacked dignity, perhaps, but they were readable, entertaining and amusing.

They were the popular papers. The dignified ones were not making much progress. Some of them printed nothing but the briefest news about anything connected with sport. The Daily News, then just started and owned by two men who became known as great editors—Victor F. Lawson and Melville E. Stone—refused to permit a line of sport in its columns and allowed no mention of the theater. Even the name of an actor or actress was barred unless it crept in under the crime news. The sporting pages of such papers usually meant a couple of columns of brief notices of results of games.

The Herald and Inter-Ocean had different ideas. The editors liked sports and believed their readers did. They had some odd editors in those days—editors who refused to let the advertising-department employes come into their sanctums, and who declined to associate with business-office people except on pay days. They had yet other ideas which probably appear odd to modern editors. One of these was that the reporter who wrote a story should be permitted to write it as he saw it. If it was bad they threw it away. If it was good enough to please the editors they thought it good enough for their readers and printed it.

It was because of that condition that Washburn was permitted to lift baseball out of the literary class of the market reports. Washburn had been reporting police courts, night police news, hangings or whatever happened, and especially prize fights. He had a style so light it bordered upon the frivolous, and he could write what was known as a josh story on any given subject and find something humorous in a meeting of joy killers.

Washburn had played baseball on the lots as a boy, but was not particularly interested in the sport until the editor assigned him to report a game. He knew prize fights, he knew horse races, but baseball was something new to him as a reporter; so he reported it as he would have done any other event. The result was a classic in foolishment, but it contained what news there was regarding the game, and the box score supplied the rest of the vital statistics.

His story was written to entertain readers who were not especially interested in the game, rather than to be read by fanatics. The whole city read it and laughed. Within a month all the other papers save one were sending their star reporters out to write baseball and almost every reporter wanted a chance to do it. They were not imitating Washburn—no one could have done that—but they knew he had hit upon a new idea in making the reports of the games interesting and entertaining enough to be read by all the patrons of the paper.

Billy Sunday Getting Set for a Fast One

The Big Three

THERE will be argument among Chicago veterans as to Washburn being the pioneer. Many give the credit to Pete Dunne, others to Charlie Seymour, and others to Tom Foley, who used to supply the papers with reports of games when he was head of the early clubs of Chicago. I made a search of the Chicago newspapers from 1884 up to 1889, and the change came suddenly and immediately after Washburn started his career as a baseball writer, and for a time his reports of ball games were printed not on the sporting page—which consisted of less than three columns of sporting news—but on news pages, and several times on the front page of the paper.

The argument as to the pioneer, however, will be mild compared with the dispute as to which of the reporters Washburn, Dunne or Seymour—wrote the most entertaining stories about the games played by Anson's old White Stockings. None of them knew much about technical baseball; nor was an intimate knowledge of the sport considered necessary. The idea was to write interesting stories about the games and the players. The Chicago team then was composed of colorful players—Anson, the gigantic, complacent leader; Mike Kelly, Ned Williamson, Clarkson, Burns, Pfeffer, Ryan, Billy Sunday. The news reporters found plenty of material upon which to work. They were new to the sport and enthusiastic. They lived with the players, liked them and learned the game.

Reading back over the old accounts of forgotten contests, it seems to me Seymour wrote the best yarns Dunne, who became famous as the creator of Mr. Dooley and won high place among American humorous writers and philosophers, was a highly educated fellow, a linguist, a leading spirit in the old Whitechapel Club crowd, and being young and enjoying life, he used his education and his trend toward philosophy to brighten the sport. His natural fine taste and his education shone through the fantastic jargon of the sport. He was like a great artist drawing a cartoon.

Seymour—an odd little man who, among old newspapermen, is rated the best reporter Chicago ever produced was a droll, quaint figure. He seems to have known, even then, more about baseball than the others did.

He lived with the players, chummed with the most reckless and brilliant of them, got their views on games and translated them into epics for his paper. Washburn, however, won the attention of both the roughnecks and the intelligentzia of the city with his easy flow of language, his use of metaphor and his mastery of a simile. His weird similes were quoted and laughed at everywhere and his reports of games bristled with them.

I think the best simile he used was in describing a grass cutter—one of those hard-hit balls which, instead of bounding, hug the dirt. Ned Williamson had hit such a ball down toward shortstop. The grass on the infield had not been mowed properly and the ball ripped through it, as Washburn said, "Sounding like the hired man eating celery."

A Woman Sports Writer

A TRIP with the Chicago team in those days, with Seymour, Dunne, and Washburn the reporters, Crane, Williamson and Kelly to keep them company at night, was a liberal education for any young reporter—provided his stomach held out. I remember my first. The team was opening the National League season in Louisville, and in those days a street parade always was the feature. The Chicago reporters had an open hack and a place in the procession. A small round table was carried out from the bar of the Louisville Hotel, a dozen mint juleps placed upon it, and we joined the parade, being cheered along the entire line of march. The Courier-Journal the next day said, "Carriage Number 6—Chicago reporters and mint juleps." Editors naturally had their troubles in getting reports of games back to the offices. If the reporters and the athletes met after a game the chances of the reporters getting back to write their reports were not so good. Charlie Chapin was then editor of the paper for which Dunne worked, and he devised an ingenious scheme to make certain of getting his reports. He assigned Dunne to take Mrs. Chapin to the games, thus insuring Pete's return to the office. As a result Mrs. Chapin became a fan and one of the keenest students of the game. She was, perhaps, the first real expert except the old players who turned to reporting. She made a study of the game, seldom missed one, and until her death, was at a ball park almost every day, keeping scores with wonderful skill. Occasionally, without signing a name, she wrote some of the keenest and most searching analyses of teams and players ever printed, putting her finger on the weak points of the clubs.

An Early Game at the Polo Grounds

The result of the change in style of writing was evident immediately in the attendance upon games and in increased circulation of the newspapers, revealing the fact that there was commercial value in good reporting.

Readers, laughing at the accounts of games and the doings of players, commenced to go to see for themselves. The style of reporting baseball changed all over the country.

The trio of brilliant youngsters who developed the new school did not continue long as baseball reporters. Dunne jumped to bigger fields of endeavor. Seymour was too valuable to give all his time to sports, so he wrote baseball only on big occasions. Washburn died in the harness. At the height of his career he was assigned to report a prize fight in Wisconsin. To reach the office in time to write his report he boarded a locomotive, which jumped the tracks in the edge of the city, plowed into a signal tower and Washburn was killed.

Editors quickly adopted the new form of entertaining and amusing readers. Whether the West was quicker to see the idea than was the East, or whether it was because at that time baseball was booming in the West and was older and more settled in the East, is uncertain; but the Western cities were quicker to follow the Chicago lead. The East paid more attention to details and developed the experts, while the West turned to the amusing features of the sport.

Shillabers

CINCINNATI developed Harry Weldon, Ban Johnson, afterward president of the American League, and Deacon Mulford; St. Louis had the Spinks—Al and Charlie—Jack Sheridan, Dick Collins and, for a time, Joe Campbell, who later at Washington became one of the best known of the shillabers—as we called reporters, stealing the name from the circus.

Sheridan never used slang. He was one of the most graceful and fluent descriptive writers in the country, a poet whose stories of baseball games were couched in pure English molded into high-sounding phrases. He could describe a stocky battered athlete in a dusty uniform, with a chew of tobacco bulging his cheek, so that a reader would think a godlike Apollo was sliding on his stomach in the dirt. He got a thrill into his descriptions—movement and suspense—so what matter if he got the score wrong once in a while? The Spinks were opposite characters—Al the good fellow and Charlie the crab. Both wrote baseball and learned the game largely under the tutelage of Charles A. Comiskey, who taught as many reporters baseball as he did ball players.

"Pop" Anson, One of the Great Sluggers of Baseball

Al Spink produced In Old Kentucky—a melodrama that still runs under various names on the stage, in the pictures and in fiction; Charlie developed a sporting magazine; but neither ever could get entirely away from baseball.

Weldon was the dean in Cincinnati and perhaps the most famous sporting editor the United States ever has had. He was a tremendously fat man who knew everybody and was an authority on everything in sport. His office in the Enquirer was headquarters for all the sports in the country. For a sporting man to reach Cincinnati and not report to Weldon was lese majesty. He was not a very good writer, but one of the most voluminous. He could write two or more columns about anything and fill it with interest, and always with the stub of a lead pencil.

Johnson was then fresh from college. He was plump, perhaps trying to rival Weldon in fatness, as he did in everything else. Mike Kelly, when he managed the Killers in Pendleton, always spoke of them as the Sperm Whale and the Porpoise.

Cincinnati, because it was the home of the famous Reds back as far as 1868, devoted more newspaper space to sports, especially to baseball, than any other city did at that time. Until after the Chicago trio of geniuses made

(Continued on Page 184)

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS N. Y. C.

The Cincinnati Red Stockings of 1869, Who Never Lost a Game

OVER THE HUMP

By A. W. Somerville

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

"Keep Your Dirty Tongue Off My Girl!" "Your Girl?" Sneered Kingpin. "That's a Laugh!"

JAMES MULLIGAN O'CLUSKEY had worked the yard at Harbor for eight long and tedious months. James Mulligan O'Cluskey was a switchman turned hump rider, a boomer switchman, a scissorbill of all known degrees, a snake with twelve large and vibratory rattles; for Mugs O'Cluskey had climbed high, had set 'em up and, last but not least or infrequently, had pulled the pin for twelve long, insolvent, warlike years on practically every standard-gauge railroad in the country. He had fought tall men, skinny men, short men and fat men; he had been beaten and nearly husked more than once—as his face most eloquently testified—and he had beaten others to balance the account. Thus we find Mr. O'Cluskey at the age of twenty-nine years enjoying the chilling breezes at Harbor, with a face very much resembling an Irish harp with all the strings broken, a most quarrelsome youth weighing one hundred and eighty pounds—eighty pounds bone, eighty pounds muscle, and twenty pounds mule hide—a notable example to church guilds for not sending missionaries abroad.

Mugs came to the conclusion, shortly after his arrival at Harbor, that here was the place he had been looking for all these years; here was the one place, compared with all the others, where contentment awaited him. Here he would settle down and cease booming. The reason for this sudden change of attitude, this cure for the feet that itched, was, of course, female.

Maybelle Delaney was the female in question, and Maybelle Delaney was well worth settling down for. Half the male population of Harbor would have settled down instantly and remained paralyzed for an indefinite period upon her recommendation, or rather, her acceptance. Girls like Maybelle invariably fall in love with men like Mr. O'Cluskey, but very few girls like Maybelle have gumption enough to handle their potential kegs of dynamite and repressed energy as Miss Delaney handled hers.

There came times, of course, when Maybelle and Mugs had words, then recriminations, then temporary separations, for the road of love has always been without Federal or state aid; but always they made up the squabbles without either of them losing too much face, and Mugs held the fort against a besieging army. Now Mr. O'Cluskey, in his wanderings, had stirred up turmoils in more than one feminine breast, and frequent and often had been his opportunities to take conjugal vows. In more than one instance he had flipped a convenient freight to avoid just such a contingency—with men like Mugs there are always embarrassing little trials that will crop up—but never before had he intentionally thrust his head in the lion's mouth, so to speak. Strange to relate, he not only shoved his knob between the molars of this agent of destruction to the rights of a wanderer, he pleaded and entreated that he be swallowed whole.

Maybelle was not only a modern young woman, she was a smart one. Despite the fact that she looked upon a union with this wild young Irishman with shining eyes, she held out on her favorite, beset him with female foibles and feminine failings, gave him at least five million because to munch on, annexed all the rivals she could lay hand to and exposed them unflinchingly and cold-bloodedly to annihilation, spurred Mugs occasionally with a necking party that invariably broke up just at the moment when Mugs was sure he was about to wring a confession from her; in fact, to put it into a few words, Maybelle ran the courtship and pointed it, as unerringly as a compass points north, to an orange-blossom climax.

The artifices that she employed were put over as cleverly as has ever a female benumbed and befoozled the dumb male since the world wore fig leaves and breechclouts. She knew the man she wanted, she intended to annex him permanently, and furthermore, she intended him to carry the thought through life that he had one tough time getting her. Mugs needed a dray to carry all of it.

Maybelle was a modern girl—she earned her own money, she was independent. She guarded her future with frankness and common sense, plus knowledge that was not acquired from liars and hypocrites—or moving pictures.

So the wooing of Maybelle proceeded, with Maybelle holding her share of the chips and good cards to play them with. What poor hands she held she played better than Mugs played his good ones. She never failed to call his bluff, and any poker player will tell you that such is highly conducive to honesty. Maybelle did hold good cards. She was pretty, she was healthy, she was quick-witted, and she was in love.

Thus did the courtship proceed, with few, if any, of the delicate touches of Miles Standish, John Alden, Priscilla—or Prudence.

According to the barometer, it was tempestuous, and cold and hot on alternate days, not to mention blustery wind and heavy rainfall. But it proceeded, nevertheless, and by dint of Herculean self-control on the part of Mr. O'Cluskey and mighty brain work on the part of Maybelle, the grand finale approached jerkily but definitely.

Enter now the snakes into this Eden, the monkey wrenches into the machinery, the fish bones into the pleura or larynx—in the order named and according to the switch list.

First come Kingpin Doyle and Charlie Long, youthful boomers, youthful geniuses at removing the contents of box cars overnight. Maybelle took Kingpin under her wing, so to speak, to be used in raising her value in the eyes of Mugs. Kingpin responded as became a man of parts, and a serious attachment became apparent—to the eyes of Mugs. Things came to a head in the switch shanty one night. Mugs had just entered. Charlie Long said something relative to the construction of Miss Delaney. Kingpin corroborated his statement in none too nice a manner.

Said Mugs, "Keep your dirty tongue off my girl!"

"Your girl?" sneered Kingpin. "That's a laugh!"

"Have a good one," suggested Mr. O'Cluskey, and busted him one.

The opening rounds, or blend of rounds, between Mugs and his playmate were forceful and animated, not to mention bloody. The gallery consisted of the usual audience of switchmen and hump riders, and no one complained afterward of being gypped. Most of them were inclined—the audience—to believe that Mugs would wear the crown of laurels, or myrtle, or hyacinth, or whatever it is the victor wears, if he could only succeed in keeping his face out of the way of Kingpin's ham hooks, or if Mugs could only persuade Kingpin to stick his face up against either one of the twin battering rams that Mugs called his dukes. Finally Mugs, his passions much aroused, his breath rather short, a number of his teeth exceedingly loose, carefully picked one up off the floor and Kingpin carelessly got in the way of it, and after that it was rather rough on Kingpin.

"Now, my funny friends," reproved Mugs, speaking to Charlie Long and the unconscious Kingpin, and breathing heavily, "I'll let the pair of you off with this little scolding, but if I ever hear of yer filthy tongues gettin' loose ag'in I'm liable to get sore about it." He reached out and attached Charlie Long's coat collar. "One bleat out of you, you crumb," he admonished, "an' I'll pinch your nozzle off!"

Mr. O'Cluskey waited a moment for his words to sink in, shook the paralyzed Charlie Long magnificently, cuffed him carefully, and then threw him on top of Kingpin. He then thoughtfully dusted his hands, did Mugs, felt of several of his looseat teeth and walked out the door.

The inhabitants of the switch shanty had not been so well entertained in many moons, and said inhabitants decided unanimously that any fighting in the future would be private affairs and that Mugs could have no part in the fun. Thus also decided Kingpin and Charlie, nursing wounded vanity and grudges. And thus also did this pair lay plans to accomplish by craft what they could not accomplish with their fists. They arranged very carefully to have Mr. O'Cluskey thrown in the bottom cell of the local bastile, to lock all doors and windows, and to lose all the keys. And this is the way they went about it:

Few Girls Have Gumption Enough to Handle Their Potential Kegs of Dynamite and Repressed Energy as Miss Delaney Handled Hers

Harbor hump yard, as all hump yards are, was used for the classification of freight cars. Harbor hump is a simple enough device, or means, for the quick classification of inbound trains and the making up of outbound trains. A train comes in, let us say, shown as Extra 658. A switch list is given the yardmaster, showing eighty-three cars, their numbers, how routed, final destination, and so on. A mud hopper has caught this train as it comes into the yard and checked it; he turns his list of cars—this same train—over to the yardmaster to be used as a check on the switch list. The yardmaster gives this switch list to an engine foreman, with any particular verbal instructions he may have on tap, accompanied with the customary remark: "And who the hell made up this train—some blankety-blank from the fish hatchery?" The yardmaster then retires to the yard office and bites large hunks from the inoffensive flank of an equally inoffensive and greatly overworked yard clerk for no reason whatever. The engine foreman proceeds most efficiently.

The hump is what the word signifies. It is a fairly steep grade consisting of two main lead tracks; these tracks leading from the flat switching yard above to the classification tracks below. The yard office and the switch shanty are located on the flat switching yard. The inbound trains enter this higher yard; south of this yard and below it are the sixty-odd classification tracks.

An aeroplane view of this yard resembles—the entire yard—a giant hourglass. The spreading tracks of the flat switching yard are the top of the glass, the two lead tracks are the neck, then the classification tracks bulge as the bottoms of these old-fashioned time recorders do.

To carry the analogy a little further, the freight cars pass from the yard above, down through the two lead tracks and into the classification yard, exactly as the sand in the hourglass runs from the top through the small neck and into the swelling bottom.

And as at the beginning of a specified period of time the glass is full of sand, running from top to bottom a little at a time, using gravity as the agent, so also is the flat yard first filled with freight cars, and this flat yard is emptied slowly, with the aid of gravity, until all cars have been classified at the bottom.

As to the particular methods employed at Harbor to facilitate classification, herewith a brief outline: A switch engine would hook up to fifty of the eighty-three cars. The first cut of these fifty to be shot over the hump for classification would have their destination—the particular track they were destined for—telephoned down to the switch tender. The destination of the second cut would be marked in white chalk on the side of the leading car of the first cut. The switch tender would read it as it passed and reset his switches accordingly. The second cut showed, in white chalk on the leading car, the destination of the third cut, and so on, until the entire train was classified.

Down they came; sometimes a single car; sometimes two, three or four; sometimes fifteen or twenty; but every cut had a rider and every rider had a stout brake stick to keep the progress of his steed somewhere within the bounds of reason. If persuasion failed, one could always jump. No switchman has ever yet seriously injured himself by jumping. They're too tough.

The sticky-fingered pair, Kingpin Doyle and Charlie Long, framed Mugs and incidentally put money in their pockets in a very ingenious manner. When the investigation was made and suspicion lit firmly on Mr. O'Cluskey, that Irishman knew who had framed him, and why and when, and he even guessed most of the details, but he couldn't prove anything, so he had to sit and take it. This was the layout:

On the east side of the classification yard—the bottom yard—were three storage tracks, seldom used. The outside track of these three skirted the edge of the harbor. The four box cars that were robbed—that Mugs was indirectly accused of having a hand in robbing—had been switched onto this outside track. The thieves had transferred the contents of these box cars to shallow-draft boats. That was the obvious explanation. The actual robbery was a snap. After the cars were once set out on the storage track a lonesome, deserted spot—the thieves had plenty of time to do the job and make their get-away.

The puzzle was: How did the four cars get set out on that storage track? You must understand that it is next to impossible to mislay any cars in any yard, no matter how big the yard is. Every car is numbered, every car is checked; the yardmaster knows where every car is at all times. It's hard enough to lose one box car; it's next to impossible to mislay four. Whoever robbed those cars knew the workings of the yard like he knew his name. He knew to the minute how long he would have before those cars would be missed. There was no doubt that the job was done by one or more riders; it looked very much as though it was done by one rider and that this particular rider was the hard-boiled Mr. O'Cluskey.

Immediately after the robbery was discovered the yardmaster started a check-up of the trips each rider had taken. Every time a rider takes a cut of cars down, he marks those cars in the book kept for that purpose. The books showed, however, that apparently no one had taken those four box cars down the hill. But because the make-up of the train was known, each car shown according to number and position in the train, and because all the cars were signed for except these four, and because the riders were required to follow one another in regular rotation, it didn't take a Sherlock Holmes to figure out who should have ridden those four cars. That man was Mugs O'Cluskey.

Mugs explained to the yardmaster. "Yuh see," explained Mugs, "when I wuz just startin' to climb high, see, somebody called down from the roof, 'My cut.' So I caught the next cut, see? . . . Naw, I didn't recognize the guy."

"You knew it was your cut, didn't you?" demanded the yardmaster.

"Sure I knew it wuz my cut," answered Mugs, "but I didn't think much about it. It wuz dark, see, an' we wuz shovin' 'em over fast. I figgered when we come back on the dinky I'd swap numbers with this guy, see? I figgered it wuz either Luke or George Allen, but when we come back up, Luke—he wuz ahead of me—he didn't say nothin'. George Allen—he wuz behind me—he didn't say nothin', so I figgered that the guy what rode 'em had missed the dinky. I never thought nothin' about it, see?"

The voice he had heard—whose voice was it? Had he recognized the voice? Now Mugs

Continued on Page 129

Kingpin Threw the Switch That Sent This Hurtling Vehicle for Two Madmen Into the Storage Track

Genteel Employment Wanted

This Lady Was Seldom Visible to the Public Gaze Before Three o'Clock. But When She Finally Stepped Forth, What a Vision Appeared!

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"IT ISN'T as though there was anything exactly dishonorable in a lady's working," said mamma. "Especially so long as nobody knows that she is being paid for it. And I believe that the Woman's Exchange keeps the names an absolute secret." This momentous speech was made in the very strictest privacy. My bedroom door was tightly closed in order that Ellen, our general houseworker, could not overhear, for there was no need of the matter being discussed down the entire length of the dumb-waiter shaft. And the news that I was planning to supplement the income which my father drew as assistant editor of Harper's Weekly would be too rich for Ellen to keep. As mamma frequently remarked of papa's salary, "It really ought to be enough." But the fact remained that it wasn't. Furthermore, to my sensitive imagination, there was always the implication that once I had found a husband to support me, papa's income would indeed be ample. However, as yet no such solution was in sight, and my sense of guilt was so great that it had finally driven me to that last resort of the well brought up young lady—remunerative employment.

Of course my attempting to earn anything might be regarded by papa as a reproach, and therefore must be kept a secret from him. Just exactly what was I to choose as a profession? To be sure, I was extremely well educated. I could speak three sentences in French and two in German; I played the piano and sang on request; I wrote a ladylike hand; and my featherstitching was as even as if done by machine. But none of these talents seemed likely to get me anywhere.

Once in a wild moment of despair I had considered trying to obtain employment as a governess. That was certainly a refined position, but governesses almost invariably ended as old maids. There followed an examination of the possibilities of becoming companion to some invalid lady; but this idea, too, was quickly abandoned as a public confession of my complete failure in the matrimonial market, and mamma still had hopes for me, although I had been nineteen for the past two years.

Mamma's hopes were at the moment centered on a rather worn-looking young man named Jay Littleton, who lived near us. He lived, in fact, in the apartment house back of ours, and sometimes we could see him and his mother at dinner, or when we all leaned from the kitchen windows to drive away the too-insistent German bands which frequently invaded the intervening courtyard.

In view of this situation there remained only the Woman's Exchange as a commercial opening. It offered scope to my talent for cake-making, my needlework, and, above all, my need for secrecy.

"When you take those things to the exchange," mamma warned me, "wear your dark green chiffon veil. Then if you run into anyone we know, they may not recognize you, my dear."

"Oh, fudge, mamma!" I protested indignantly. "Selling cake isn't so terrible really! I'd rather do it than keep on asking Uncle Henry for help all the time."

"I should think that if he can afford to keep four horses, he could afford to give his own flesh and blood a regular allowance," mamma retorted. "Oh, if your Uncle Daniel had only left his money differently, we wouldn't be worrying about such things!"

Uncle Daniel, who had left two million for the education of the negroes in the South, was our permanent excuse for not being well off. But sighing over a lost inheritance wouldn't help present matters, as I fully realized; and so, my course being settled, I arrayed myself modestly for my first financial enterprise, wearing my rainy-daisy skirt of olive-green broadcloth and the jacket with the black soutache military braid, and in the end I weakly adopted mamma's suggestion of a dark veil.

Once out on the street, with my cakes in hand, I felt as if the whole neighborhood must be watching me. When a hansom cab appeared, I placed my parcels carefully on the swaying seat and sprang in beside them. The driver nodded down through the little trapdoor in the roof in response to my directions, pulled the lever which closed the apron and mercifully concealed my parcels just as Jay Littleton turned the corner, marvelously stylish in a short tan overcoat and yellow spats. I smiled a greeting from my apparently opulent position in the hansom and received in return a cordial bow which displayed his scanty hair and the big signet ring on his little finger. How I hoped that mamma was peeping out of the window and would see that!

The Woman's Exchange occupied the corner of Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, where the basement of an old brownstone residence had been expanded into a store. And when I tremblingly entered its precincts, I was at once overwhelmed by the luxurious display of fancy goods within. Tatting by the yard festooned the racks above the counters. Embroidered centerpieces blossomed on every hand; there was exquisite Indian beadwork galore; and one whole table was given over to the display of pyrographic work, principally sofa pillows of fringed leather bearing the burnt-in portraits of Gibson girls. And in prominent array stood a glass case filled with edibles. I was appalled. Gee Whillikins! How could my humble work stand the ghost of a chance amidst so much expert competition? Suddenly a lady in gray alpaca was peering at me over the top of a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles.

"What was it you wanted?" she asked in the severe voice of the professionally charitable. I felt positively criminal as I indicated my parcels.

"I have some cake and a few coat hangers," I stammered. "Mamma—that is—I thought perhaps ——"

"I see!"

Then, before I knew it, I was answering interminable questions about my age, my religion, my place of birth, while my poor little cakes stood crudely under the critical gaze of the manageress, and the six ribbon-covered coat hangers, of which I had been so proud at home, developed a thousand obvious faults. Then the prices! Seventy-five cents each for the cakes, if anybody bought them. A dollar each for the coat hangers—also contingent upon their catching the fancy of some customer. It was rather disappointing. Still, there would be a clear profit of two dollars on the lot. I escaped upon promising to remove the coat hangers, if unsold, at the end of six months. Then

I paid the waiting hansom ninety cents, and economically eschewing even the Madison Avenue horse car, walked home. I hurried, for dusk was falling and mamma did not like me to be alone on the streets after dark, when the corner saloons began to disgorge their early patrons. But eager as I was to reach my anxiously waiting mamma, a sight at our very door caused me to linger there.

Somebody was moving into our apartment house. But such a somebody! The sidewalk and steps were covered by gilt tables with Cupids painted on them, with three-cornered gilt chairs. There were glass curio cabinets with ormolu frames, white fur rugs, and two golden piano lamps. Simply scrumptious, all of it! I rushed breathless to mamma, full of curiosity.

"Nina!" said she in a tone of delighted horror, as soon as she saw me. "The most terrible thing has happened! Who do you think is moving in? Fay Dorrington, the comic-opera actress! What will your father say?"

It Was This Secret Ambition Which Lay at the Back of My Constant Antics Before the Mirror

It was the first time that anything of the sort had touched our impeccable existence, and it seemed incredible that the star of the Isle of Pleasure was actually moving into the apartment directly below ours. The worst thing I had ever heard about Miss Dorrington was the fact that her weekly salary was supposed to be five hundred dollars. But to mamma the very mention of such a prodigious sum was anathema.

"Why, Nina, don't be a goose!" she snapped in reply to my suggestion that Miss Dorrington was very talented. "No woman is capable of earning that much! Besides, she has to show her legs to the knee, wear long black gloves and fluff her petticoats about the stage in full view of the audience. A woman like that —— Well, my dear, thank fortune you are too pure-minded to understand!"

I felt vaguely soiled and rebuked. But just the same, Fay Dorrington's five hundred a week took all the glory out of placing two homemade cakes and six silk-covered coat hangers in the Woman's Exchange, as mamma and I settled down to wait for the noisy and objectionable features which were now bound to emanate from the flat below us. However, our waiting was long, and a week passed without anything of the kind occurring.

Meanwhile both my cakes were sold, and this was sufficiently encouraging to spur me on to fresh efforts, especially as I now appeared to be making some real progress with Jay Littleton.

He was often at his back window, peering at our building, and usually appeared in a maroon velvet smoking jacket, the morning newspaper in hand. Occasionally he smoked a cigarette, but I thought it would be quite simple to break him of such bad habits after marriage. Practically every woman I knew had to reform her husband in some particular. It was part of woman's duty.

More than once mamma aided in my little pantomime, smiling at Jay across the stony chasm of the courtyard and holding up a cake for his admiration.

"'The way to a man's heart,'" she would quote, "'is through his stomach.' And certainly Mr. Littleton ought to realize what a good cook you are!"

"He'd know more about it if he wasn't such a prune and accepted one of your invitations to Sunday supper," I retorted. "I'm afraid he thinks I'm a lemon or he'd come of his own accord."

"Well, he certainly isn't rushing anybody else," replied mamma. "He sits at that window as if he was glued to it. He may be shy, my dear."

This was some comfort and I nursed it as best I might.

And, poor material though he was, I dutifully set myself to working up a sentimental feeling for Jay. I practiced trying to picture him as the hero of the songs I sang after dinner. I even fitted him into a Spanish costume in the ballad at which I was most proficient, gazing earnestly at the crêpe-paper lamp shade as I sang:

"Long years ago in old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar,
Two tender eyes the lattice hid,
Two eyes as softly bright as Love's own star.
And on the casement when the day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid.
There rose an echo from the distant shore,
The echo of a serenade.
Rang the lover's happy song
Soft and low from shore to shore.
But, oh, the river flowed along between them ever more!
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, hearts are sighing.
Come, for thee my heart is pining.
Here, alone, I wait for thee.

I wait for thee-e-e;
I wait for thee-e-e!
Alone, I wait for thee-e-e-e-e!"

This song gave me a sense of unbridgeable distance, of hopeless waiting, which made it quite easy for me to weave Mr. Jay Littleton into it. Papa encouraged my musical talents, and I often sang at home, unhindered. I even had the habit of singing before my mirror, practicing gestures and effects; but this, of course, I kept a shamefaced secret. Occasionally, when the mood for mimicry struck me, I used gestures and facial expressions such as I imagined had made the fortune of our unduly famous new neighbor, Miss Fay Dorrington.

This lady was seldom visible to the public gaze before three o'clock, although her private hansom waited before the door from noon onward. But when she finally stepped forth, what a vision appeared! Miss Dorrington possessed a royal-blue velveteen dress with which she wore a real ermine tippet and muff, from which dangled little rows of yellow and black tails. Exquisite! She had white velvet spats over patent-leather shoes, and there was a fur-lined robe waiting in the hansom. Furthermore, she had fresh white gloves every day, and in all probability, although this last was conjecture, silk stockings. Once she stepped into her shining conveyance wearing red-heeled slippers, and mamma, crouched with me behind the Nottingham lace window curtains, gave an exclamation of triumph.

"There!" said she. "Did you see that? And I'll wager the hussy has red tops to her stockings to match! She's quite capable of it!"

"Oh, mamma!"

"You don't know these women!" said mamma grimly.

For a long time we were not forced into any objectionable contact with Miss Fay. However, we were eventually brought into direct communication with the alien through a mistake on the part of a delivery boy.

The doorbell rang, and I answered it, for Ellen was busy at the washtubs, it being midmorning of a Monday. In the hall was a uniformed messenger who thrust a large package into my hand. My heart was bounding with excitement, for the glossy white box was unmistakable evidence of a gift, and my thoughts flew to Jay Littleton. Immediately the door was closed I tore open the covering and disclosed, not the American Beauties I had expected, but a brace of fat partridges and a magnificent bunch of hothouse grapes. Upon them lay a card with the message: "Hope you are better," and of all things, the name "Sam Bernard." Wouldn't that faze you?

Of course I knew Sam Bernard was the famous comedian, at that time playing in his great success the

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"Then Your Complexion Isn't Real?" I Wailed

The World Does Move

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

VIII

HERE then was a young man rather emaciated by his siege of New York, and returned to write until dawn, most nights, at home in a placid town among the green far inland flatlands. No great discontent was involved, however. On the contrary, it was a luxury to live pamperedly again in the pleasant house in the friendly neighborhood where he'd been born and grown up. The whole town, except for the business district, was made of friendly neighborhoods in fact; and so was like a hundred other just such towns of the midlands and of East and West.

The great change had not shown its first beginnings; though now, looking back upon those peaceful days and those quiet, seemingly settled and completed American towns, we can see that it impended imminently. We see that the shadow of the change loomed close over them, like the ceiling shadow of a lifted war club over one of the pioneer settlers reading his Bible by candlelight in the log cabin out of which those cities grew. For no catastrophe of earthquake, of war, or fire or flood or tornado, or all combined, could have done more to those towns than the change has done. Of the pleasant smallish city I lived in when I came from New York in that year of the *fin de siècle*, there remains about as much as the Roman left of Punic Carthage when he drove his plows over its site before building his own city there.

No one could have dreamed that our town was to be utterly destroyed; such a thing was as unbelievable as that the pioneer's Bible would be dismembered along with the town. At the center, we had finished the building of our great monument to the men of our state who had fought in the Civil War, the War with Mexico and the War of 1812. The shaft rose two hundred feet and more in the air, a mark to be seen all over the countryside, far and wide. Forever it was to dominate; forever it was to stand high above the tallest buildings of the city; for it was higher, even, than the noble green dome of the State House.

Straight northward from the monument ran the principal residence street, paralleled by four other principal residence streets of rival merit. These avenues were amply broad for the family carriages, bicycles, phaëtons, buggies and light delivery wagons that formed the traffic; and they were shaded by maples, by sycamores where lazy bayous from the creek had been, and by old elms, hickory and black walnut trees, relics of the original forest. By mid-Maytime, on many of the streets, leafy branches had crossed and mingled above the roadway, so that the movement below was through cool green tunnels and emerged into sharp sunlight only at the crossings.

Most of the houses facing upon the principal residence streets were built solidly of brick, not faced, and with all walls of brick and the exterior trimmed with white stone. Their windows were all plate glass; the ceilings were high—eleven to fifteen and even sixteen feet; the staircases were walnut and the verandas were of stone or painted wood. The lawns were broad, often generously without fences to mark dividing lines; there were shade and orchard trees in every yard; some yards had fountains and one or two cast-iron deer were left, though these were disappearing.

From some of the verandas, after dark, there came on summer evenings the tinkle of mandolins and guitars, or the twanging of a banjo; young voices might be heard softly singing Answer, Bid Me Good-by and Go, Love's Sorrow, or the livelier measures of Mandalay or of a new coon song; for in the milder seasons the verandas were the forgathering places of youth and courtship. The elder folk were usually indoors after nightfall, but with open windows; though on hot evenings they would sit out upon the lawn in wicker chairs, fanning themselves and murmuring against the heat. There was not obviously an official chaperonage, but by the very custom of that simple way of living, the older people were usually within earshot of the young

Bicycling had begun to give the latter more range; though not beyond the lamplight of the streets after dark, for the roads were too rough. Phaëtons and dogcarts and runabouts permitted tête-à-tête driving by daylight; but not to great distances, nor with roadside parking in the dusk—an idea completely unknown to the hourglass girl of the higher caste. She lived within strict boundaries both of

The Young People Danced as Late Into the Next Morning as Two o'Clock; They Began—Even When They Were Under Seventeen—at About Eight

conduct and of manner, and she was sufficiently her own chaperon. To have offered her a cigarette, except as a rather feeble attempt at humor, would have disturbed her as with something near an insult; and a rumor that she slyly used a little rouge, or artificially colored her lips or eyebrows or lashes, would have frightened her as a threatening of intolerable slander. And if such a thing as that she sometimes liked a drink of gin could have been imagined and actually told of her, she might as well have cut the throat of her baby brother in his cradle.

Yet who shall say she was less care-free and less buoyantly happy in her youth in that pleasant town than are the liberated maidens of the place today? Pleasures were simpler then; but that has never meant less pleasure. Life was slower; but that means there was time to enjoy it a little copiously. When the first country club was built, far, far out among the woods and farms, it took us almost an hour to drive there from downtown, unless we had a light vehicle and a fast horse. Even upon a bicycle the going was slow; there were ruts to ride, and bumpy, dusty country roads; and, after all, when the club was reached there was nothing to do except to sit upon a veranda and look down upon the river below the bluff. Yet the young people did it, and so did their elders, and believed themselves delighted. A lovely landscape was there, something to dwell with a little in those leisurely days when there was time to talk and even time to think.

But that same summer the landscape at the country club was artificially altered. The alteration was so slight that it was almost imperceptible from the veranda; nevertheless it was a forerunner of the change into the coming age, the first to touch the countryside. It was the feeble beginning of a prodigious thing, yet we who watched the making of that little alteration at the country club thought no more of it than if it had been the laying out of a bowling green. At best it meant the appearance of a slight imported fad, we supposed; a curious game that the followers of fads in games might play for a season or so and then forget, since it was too bothersome ever to get a grip of people and attain the stability of tennis or croquet, or even quoits.

Two young men, members of the club, returned from a journey abroad; and hiring a few puzzled farm laborers from the neighborhood, constructed something they called a links. But if ever that word may be used in the singular, what these two travelers made should be spoken of as a link. It consisted of a square deposit of lumpy sod, imaginably a green, and at the distance of a hundred yards, a clay platform. That was all, but the place soon resounded with conscientious cries of "Fore!" And when these first golfers were ardent in sport upon their stretch of ground, members of the club and visitors, glancing that way, would be stricken into attitudes of still amazement. All summer and autumn there was one question that had to be answered, or else given up, continuously:

"Are those people crazy?"

IX

THUS an unsuccessful young man, painfully engaged in the pursuit of letters, had one of the earliest opportunities afforded in this country to become a golfer instead of a writer. This might well have been a temptation, because having no career at all, nor any visible business, profession or employment, was never a way to popular esteem among the descendants of the hardy Western pioneers. In the remote decadent East, where the Anglomania of the later Eighties still had sway, there were known to be, here and there, gentlemen of leisure; but west of the Alleghanies, only tramps were fully comprehended as representatives of such a class.

Moreover, the parents and relatives of a persistently rejected writer have the constant embarrassment of trying

to explain his occupation to inquirers; nothing could be more difficult, nor, when the inquirer is of an especially practical turn of mind, more mortifying. Therefore, as time passed and passed—and continued to pass—an effort to display something more plausible than an exhaustive collection of printed rejection slips from magazine offices, as proof of actual labor, seemed more and more advisable. Unfortunately, this young man had now so thoroughly acquired the habit of collecting these slips that he seemed to have become unfitted for anything else.

In this strait an old family friend favored him with an encouraging talk. This was an elderly gentleman, professionally a lawyer, but one of a varied career. He had done extraordinary writing and important soldiering, though he had interrupted his writing, for a time, to become our ambassador to a European power. As a soldier, he had fought his way in war to a major general's epaulets; and as a writer, he had published a novel that found as near a universal reading as any print may well attain.

"What are you doing?" he asked one day. "You seem to spend most of your time driving a pair of trotters to a red-wheeled runabout."

"That's only in the afternoons. I work at night."

"What for?" the general asked.

"Well, it's quieter and it draws less attention to the fact that I'm trying to learn to write. I—I don't get on very well, general."

"So," he said, "I suppose you think you'd get on better if you got something printed."

"Well, yes," I answered. "At least it would be a sign that I was getting somewhere. It would be a sort of justification for the embarrassment I'm causing my relatives and friends when they try to explain me, wouldn't it?"

"I'm not so sure of that," he said. "In fact I somewhat doubt it. We are a very practical people, and though it's considered pretty disgraceful not to do anything, every community has a few loafers and is accustomed to see them hanging around the saloons or pool rooms, borrowing tobacco and drifting down to the station to sit languidly on packing boxes when the trains go by. Our people look down on them, of course, but understand them, because laziness and drink easily account for them. It's a type that developed even among the early settlers and we've always had it among us. But the fact is that although for some reason we are a reading people and comprehend the reading of books, we don't understand anybody's writing 'em except peculiar strangers from far away. We can't imagine one of ourselves writing a book unless there's something idiotic or ridiculous about him."

"But, general, there's Mr. Riley. Surely he ——"

"Yes," the general admitted. "The whole state has a great tenderness for James Whitcomb Riley, that's true; it even brags of him, but always with a note of indulgence, the sort of chuckle with which one mentions a whimsical character whose drolleries make one laugh. Listen to any public orator extolling the great men of the state. You'll hear our ex-President's name bellowed, and the names of a dozen senators, governors and industrial magnates; but you won't hear Riley's—not if the orator considers himself a serious man speaking seriously.

"You'll find the same thing in the newspaper editorials. As for myself, the publication of my first novel was almost enough to ruin my law practice. Whenever I took a case into court for a jury trial, the opposing lawyer knew that all he had to do was to mention my authorship and I was demolished. He would rise with an air of solemn waggery and address the jury: 'I trust that I may be permitted to lay tribute at the feet of literary ambition,' he would say. 'I trust I may bring my wreath of laurel to be placed upon the poetic brow it should rightfully adorn. You may not know this, but it is a fact, gentlemen, that the learned counsel upon the other side has become an author. Yes, gentlemen, you are in the presence of an author! Yes, gentlemen, my learned brother has written a novel ——' But that was about all he needed to say. As soon as the jury of farmers and village merchants heard the word 'novel' they uttered hearty guffaws, and after that I had no weight with them whatever. When I addressed them their eyes bulged with derisive merriment, no matter what I said. Merely to look at me roused an inward hilarity that flushed their cheeks and bedewed their foreheads. I might as well have appeared in court dressed as a circus clown."

"But after you had written Ben Hur, general ——"

"Oh, yes," he said. "The church people approved of that, and I'm taken seriously on other accounts, no doubt. Also, our fellow citizens are more liberal than they were at the time when I wrote The Fair God. Nevertheless, they are not wholly changed in their feeling that an author, to be highly respectable and of some importance, ought to spring from a distant community. If he is an American, he should come from New England; but if he is English, he will impress us more. If he is French, we will be almost ready to believe him a great man; while if he is Russian, we will be sure that he is. Russia is so very, very far away; but an author here at home —— No, don't be discouraged because you can't prove by print that you are one. And as for the embarrassment of your relatives about you, don't be unduly troubled; their difficulty might be worse. Remember, a great many of our fellow citizens would rather have a loafer in the family than a writer."

Undoubtedly this talk with General Wallace helped, and so did the light, red-wheeled, rubber-tired runabout and the pair of lively young trotting horses. Being young helped, too—though the young seldom know how much their youth helps them—and it was a pleasant and easy time, historically, to be young. There was a cheerful placidity in American life then. The free-silver scare had passed and the issue was dead; Europe was so far away that it still seemed an adventure to voyage there; Asia was infinitely remote; all the world that we knew was at peace, and a great many enlightened people were sure there would never be another war of any consequence. It was a quiet world, a respectable world, completed, unhurried, unpuzzled, unrebellious.

x

IN THE midland town, as elsewhere over the country, almost everybody—among the native-born—went to church either regularly or at intervals. True, there were atheists and materialists here and there, and there were scattered agnostics, followers of Ingersoll; but the church governed the customs and prevailed in the established conventionalities of the people. Moreover, the universal rule of the church and these customs and conventionalities were not even slightly disregarded except by daring people willing to risk interdiction. There was a terrible and excluding word that excommunicated them—"fast." In the age of bicycles and family surreys and livery-stable rigs, this word, with its implication of rapid movement, was almost the worst that could be said.

Divorce and rouge were "fast" and as rare as a game of whist on Sunday; late hours were "fast"; French novels were "fast"; a girl was "fast" if she mentioned her stockings; a young man was "fast" if he mentioned them; a

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Bicycling Had Begun to Give the Young People More Range

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

V. The Night Life of Hollywood

By Harold Lloyd, Directed by Wesley Stout

The Shrillest Scream From "Safety Last," His Greatest Thrill Picture

IN AUGUST, 1919, my acting days were done and I was lucky, perhaps unlucky, to be alive. In November, 1919, I walked down Broadway on my second visit to New York and saw "Harold Lloyd" in lights over two theaters. In March, 1920, I was back before the camera, taking up the fifth two-reel picture, Haunted Spooks, where the explosion had halted it eight months before.

First my sight was found to be intact. Then the face that had been a frightful, hopeless thing, healed gradually without a scar. Three or four faint black powder specks are the only mementos left upon it. All in the day's work for the doctors, but quite a chapter in the life of the patient. My gratitude and admiration can be surmised.

While I was convalescing in the new house on Hoover Street, my face still unhealed, John McKeon and the late Hiram Abrams, who subsequently became head of the United Artists pictures, called and offered me a five-year contract at $500,000. I was flattered but incredulous. My lawyers had told me that the accident automatically had voided the contract with Roach and that I was a free agent, if I so wished. As a moral tonic to a man in my fix the offer was magical, but was it anything more than a gesture? Abrams and McKeon were men of standing. On the other hand, contracts always were being waved recklessly in Hollywood and were not always all they seemed.

"Why, I probably never can work again in pictures," I exclaimed. "I don't know whether you are just trying to cheer me up or not; if you are, you have succeeded and I am mighty grateful to you, but how can I talk business in such circumstances?"

"Well, we are willing to gamble half a million on it," McKeon replied. "Evidently we expect to get something for our money. If you think we are fooling, we can have a lawyer up here in twenty minutes."

Bumping Into Surprises

I THOUGHT that over, hesitated and said: "In the first place, Roach is in New York and I cannot sign anything without first hearing what he has to say. Hal has been fair to me and has first call, I feel. At the same time, yours is a business proposition, and a flattering one, and I'll consider it seriously."

When they had gone I wired Roach the details and told him I should be compelled to accept unless he could advance something comparable. He replied, on his return, with an offer of a partnership on a fifty-fifty basis and to increase my percentage in the four completed two-reel pictures from one-fourth to one-half.

"Each picture ought to net you $25,000 on this basis," he said. "I believe Pathé will be at least as willing as an outsider is to gamble; they have much more at stake, but whether they are or not or whether you ever can work again or not, you still will have $100,000 and a half interest in the business."

It was a generous offer and I accepted it in part. The partnership I declined for the present; if I should be able to work again before the camera I should not wish to be loaded down with business details. A few days later we went to New York together and found Pathé willing, as Roach had predicted, to bet on my recovery. We were only one string on the Pathé bow, but to that extent the accident had been as calamitous to them as to us, and their only hope of salvaging anything lay in carrying on.

A Famous Gag Scene From "The Freshman," the Most Successful Lloyd Picture to Date

The old and interrupted contract was scrapped and a new one written for a term of three years. It called for the completion of Haunted Spooks and the four remaining two-reelers of the original program, and for six further two-reel pictures, Pathé to do all financing of production, as in the past. Their return for this and for distribution ranged from 65 per cent of the gross earnings of the Lonesome Luke pictures, gradually revised downward to 37½ per cent on the final contract, made in 1922. The great increase in gross earnings meanwhile much more than made up the difference, of course.

Walking down Broadway alone after dinner of our first evening there, I saw in lights on the marquee of the Strand Theater at Forty-seventh Street, Pauline Frederick in Bonds of Love. I stopped with professional interest. Then, with no preparation, I saw in more lights—red, white and blue—over the portal of the theater, Harold Lloyd in Bumping Into Broadway.

You may never have seen the Great White Way and know and care nothing of the theater, and still I need not tell you what it means to any actor to see his name in lights on Broadway for the first time. My heartbeat jingled the coins in my pocket, my legs wavered weakly and I stood staring, mouth open, until I woke to a fear that I might be attracting attention. So, closing my mouth, I strolled back and forth, but never took my eyes from that rainbow. The picture's title had been pure chance. Bumping Into Broadway!

"Here! Here! This won't do," returning senses told me. I shook myself together, and with my heart still playing Sousa's Stars and Stripes Forever, drove my legs down Broadway. Five blocks below I saw Dorothy Gish's name in lights over the Rialto, then the same Harold Lloyd in Bumping Into Broadway, and I remembered nothing more until the next morning.

When Art Was Long But Skirts Were Short

THE Strand and the Rialto were, in 1919, the two great picture houses of Broadway and this was the first day and date booking of any picture, I believe—certainly of any comedy—in these or any other two leading Broadway theaters. Whether Pathé had played any part in arranging this surprise party, I do not know. They knew of it, naturally, and carefully allowed me to discover it for myself. No, sir, they don't seem to put the same stuff in thrills that they used to.

While I was laid up Mildred and Pollard had carried on at the studio, making one-reel comedies. Back on the job, we resumed Haunted Spooks where we had left off and made it, probably, our funniest picture to date. We had been so far ahead of schedule that we never lost a release date, our only difficulty the fact that women's clothes were changing so rapidly just after the war that there was a perceptible gap in skirt lengths in nine months' time.

The last vestige of the old comedy dress vanished from my character with Haunted Spooks, and my clothes thereafter were normal street wear, except when the rôle called for costume—that is, whatever I wore from then on was chosen to fit the character, not

A Prophecy From "Grandma's Boy"

to draw laughs on its own. In the first four two-reelers I had worn a flowing Windsor tie, cloth-top button shoes, a checked suit, and at times my hats leaned a little toward the comic

I had been wearing the checked suit when the bomb exploded. Little remained of it, but had not a button been missing I still should not have cared to see it again. Thereby the accident speeded up the evolution of the character to a completely straight rôle.

We were the lone remaining studio in downtown Los Angeles now. The city was growing up and traffic was a problem. Increasing municipal restrictions and high rentals had driven all the rest to Hollywood and other suburbs. Further legislation early in 1920 by the city council caused Roach to build a new studio in Culver City. In the midst of An Eastern Westerner, the sixth two-reel picture, we moved from Court Street to the new studio.

Not Superstitious, Just Cautious

"I AM not superstitious, but ——" is the way to begin this paragraph. In private life I do little knocking on wood, but professionally I am an actor, therefore superstitious. My rabbit's feet take the form of a reluctance to change any routine once a picture is under way. I hate to part with a pair of shoes that has served me loyally in a picture. The route that we take from the house to the studio and from the studio to the location lot the first day of a picture is fixed, unless circumstances necessitate a change. Similarly, I found excuses for not leaving the Bradbury mansion until the first sequence of An Eastern Westerner was completed.

For days I continued to dress and make up in my old dressing room there and drive the many miles to Culver City, where all the rest had gone. I now owned two cars—one a limousine—and had my first chauffeur valet, a Japanese boy. When the picture was done he and I made a ceremony of quitting the old place where my picture career virtually had begun. We went about bowing and saying farewell to each room, the stable and the yard, a gesture in which Somen joined gravely. To his Oriental mind such deference to inanimate objects was rational and seemly. On the sidewalk we made a final salaam and drove away, and I never have been back.

Roach renewed his offer of a partnership after he had built the Culver City plant, but I preferred to concentrate on my own pictures and, instead, we revised the fifty-fifty division on my pictures. As time went on and Hal devoted more and more of his attention to his other units, this sharing agreement was revised further, finally to 80 and 20 per cent. That is, Pathé first divided the earnings of the pictures with Hal, then he and I split the remainder as stated. So from having no share in the pictures in the beginning of 1919, I had 80 per cent of the producers' end by the close of 1921. Roach meanwhile continued to advise with me and to work on story material for subsequent pictures.

With Number, Please, the ninth two-reeler and the last of the original Pathé contract, Hal ceased to direct me, and Fred Newmeyer, who had been directing girl pictures in another Roach unit, took his place. Newmeyer originally was a southpaw pitcher in the AA leagues. He and his catcher first appeared as extras at the old Universal lot when Roach and I were extras there in J. Farrell Macdonald's unit. Macdonald detailed Billy Musgrove and me to make up Newmeyer, his battery mate and other extras. Later Fred became property boy for Roach, then assistant director, next director of one-reelers. When Hal and I separated, Newmeyer came with me. He still is under contract to the Harold Lloyd Corporation, but now is directing Reginald Denny on loan from us.

Then I Saw in More Lights—Red, White and Blue—Harold Lloyd in "Bumping Into Broadway"

The lending of players, directors and cameramen is a commonplace in Hollywood. For example, Jean Hersholt, a high-priced character lead for Universal, was in such demand in 1927 that he worked on loan to other companies all but three or four weeks of the year. The borrower usually pays the lender a bonus—in Hersholt's case as much as double his contract salary of $1750 a week—permitting the lender a handsome profit as well as saving all salary charges for the period of the loan.

An Impromptu Disguise From "An Eastern Westerner," One of the First Group of Two-Reelers

The Bashful Hero of "Girl Shy"

The three high spots in our two-reel career, each marking a brisk advance in story and laughs, were the first, Bumping Into Broadway, Haunted Spooks midway, and the seventh, High and Dizzy, a thrill picture. The two-reelers were sold first in blocks of six, then in blocks of three to exhibitors, the rental price jumping on each block. Before we moved into the longer lengths most theaters were giving them first billing over the program picture.

Only one of the six additional two-reel pictures specified in the revised Pathé contract stopped at that length. That was the third, I Do, which was made in three reels, but was cut to two for exhibition. At the first preview in three reels it disappointed so badly that we feared for a moment that it was a total loss. Further inquiry seemed to place the blame on the slowness of the first reel. Experimenting, we threw out the entire first reel, with such satisfactory results that I always have regarded I Do as one of our outstanding two-reel films.

The first, second and fourth of the six additional pictures ran three reels, the fifth to four reels and the sixth to five, since when we never have made a picture under five reels Each was begun with two reels in mind, but the footage running long and the action and comedy justifying the extra footage, we threw in a reel or more to boot. Pathé was under no contractual obligation to pay us anything additional for this heaping measure. They did so voluntarily. It was not so much, perhaps, as we were entitled to in strict equity certainly not so much as we could have forced from them by balking—but we preferred to keep faith and to build for future rather than immediate profits.

Being Sincerely Funny

THUS two of the most successful pictures in our history, a Sailor Made Man in four reels and Grandma's Boy in five, both were made under a two-reel contract. I had carried the idea of Grandma's Boy in my head for three years and tried to fit it into one and two reel length, but it would not be squeezed in. Finally I concluded to make it in whatever length it might work out. When it was finished and cut we had five reels, and five good ones, but it had cost us more than $100,000.

Not only were both pictures longer, they were much better in every way. A one-reel film runs only ten minutes; even in two reels there is little room both for establishing character and being funny; and confronted with that choice, it is character that must be sacrificed. Hence one and two reel comedies can only be a succession of gags loosely strung on the outline of a story. If the gags are good the picture is good; poor gags, poor picture. In five reels or more we can be both funny and sincere. When I say sincere, I use it with comedy reservations. Picture comedies cannot be true to life and be funny, for though life can be as funny as all outdoors, the comic incidents are separated by long intervals of dull routine, with moments of drama and tragedy. Nature usually is a punk continuity writer. A good picture should crowd more comedy into five to eight reels than happens to most of us in a lifetime.

If it cannot hold a mirror up to life, however, a film comedy can keep within shouting distance of verity. "Is it plausible while you are looking at it?" is the only test it need pass. It will be only if the characters are plausible. The action may be outlandish, but the characters most particularly the central character—must not be. Everyone in the audience should feel that he knows him, has known him, or might easily know him.

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BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

"Au Revoir," He Said. "And Whatever You Do, Don't Lose That Lemon-Pie Recipe"

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XI

FLANNERY departed and Miss Morrow picked up her coat. Reluctantly Kirk held it for her. "Must you go?" he protested.

"Back to the office—yes," she said. "I've oceans of work. The district attorney keeps asking me for results in this investigation, and so far all I have been able to report is further mysteries. I wonder if I'll ever have anything else."

"It was my hope," remarked Chan, "that today we take a seven-league step forward. But it is fated otherwise. Not before Monday now."

"Monday," repeated the girl. "What do you mean, Mr. Chan?"

"I mean I experience great yearning to bring Miss Gloria Garland to this building again. I have what my cousin Willie Chan, a vulgar speaker, calls a hunch. But this morning when I call Miss Garland on the telephone I learn that she is in Del Monte and will not return until Sunday night."

"Miss Garland? What has she to do with it?"

"Remains to be observed. She may have much, or nothing. Depends on the authentic value of my hunch. Monday will tell."

"But Monday," sighed Miss Morrow. "This is only Thursday."

Chan also sighed. "I, too, resent that with bitter feelings. Do not forget that I have sworn to be on the boat departing Wednesday. My little son demands me."

"Patience," laughed Barry Kirk. "The doctor must take his own medicine."

"I know," shrugged Chan. "I am taking same in plenty large doses. Mostly when I talk of patience I am forcing it on others. Speaking for myself in this event, I do not so much enjoy the flavor."

"You said nothing about your hunch to Captain Flannery," Miss Morrow remarked.

Chan smiled. "Can you speak of the ocean to a well frog, or of ice to a summer insect? The good captain would sneer—until I prove to him I am exceedingly correct. I am praying to do that on Monday."

"In the meantime we watch and wait," said Miss Morrow.

"You wait and I will watch," suggested Chan.

Kirk accompanied Miss Morrow to the door. "Au revoir," he said. "And whatever you do, don't lose that lemon-pie recipe."

"You needn't keep hinting," she replied. "I won't forget."

When Kirk returned to the living room Charlie regarded him keenly. "A most attractive young woman," he remarked.

"Charming," agreed Kirk.

"What a deep pity," Chan continued, "that she squanders glowing youth in a man's pursuit. She should be at mothering work."

Kirk laughed. "You tell her," he suggested.

On Friday, Bill Rankin called Chan on the telephone. He had been through the Globe's files for the year 1912, he said—a long, arduous job. His search had been without result; he could find no story about Eve Durand. Evidently cable news had not greatly interested the Globe's staff in those days.

"I'm going to the public library for another try," he announced. "No doubt some of the New York papers carried the story. They seem our best bet now. I'm terribly busy, but I'll speed all I can."

"Thanks for your feverish activity," Chan replied. "You are valuable man."

"Just a real good wagon," laughed Rankin. "Here's hoping I don't break down. I'll let you know the minute I find something."

Saturday came; the life at the bungalow was moving forward with unbroken calm. Through it Paradise walked with his accustomed dignity and poise, little dreaming of the dark cloud of suspicion that hovered over his head. Chan was busy with the books of Col. John Beetham; he had finished the Life and was now going methodically through the others as though in search of a clew.

On Saturday night Kirk was dining out, and after his own dinner Chan again went down into Chinatown. There was little he could do there, he knew, but the place drew him none the less. This time he did not visit his cousin, but loitered on the crowded sidewalk of Grant Avenue.

Catching sight of the lights outside the Mandarin Theater, he idly turned his footsteps toward the doorway. The Chinese have been a civilized race for many centuries; they do not care greatly for moving pictures, preferring the spoken drama. A huge throng was milling about the door of the theater, and Chan paused. There was usually enough drama in real life to satisfy him, but tonight he felt the need of the painted players. Suddenly in the mob he caught sight of Willie Li, the boy scout whose good deed had thwarted his best-laid plans on the previous Wednesday evening. Willie was gazing wistfully at the frame of actors' pictures in the lobby. Chan went up to him with a friendly smile.

"Ah, we meet again," he said in Cantonese. "How fortunate, since the other night I walked my way churlishly, without offering my thanks for the great kindness you did me in bringing a physician."

The boy's face brightened in recognition. "May I be permitted to hope that the injury is improved?" he said.

"You have a kind heart," Chan replied. "I now walk on the foot with the best of health. Be good enough to tell me, have you performed your kind act for today?"

The boy frowned. "Not yet. Opportunities are so seldom."

"Ah, yes; how true. But if you will deign to come into the theater as my guest opportunities may increase. Each of the actors, as you know, receives in addition to his salary a bonus of twenty-five cents for every round of applause that is showered upon him. Come, and by frequent applauding you may pile up enough kind acts to spread over several days."

The boy was only too willing, and buying a couple of tickets, Chan led him inside. The horrible din that greeted them they did not find disconcerting; it was, in fact, music to their ears. Even at this early hour the house was crowded. On the stage, with the casual, offhand manner they affected, the Chinese company was enacting a famous historical play. Chan and the boy were fortunate enough to find seats.

Looking about, the detective from Hawaii saw that he was in a gathering of his own race exclusively. The women members of the audience were arrayed in their finest silks; in a stage box sat a slave girl famous in the colony. Little slant-eyed children played in the aisles; occasionally a mother sent out to the refreshment booth in the lobby a bottle of milk to be heated for the baby in her arms.

The clatter of the six-piece orchestra never ceased; it played more softly at dramatic moments, but comedy lines were spoken to the accompaniment of a terrific fusillade. Chan became engrossed in the play, for the actors were finished artists, the women players particularly graceful and accomplished. At eleven o'clock he suggested that they had better go, lest the boy's family be troubled about him.

"My father will not worry," said Willie Li. "He knows a boy scout is trustworthy."

Nevertheless Chan led him to the lobby, and there stood treat to a hot dog and a cup of coffee—for the refreshment booth alone was Americanized. As they climbed the empty street to the Oriental Apartments, Charlie looked inquiringly at the boy.

"Tell me," he said, still speaking in Cantonese, "of your plans for the future. You are ambitious. What profession calls you?"

"I would be an explorer, like my cousin Li Gung," the boy answered in the same rather stilted tongue.

"Ah, yes—he who is attached to Col. John Beetham," nodded Chan. "You have heard from your cousin stories of Colonel Beetham?"

"Many exciting ones," the boy replied.

"You admire the colonel? You think him very great character?"

"Why not? He is man of iron, stern but just. Discipline is with him important thing, and all boy scouts know that is right thinking. Many examples of this our cousin told us. Sometimes, Li Gung said, the caravan would revolt. Then the colonel would snatch out gun, facing them with his bravery, alone. The caravan would tremble and proceed."

"They knew, perhaps, that the colonel would not hesitate to fire?"

"They had seen him do it. One event Li Gung spoke about I can never forget." The boy's voice rose in excitement. "It was on the desert, and the colonel had told them what they must do and what they must not do. A dirty keeper of camels—a man of low character—he did a thing which the colonel had forbidden. In an instant he lay on the sand, with a bullet in his heart."

"Ah, yes," said Chan, "I would expect that. However, it is an incident I have not encountered in any of the colonel's books."

They were at the door of the apartment house. "Accept my thanks, please," Willie Li said. "You have done a very kind deed to me."

Chan smiled. "Your company was a real pleasure. I hope we meet again."

"I hope it, too," answered Willie Li warmly. "Good night."

Chan walked slowly back to the Kirk Building. He was thinking of Colonel Beetham. A hard man, a man who did not hesitate to kill those who opposed their will to his. Here, Charlie reflected, was food for thought.

On Sunday, Barry Kirk called up Miss Morrow and suggested a ride into the country and dinner at a distant inn. "Just to clear the cobwebs from your brain," he put it.

"Thanks for the ad," she answered. "So that's how my brain strikes you—cobwebby?"

"You know what I mean," he protested. "I want you to keep keen and alert. Nothing must happen to that pie."

They spent a happy, carefree day on roads far from the rush of city traffic. When Kirk helped the girl out of the car before her door that night, he said: "Well, tomorrow morning Charlie springs his hunch."

"What do you imagine he has up his sleeve?"

"I haven't any idea. The more I see of him the less I know him. But let's hope it's something good."

"And illuminating," added Miss Morrow. "I feel the need of a little light." She held out her hand. "You've been lovely to me today."

"Give me another chance," he said. "Give me lots of 'em. I'll get lovelier and lovelier as time goes on."

"Is that a threat?" she laughed.

"A promise. I hope you don't mind."

"Why should I? Good night." She entered the house.

On Monday morning Chan was brisk and businesslike. He called Gloria Garland and was much relieved to hear her answering voice. She agreed to come to the bungalow at ten o'clock, and Charlie at once got in touch with Miss Morrow and asked her to come at the same hour, bringing Captain Flannery. Then he turned to Kirk.

"Making humble suggestion," he said, "would you be so kind as to dispatch Paradise on lengthy errand just as ten o'clock hour approaches? I do not fancy him in bungalow this morning."

"Surely," agreed Kirk. "I'll send him out for some fishing tackle. I never get time to fish, but a man can't have too much tackle."

At fifteen minutes of ten Chan rose and got his hat. He would, he said, himself escort Miss Garland to the bungalow. Going below, he took up his stand in the doorway of the Kirk Building.

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"It Was on the Desert, and the Colonel Had Told Them What They Must Do and What They Must Not Do"

PARIS AMERICANS

By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

"I Should Like to Have Your Earrings!" His Face Had Become a Mask. "It Is Foolish of You to Delay," He Said

AT ONE of the restaurants in Paris, where the wall decorations, the waiters and the names of the dishes are Russian, a party of Americans sat one evening at dinner. The party consisted of two women, one of whom wore magnificent emeralds, and their host, a successful banker.

The place was crowded, but the table to which they had been assigned was so near the orchestra that their waiter suggested after the dancing had begun that they move across the room. This time two of them sat on a bench along the wall, with the lady of the emeralds at the end, in a corner. Next to the other woman was a man alone. He was obviously a foreigner, about forty years old, well dressed, and he had, as they agreed in whispers, an interesting face.

In front of him was a quart of champagne, a pile of cablegrams in a foreign language and a package of American cigarettes.

"You see all sorts of strange types in a place like this," said the banker.

"I love to watch them," one of his guests agreed. "And this restaurant has so much atmosphere! You know, they say the head waiter is a Russian grand duke."

Just then a tall sleek-haired young man approached their table. He bowed.

"Will madame dance?"

"Oh, no—no, I don't think so, thank you."

"Go on! Do!" the other woman urged.

Finally she got up. The woman with the beautiful jewels was left alone with the banker.

"I don't think you girls ought to dance with gigolos," he protested.

"But he's not a gigolo—not a regular one, I mean. He's Prince ——, of a very good Russian family. And he's the highest-paid professional dancer in Paris, they say. Most of them charge fifty or a hundred francs for a dance, but he always gets two hundred."

"Do you mean to say I'm supposed to pay two hundred francs to him for dancing with Molly?"

"Oh—she may do it herself."

A Touching Scene, With Apologies

WHEN at last the music stopped and the couple returned to the table, it was plain that Molly had paid him.

"He dances divinely!" she declared when he had bowed again and left them. "Of course I wouldn't dream of dancing with the ordinary men one sees, but he's Prince——"

"So Ruth said," her host interrupted dryly.

The waiter approached with a fresh bottle of champagne, which the American had not ordered but which he allowed to be put into the cooler that stood on the table. The half-empty bottle was taken away with a flourish.

At that moment the orchestra began to play one of those songs written in a minor key which remind the sympathetic who have dined well, of babies being thrown out of sleighs to appease a pack of hungry wolves, of bread lines of starving people and of deeply unhappy souls. The prosperous banker was very fond of this song.

"I want you to listen to this," he said.

His guests remained firmly silent, but the foreigner who sat beside them chose this time to start a lively conversation with a man who was leaning over the table.

It became impossible to concentrate on the music, and the American, with an impulsive gesture of irritation, reached across the woman next him and put his hand on the stranger's arm.

"Will you please keep still?"

The foreigner turned, his eyes blazing. "How dare you touch me? Take your hands off me! How dare you touch me?" He went on while the others held their breath: "How dare you do such a thing? You do not know who I am! You are not a gentleman! How dare you touch me?"

The American remembered, as he explained afterward, the French law which makes it a serious offense to lay hands on another. He reflected that he was an alien in a strange country. Anything might happen to him. Moreover he knew that he had acted unwisely.

He said simply and genuinely, "I'm sorry."

"You do not know who I am!" the foreigner repeated. He added all that he had said before.

"I'm very sorry," the offender said again. His face was scarlet.

Fortunately the wailing song had finished and the orchestra started an American jazz tune.

"You dance with Molly," urged the woman who sat between the two men. "Please!" They pushed out the table and got up.

For a few minutes Ruth sat in silence, watching the dancers. Suddenly the stranger turned to her.

"Madame, I apologize to you." She was so surprised at his tone and so relieved that his indignation had subsided that she smiled. "Ah, I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me." His deep-set romantic dark eyes besought her. "But always I have this detestation of being touched."

"I don't blame you for that," she said.

"I hope your husband was not too offended?"

"Oh, he's not my husband."

"Then the husband of your friend."

"No, he's not her husband either. As a matter of fact, he's the husband of another friend of ours in America."

"Well, no matter. I spoke too hastily. But, madame, people do not touch me. He perhaps did not know who I am."

"I'm sure he didn't. Nor do I. Should one know who you are?"

He drew himself up. "Madame, I am the Count de——" He gave a famous name, related to many of the royal families of Europe.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "No, of course Mr. Benson didn't know that!" She looked at him with renewed interest.

"I have eight hundred years behind me," he said. "I am not accustomed to having people touch me. Nevertheless, madame, for your sake, I am sorry. I like very much the Americans—at least, the American ladies. The men I find less sympathetic. Always they are so occupied with business. Always they are talking of the stock exchange and whether the market it is a bear or a bull."

"You're quite right," she agreed.

She had been thinking exactly the same thing herself. Her husband had promised to join her in France the middle of the summer and at the last moment he had cabled that he could not leave the office. Her plans for taking a villa at Biarritz for the fashionable month of September had been upset and she was annoyed not only with him but with all business men. It was Europeans who really knew how to talk to women, she thought.

An Informal Invitation

WITH regret, she heard the final note of the music and saw her friends coming back from the dance floor. Benson's face wore an expression of relief as he perceived her engaged in amiable conversation with his adversary. The stranger rose and bowed to the American.

"I was perhaps hasty," he apologized.

"No, I was."

By mutual desire the party merged into one of four. Benson ordered more champagne. The conversation became more pleasant. Ruth found opportunity to let the others know that their new acquaintance was the Count de ——

When the next dance started he formally asked their host if he might dance with his neighbor. During the dance Ruth reflected that the evening had proved to be highly diverting, after all.

She was even more excited when the count said, "I wish I could in some way make amends for my rudeness. Would you forgive me for being perhaps *inconvenant*—how do you say it in English?"

"Unconventional? Yes, go on."

"I should be so very honored if you and your friends would come to my home later this evening. *Malheureusement*, I must depart from Paris tomorrow morning, so I cannot wait on ceremony. Do you think they would be offended if I asked them?"

"N-no. At least, Molly—Mrs. Jeffries—wouldn't. She'd love it, I'm sure. But I don't know about Mr. Benson. I tell you—don't ask him. We'll come anyway."

"*Entendu!* Good!" he exclaimed. "Ah, you American women, you are so splendid and so charming! Listen, I will call for you at your hotel half an hour after you leave here. Will that be *agréable?*"

"Perfectly."

"And for whom shall I ask?"

"Oh, for Mrs. Robinson. I'm at the —— Hotel."

She was as thrilled as a schoolgirl by the prospect of this adventure—more so, perhaps, because she was nearing forty. Moreover, that very morning she had reluctantly enguged the steamship passage which would take her back to a routine life of domesticity, where foreign counts with romantic eyes were unknown.

After Benson had paid the large bill for the evening's entertainment which the so-called grand duke presented to him with a Cossack flourish, he stepped into the *vestiaire* to get his hat and stick. Ruth quickly explained the situation to Molly. She was delighted. She, too, was soon sailing for home, where a husband and daughter almost grown would claim her attention.

At their hotel, after they had told Benson good night, they applied additional powder and lipstick and Molly put on a new pair of diamond earrings the money for which her husband had cabled her.

Free Spirits in Bohemia

THE telephone rang and the concierge said a gentleman was waiting below. Somewhat to their surprise, the count had remained in the taxi, although he got out when they appeared. He ordered the driver to go to a hotel which although not one of the most fashionable was a favorite with Europeans.

"*Malheureusement*, my own home is for the moment closed," he explained. "But I know that to the veritable *femmes du monde* a touch of Bohemia is never unsympathetic."

His guests agreed. "That's one of the charms Europe has for us," Ruth said. "At home we lead such stereotyped lives, seeing the same people day after day and going to the same dinners and dances year after year."

"Ah, I understand perfectly," said the count. "But of course conventional society is made for conventional people, and there is no place where really free spirits can enjoy themselves except in Paris."

The taxicab stopped at the door of his hotel, and as he paid the chauffeur the two women looked at each other with smiling eyes. At last they had found someone who understood the desire for freedom which at intervals sprang up in their otherwise loyal and contented hearts!

After the count's compliments about the adaptability of the truly worldly to a bohemian atmosphere, they could do no less than praise warmly the old-fashioned high-ceilinged salon to which they were conveyed by a rickety elevator.

"One feels that one is really in France here," said Molly as she slipped off her cloth-of-gold coat and sat down on an uncomfortable red-and-gilt settee. "I don't see why we stay at these modern hotels when we come over. One might just as well be in America. This is a delightful room."

"I am sorry that at the moment it is so bare. But my servant has packed my photographs and all my *bibelots*, for tomorrow morning I must leave. The political situation in my country, it is—how does one say?—precarious just now and my duty it is to be there."

The conversation about international affairs lasted for some time, during which their host spoke familiarly of many august personages. He was at last interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

The count answered it and said in French, "Yes, I am at home. Ask Monsieur the Prince to come up." He turned to his guests. "What a happy surprise! It is my young Russian friend with whom you danced at the restaurant, madame." Before they could speak, he went on: "I wonder if you know his history—the tragic story of his family and the loss of their great fortune which compels him to earn his living in this so humiliating way. But of course you know it—but how absurd of me to ask! Otherwise you could not have danced with him. I understand American women too well not to know that no matter how unconventional they may appear, *au fond*, they are conservative."

They answered him that they knew all about the prince. Nevertheless, they looked at each other with a slight uneasiness. The arrival of the handsome professional dancer seemed to put the party on another plane.

In this conjecture they were quite right. The manner in which the Russian greeted them held little of the guarded respect with which the count had treated them. The younger man wasted no time in showing his personal interest in Molly. He took her off to a corner of the room after announcing that he was both hungry and thirsty, and Ruth, watching them from a distance, felt her discomfort grow. She would have suggested that they leave, but scrambled eggs and coffee had been ordered from the restaurant and her host had disappeared to search for some rare old wines which he said they must try.

Neither of the women has ever been able to describe clearly just what happened during the next two hours. Supper was brought, they all four sat together at a small table and the conversation was carried on chiefly between the two men. The count poured the ruby liquid out of a cobwebbed bottle into their wineglasses and insisted that the prince demonstrate the Russian manner of drinking toasts. Another bottle was consumed in the process, because each time the name of a guest was called it was etiquette for her to drain her glass before the toast was finished. Toward the end of the meal the two men engaged in a heated altercation about jewels. One of them insisted that stones like emeralds were so easily imitated that it was absurd to buy real ones.

On Close Examination

"DON'T tell me that!" Molly protested, holding out her hands. She wore two emerald rings of great beauty and half a dozen bracelets of emeralds and diamonds.

"But, madame, you do not think those stones *véritable?*" the count asked in a tone of polite surprise.

"I know they are. My husband bought them for me last year and we had them appraised afterward. I bought these earrings myself for a Christmas present from him, so I know what they cost."

"I think you would be interested in comparing them with my emeralds," said the host. He got up from the table. "Will you come this way?"

The prince remained behind while the three others went into the adjoining bedroom, in which were several large trunks. The count unlocked the drawer of a desk and took out a handful of green stones. He persuaded Molly to take off her jewels to compare them with his.

"And now I should like your earrings!" he said to Ruth.

"Oh, but I've no doubt as to their genuineness." She tried to speak casually, for by this time she was terrified.

"I should like to have your earrings!" His face had become a mask. The deep-set eyes, which a few hours before

(Continued on Page 60)

The Young Man Bowed. "Will Madame Dance?" "Oh, No—No, I Don't Think So, Thank You"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 21, 1928

Safer Motoring

OFFICIAL bodies in many states are straining every nerve to make motor traffic safe and convenient. Millions are being spent to this end. Crooked highways are being straightened; narrow ones are being widened; belt lines around congested districts are under construction; bypasses, new highways parallel to old ones and special roads for fast through traffic are being laid out. The completion of these physical improvements will have a powerful tendency to make motor travel safer; but for a long time to come it is likely that the multiplication of cars will in a large measure offset the increased facilities for their operation.

There are still two directions in which the campaign for increased safety has not been sufficiently pressed. First, we have no national uniformity in the matter of traffic rules. Even where state laws prescribe rules for stopping and turning, local authorities are empowered to modify them to such an extent that a driver in a strange neighborhood is often at a loss to interpret signals. In some regions local regulations change two or three times over a ten-mile stretch of highway. Earnest efforts have been made to standardize these signal codes and there are now large areas in which they are uniform, but once outside these areas the driver is again at sea. The need for uniform driving rules is so obvious and so pressing that there is no valid excuse for longer deferring the adoption of a uniform standard. The formulation of such a code should not prove impracticable. Three-quarters of the earth's surface is covered with salt water, and yet it has been possible to devise rules that are understood by every seafaring man and are recognized and adhered to wherever there is blue water. What can be done at sea can be done on land.

The second direction in which much may be done in the interest of safety is in the matter of the proper control of pedestrians. Their rights are paramount and should be protected to the highest degree, but along with their rights come obligations that are just as binding. Every time they rashly take a chance and so conduct themselves as to make an alert and careful driver, proceeding according to law, run them down or injure them in any way, they violate these obligations. In these circumstances the pedestrian has no moral right to take a chance. He may say that if he chooses to risk life or limb, that is his own affair; but it is not his own affair if he forces another citizen to be his partner in a serious accident. The jay-walker rarely indulges his wilfulness at his own expense. It is usually the motorist or the insurance company that pays. The most careful driver stands little chance of getting a verdict from the average jury, and this is particularly true of the jay-walker who looks as if he needed the money he is suing for.

Quite apart from the financial burdens unfairly thrust upon the careful motorist and his insurance company, there is an even more distressing infringement of his rights. Heedless and absent-minded pedestrians who continually court maiming and death, and who at every busy intersection ask to be run over, put a premium on involuntary manslaughter and subject the judicious motorist to unwarranted hazards. To every right-thinking man the taking of human life by accident is a matter of lifelong pain and regret, even though circumstances relieve him of financial obligations. In the case of children, his feelings are doubly played upon; and yet parents and the police permit young boys to ride bicycles through dense traffic, to dart in and out on roller skates, to trundle toy express wagons almost under the wheels of heavy trucks, and in general to use crowded highways as if they were sheltered playgrounds.

In some cities signal lights are displayed for pedestrians as well as for vehicular traffic, and they who walk move by rule as well as those who ride. The system has obvious inconveniences, but they are more than compensated for by the greater safety attained and by the continual reminder to pedestrians that their obligation to be careful is just as real as that of drivers. Another sound requirement is that persons walking at night on highways without sidewalks carry a light or wear some distinctive white badge that will render them visible at a distance.

Liability insurance should everywhere be made compulsory. There is no injustice in denying the convenience of motor travel to those who cannot or will not make proper provision for indemnifying those whom they are liable to injure. If they cannot afford liability insurance, the public cannot afford to have them operate a motor car. A number of states have recognized this principle and have put it into practical effect. It not only serves as a financial protection to injured persons but has a tendency to keep lawless drivers off the roads by making it impossible for them to get drivers' licenses. The safer motor transport can be made, the more abundant will be its blessings.

A Dangerous Note in Legislation

A PROPOSAL is before Congress of which the implications must be regarded as perversive. President Coolidge vetoed the McNary-Haugen bill in part because he regarded the equalization fee as unconstitutional. It is now proposed to pass the bill again, with the proviso that the equalization fee shall not become operative until it shall first have been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court.

Obvious and important objections arise at once. Up to the present, respect for constitutionality has acted as a restraining influence on the experimentation of legislatures. If legislatures were to pass the buck to the courts in toto, this would overwhelm the courts. At present the courts deal with actualities. Under the proposed system they would deal with hypotheses. The actual workings of a law are often crucial to the question of constitutionality. Certainly, when proposed legislation includes and involves fundamental questions both of economics and of sociology, of law and of fact, it would not seem proper for legislatures to wash their hands of all responsibility. It has happened often enough that laws have been passed with the expectation of veto by the Executive. To pass laws in the expectation of having them declared unconstitutional by the courts would be still worse.

The State of Unemployment

THE Department of Commerce has instituted an investigation into conditions of employment of labor. We may be sure it will be carried out with discretion, objectively and in the spirit of equity. According to the Bureau of Labor, employment has been gradually declining since the peak of 1923. The decline is not pronounced, something like the relation of 88.5 to 84.2. It varies from state to state, from occupation to occupation. It has not been accompanied by corresponding decline in outturn of goods and services. Indeed, there are provisional grounds for making the inference that decline in work has been accompanied by increase in production relatively. To what extent decline in hours of work has been paralleled by decline in income seems not to be known.

We need to know the number of workers gainfully employed, the number without work, the number on part time, the relation of income to hours of employment and the relation of production to time employment and to income of workers. It may be that our so-called unemployment is, in part at least, symptomatic of high efficiency rather than of decline in demand for goods and services. Cheap money and low inventories of goods scarcely suggest hard times. Rationalization of business has introduced such changes into society that employment and unemployment need to be surveyed and appraised in a manner different from that before the war. Under these circumstances it is important that the state of affairs be given a technical and not a political investigation.

Prohibition and Farm Distress

THE perennial discussion of prohibition takes many turns, some of them devious enough. Now and then one hears a loud voice declaiming that prohibition has been a prominent cause of agricultural distress.

During the calendar year 1916 there were used in the manufacture of alcohol and of distilled spirits some forty million bushels of grains, and in the brewing of fermented alcoholic beverages some one and a half million tons of cereal preparations. During the year 1926 something like nine million bushels of grains and a hundred thousand tons of cereal preparations were so employed. These are official data from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department. The loss of market as material for alcohol and alcoholic beverages may therefore be placed at around eighty million bushels at the outside.

The crop of grains in 1926 was around five and a third billion bushels. The eighty million bushels that might otherwise have gone into distilleries and breweries was therefore under two per cent of the crop. This quantity of grain is less than the probable error in the crop estimates. It is nothing less than absurd to ascribe to the loss of this special market any substantial proportion of farm distress.

In 1917, when the question of curtailment of the use of grain in distilleries and breweries came up, the users of grain for such purposes resisted curtailment on the ground that little loss of feeding stuffs occurred, since distillery and brewery residues were fed to animals. There was some truth in this contention. But it is inconsistent to make this claim and at the same time to claim that a large market is lost when grains are not so employed.

During recent years the count of horses and mules has been substantially reduced, probably by as much as five million head. This has been due to replacement by automotive equipment. These work animals would use annually between three and four hundred million bushels of oats and corn. Compared with this, the eighty million bushels whose market has been lost through prohibition is of little importance. Would the people who wish distillation and brewing restored as a market for grain also wish machines banished and work animals restored as a market for grain?

There can be no doubt that the consumption of milk and fruit juices has been increased as a result of prohibition. This enlargement of market for farm produce must be set against the loss of market for grain. When alcohol dropped out of the diet, something else took its place and represented new demand. We cannot agree that agriculture as a whole lost a market through prohibition. The only people who lost business were distillers and brewers. For them to hide behind the skirts of distressed agriculture is too transparent a maneuver to fool anybody but the wets.

THE COMEDY OF LEADERSHIP

By Christian Gauss

Dean of the College, Princeton University

IN HISTORY, certain misleading phrases, like certain misguided individuals, have done incalculable harm. "The king can do no wrong" was such a phrase. The notion of natural rights as typified in "The world owes me a living" belongs in the same dismal category. They forestall investigation. Man's indolent habit grants such phrases long life. You do not need to pursue a tantalizing line of thought farther after you have found one. Once such a phrase has clicked into the receptive mind, it is hard to dislodge it. An aphorism may be untrue, but it is always labor-saving. It economizes effort, for it is difficult with legitimate arguments to convince a persistent, hard-headed opponent, while it is easy, especially in the presence of a crowd, to knock him down with a slogan. It is worth our while in this connection to examine some of these catchwords which have recently become popular in our discussions of higher education.

Not very long ago one of our largest American universities sent out a questionnaire to about 150 colleges in an effort to determine what qualifications, if any, besides previous intellectual training, they were demanding of candidates for entrance. Most of these colleges were not attempting to restrict enrollment, yet fifty of them replied that men were admitted not only on the basis of their knowledge of so-called entrance subjects but that qualities of leadership also were required.

A Herd of Bellwethers

WHEN an American professor is called upon to recommend a candidate for one of the Rhodes scholarships at Oxford, he is requested to testify not only to the candidate's scholarship and to his manly qualities but also to his possession of these same qualities of leadership. I confess I have always been somewhat embarrassed by this opposition which is being set up in the colleges between their good scholars and their leaders. It used to be assumed that a man who stood at the head of his class was a leader. Thirty or forty years ago we did not embarrass a lad by calling him this big name, but we expected most from the men who, in college, had learned most about physics or chemistry or Latin or mathematics or medicine or law. If a student had done this, we thought he was qualified to take his place in the world. Now we expect something quite different, and in addition to or in default of scholarly aptitude the colleges are accepting something else as just as good, or possibly a little better.

It is quite proper that we should require of candidates for higher education something more than mere book learning. President Little, of the University of Michigan, made it plain not very long ago that in his opinion the man who had received an education from the state owed something to the state in return. Public education, an education obtained at the expense of the public, like public office, is a public trust. No criminal is so dangerous as an educated criminal. It is for this reason that from time immemorial colleges have demanded of candidates for admission a certificate of good character. In these piping times of ours we are, however, setting up another hurdle. We are requiring in addition evidence of leadership.

There is an initial difficulty about all this, but then the course of true education never did run smooth. When the prospective freshman knocks at the gate it is a simple matter for the college to discover whether he knows any Latin or algebra or English or history. The college sets him an examination and reads the answers. In most cases they tell the story. A certificate from the principal of the school from which the boy comes will on this score also provide reliable testimony. Character and leadership are, however, more difficult to discover. It is an open secret to all college officials that every candidate has a character. He can in any case bring a written one. Everybody's son, when his parent is seeking admission for him, has a good character. Almost every school graduate, according to his head master or principal, has at least a passable one, or else of course the school would not have granted him its diploma.

Character is something which you must discover after the applicant has entered college. What the director of admissions does not know will not hurt the candidate. It is occasionally regrettable that the college did not know in time how unformed the character of their applicant was. They might have done something to improve it instead of later having to dismiss him as hopeless. I have never yet found a college reprobate who had to be dismissed for serious delinquency who had not been able to bring a thoroughly creditable certificate of character—often one signed by a clergyman.

Now no one will deny that qualities of leadership also are an asset. They are, however, at sixteen or eighteen equally difficult to discover. You cannot ask an applicant point-blank, "Are you a leader?" He is usually a modest chap and would be embarrassed. His parents, when forced to testify, feel no such embarrassment. They often answer the question even if it is not put to them, and they all answer it in precisely the same way. Every mother's son is a leader. Where the applicant is called upon to give references, he almost never names his own friends and school classmates who know him well, but older friends of his parents who do not. They know only the family. Usually it is a minister, a prominent business man or an alumnus.

After reading thousands of such testimonials, directors of admission and entrance committees have on almost unanimous testimony sadly reached the conclusion that the son of everybody's friend is also a leader. This is gratifying to our American pride, but hardly useful in a selective process. Where the writer of such a letter leaves any possibility of doubt, it is usually because he admits—by implication—that he does not know the applicant. In such cases he concentrates upon the candidate's father and leaves no doubt that the father is a leader in his community.

The attempt to determine aptitude for college on the basis of qualities of leadership has, on the whole, not been a success. Leaders at the age of sixteen have become altogether too common. They are a drug on the academic market. But many of the colleges are unwilling to let well enough alone, and they are insisting not only that their youthful candidates be leaders when they enter college but they have been telling these same young men that it is the primary purpose of the college to develop these qualities of leadership still farther and so make them irresistible.

Practicing What They're Taught

A REVOLT which took place in one of the smaller colleges of the East is still fresh in the minds of many. Some of the undergraduates went out on strike. They were insisting that certain restraints be removed and that responsibilities which had always rested upon the faculty be devolved upon the students. There was even talk of their deciding what subjects should be taught and who should teach them. When, some time after the hubbub, I met the very able president of this college I was astonished to find how coolly he took all this.

"You know," he explained, rather in sorrow than in anger, "it is all our own fault. We have brought this upon ourselves. We have been telling young men and boys for so many years, at every high school and college commencement, 'You are the hope of the future, the leaders of the nation,' that they are beginning to take us at our word. They wish to exercise those talents for leadership which we have so excessively attributed to them."

A comparison of the statements made by the founders of some of our oldest American colleges with the statements of some of their recent successors will indicate quite clearly the change which has come over this country in its attitude toward the function of higher education. The

(Continued on Page 86)

I'VE MADE HIM GIVE ME SO MANY RAISES I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF
MOVE OVER! I WANTA SWEEP THERE
MORNING STUBBORN
HAS LITTLE BOY GOT AN OSSIA GROUCH?

If the Employes of the Big Boss Knew as Much as His Wife

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. Jones Gets the First Dividend of Three Dollars on the Oil Well That He Invested Ten Thousand In, Five Years Ago

The Lady Who Had Her Face Lifted Once Too Often!

Wife (in a Half Whisper): "Did You Finally Get Him to Sleep?" Baby: "Yes, Mamma!"

A Short History of Courtship and Marriage Through the Ages

YOU must obey my every whim,"
She said to him.
And then she spent her life
Being a slavish
wife,
Obedient to every
whim
Of him.
—M. C. Davies.

Reconditioned Figures of Speech

HAPPY as a senator flitting from investigation to investigation.

Changed the subject oftener than the radio.

Self-conscious as a woman letting her hair grow.

Loose as a politician's promises.

Somewhat unrelated, like a bathing girl in a furnace ad.

Evasive as an editorial on a religious wrangle.

Overcome with horror and despair, like a woman who feels her lifted face slipping.

Plain as a bridge hand after it's played.

Easier to get than a wrong number.

Almost as artificial as a realistic movie.

Harder to get along with than a peace conference.

As utterly lost as the young folks.

Vainly striving to meet the demands of a new rôle, like a traffic cop trying to be gentle.

—David B. Park.

Our Lady Murderesses—Why Go to the Expense of a Trial by Jury When Anyone Can Predict the Verdict at a Glance?

The Uplift in the Ring

LADIES and Gentlemen! In this corner Mr. Battling

(Continued on Page 132)

What Grover Cleveland Would Have Done

Little Girl: "Mother, I Think You've Got an Awfully Sweet Little Girl"

Announcing a new perfection in Campbell's famous beans!

QUALITY! How it stands out . . wins its way . . stamps itself upon the public mind! The name Campbell's instantly flashes to a woman's thoughts the impression of something different and better . . something unique and individual, which can only be purchased under the familiar Red-and-White Label.

So, Campbell's Beans stand in a class by themselves . . the favorites of millions . . by far the leaders in popularity . . the regular selection of those content with nothing less than the best.

And now Campbell's offer to this great and ever-widening public an even more tempting deliciousness in beans . . an even finer flavor and greater satisfaction.

Constantly higher and higher standards, ever refining, ever improving, ever alert to give the public the benefit of modern inventiveness and skill. These are the watchwords in the Campbell's kitchens.

In announcing a new perfection in Campbell's Beans, we wish to assure our hosts of loyal friends that all of the long-popular Campbell's qualities are retained.

Their famous slow-cooking, the matchless Campbell's tomato sauce, the remarkably appetizing flavor and rich nourishment . . you get them all in the "new" Campbell's Beans. But they have been lifted to a higher excellence that makes these beans simply irresistible. Now better than ever!

Slow-cooked

Digestible

12 cents a can—Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

SECOND CHOICE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Owen Said, With the Voice of Authority, "I Think That is for Doctor Meller to Decide, Miss Jerome"

XI

BETH RANDALL SATTERLEE was applying for a divorce under the law of the state of New York, which admits of but one just cause, and all Midland knew the fact and seethed with conjecture. Hostesses who, the week before, had relied upon the milder interest of Madge Harcourt's broken engagement to fill the inevitable lulls in dinner-table talk, now introduced this exciting and absorbing topic, as one guaranteed to start a fresh buzzing. The interesting point of speculation was whether the woman in the case had reappeared out of the elderly Mr. Satterlee's somewhat Casanova past, or whether—this was the more amusing theory—she had been a fresh discovery. That the Satterlees had been married only a little more than two months gave point and piquancy to the discussion, which sometimes would develop into an argument, illustrated with further glimpses into Mr. Satterlee's history, which, if a lurid book, was also an open one.

Little sympathy was expressed for Beth except by the masculine members of the party, who would say indignantly that they couldn't understand why Mr. Randall had permitted the marriage. Whereupon there would be soft little shrieks from soft white throats, and lovely eyes would turn reproach upon male stupidity, while sarcastic smiles bent red lips and some lady would murmur:

"Oh, my dear! Why blame the poor little meek father? A mere baby in worldly knowledge compared to Beth! She knew what she was about!"

"Perfectly!" a sharper voice might cry. "Wasn't there a marriage settlement? I heard so, at any rate."

"Well, at any rate, dear," the languorous voice would take up the cue—the two ladies playing perfectly to each other for the masculine benefit—"at any rate, dear, there's sure to be a very handsome settlement now."

Laughter, as the English newspapers say, in the report of a scandalous trial.

Then, emboldened, a feminine cynic would declare that Beth was probably very much relieved to have it all over so quickly—"For she couldn't possibly have cared for that old satyr, of course!"

"Of course not! But how could she? Absurd!"

Under cover of this chorus someone would exchange significant glances with a neighbor and say in a lowered tone: "What about Owen, I wonder?"

"Oh, do you think ——"

"Do you?"

A rushing return of the general conversation, similar to the scurry of hens across the barnyard to the fowl that has found a new crumb.

"Poor Val! What extraordinarily bad luck that girl has!"

"Oh, but they're devoted—simply infatuated!" a friend would cry enthusiastically, only to add, in a more skeptical tone: "So I'm told."

"Well! Shutting themselves up at Clivedale Farm like that! You don't imagine Val's interested in farming?"

Laughter.

"But look at the way she went about with Hugh all the time Owen was away! My dear, I'm told they were together constantly!"

"Oh, I don't believe that."

"Well, I only repeat what I hear, of course."

"Yes! And it really was so open! Well, what I mean is if people do things like that in public, what can't you imagine in private?"

Laughter. Flushed with success, the fair lady repeated her witticism in slightly altered form—as fair ladies have rather a habit of doing.

"Well, what I mean is you really are not responsible for your imagination, are you?"

Then lowered voices, faint feminine murmurings like the soft hissing of little snakes.

Though she was not present, Valeria could imagine the scene. She wondered if Owen's fancy was as vivid. But his expressionless face showed her nothing. For all she could tell, he might not even have heard about Beth. Her name, of course, was never mentioned between them. They faced each other at the dinner table, each with a sternly repressed, coldly composed countenance, uttering polite phrases. She had not told him of her intention to go and live with her father in Glennwood. She had meant to tell him, that same night, of her decision; but late in the afternoon he had telephoned that he would be detained and would dine in Midland. And by the next night her courage, her determination, had grown cold. She felt a curious timidity toward Owen—the utmost distaste and reluctance to reopen the subject of their relationship. So she temporized, excusing her mental cowardice by telling herself that it would be far better to wait until all the arrangements at Glennwood were complete and her father was ready to receive her.

They had both agreed that it would be wise to wait in telling Kitty Grove—quite foolhardy to risk her certain vehement objection before their plan was fully matured. Val and her father were, in those days, like two young lovers plotting an elopement. Secretly, Christopher was looking about for a suitable cottage in Glennwood, a small car that would answer his needs, certain furnishing that would serve at least for a time. For it was necessary to be cautious with expenditures as well as with plans. Christopher's salary was generous, but it would have to keep up two households, and meet, besides, Kitty's constantly increasing demands.

Her desire for luxury, so long restrained, now burst all bounds. She greedily exaggerated the extent and elasticity of her husband's new fortunes. At shops where her credit had been strained almost to the point of the severing of diplomatic relations, she now sailed in with a high head and the grand manner, severely snubbing apologetic managers. She spoke carelessly of her husband as "Mr. Harcourt's right-hand man, his confidential adviser, you know."

Her only regret was that Mrs. Harcourt was absent from Midland. She imagined scenes in which she would become as intimate with Mrs. Harcourt as Christopher—supposedly—was with Mr. Harcourt. Kitty forgot her previous satirical description of the Harcourts as perfect frumps and dowdies; her passionate statements that she "wouldn't go to their dull old parties for a farm!" She became, overnight, so demure, so circumspect in speech and conduct that her best friends scarcely knew her; and Kitty Grove, once the life of her bridge—and conversation—club, was now voted a bore.

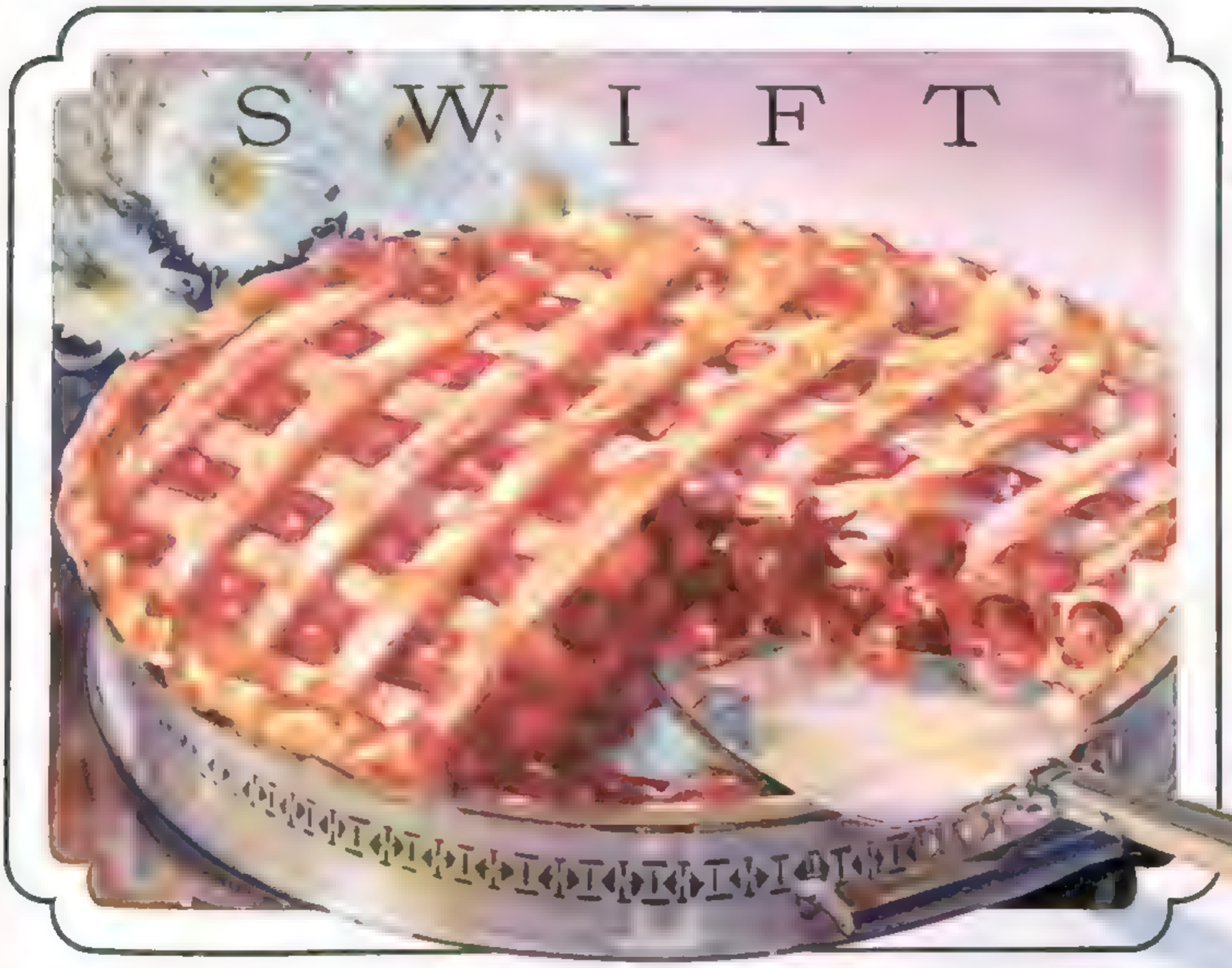
The only concession she wouldn't—couldn't—make to the new arbiters of her destiny was to be dowdily dressed. She honestly tried to lengthen her skirts—even though her legs were her best feature—tried to copy the fashion of yesterday instead of tomorrow; but there her soul rebelled after just one look in the mirror! No, a flair for clothes had always been her one great talent. Even at their poorest, she had kept both Val and herself well dressed with the skill and fierce industry of her clever fingers. Now that she could buy new frocks, it would be too cruel to deny herself them, not humanly possible! But she compromised by dressing with a severe simplicity that was a greater strain on her husband's pocketbook than the indulgence of a more riotous fancy.

To Christopher's alarm, she spoke of an apartment in a more socially desirable neighborhood, new furniture, the need for a town car, and, even worse, the need for new friends—"quieter people," as Kitty phrased it; and "a few quiet little entertainments" seemed to be her scheme for obtaining them. Christopher's relatives—the cousins who had managed so conveniently and completely to forget them, the bishops and deans of colleges and old maids devoted to philanthropy and Pekingese—might now, as Kitty hopefully phrased it, "do something." For she did not rebel against the law of her world—to him who hath shall be given—but rather joyfully accepted, planned to take advantage of it now.

Though Kitty's temper had improved with the improvement in fortune, both Christopher and Val still feared her lightnings. They knew that it would not be to her husband's absence that Kitty would object, but to Valeria's separation from Owen. So they postponed the hour of the storm until they had secured a permanent shelter from it.

On the contrary, from Owen no opposition was expected. Valeria could imagine his cool, quiet voice saying "Do as

(Continued on Page 38)



Cherry Pie

2 cups flour (for pastry)
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ cup "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
¼ cup ice water
2½ cups cherries (canned or fresh)
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons flour (for thickening)

Sift flour for pastry, baking powder and salt together. Cut in lard with knives. Add water, mixing with knife to form dough. Roll dough ¼ inch thick. Line pie pan and cut remaining dough into strips ¾ inch wide. Mix cherries with sugar and flour for thickening and fill pie pan. Twist strips of dough and lay criss-cross over cherries. Bake for 30 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). (Makes one 10-inch pie, serving 6.) Serve with cheese rolled into balls.

Simple, accurate! Score the print as indicated on "Silverleaf's" carton and cut the exact amount you need without further measuring

New...surprising goodness

—tart cherry flavor

blended with this special richness

GLOWING red fruit and luscious juice in a crisp shell of golden brown! How specially tempting cherry pie can be when the cherry flavor blends smoothly with a certain delicate richness in the pastry! It is a discovery many women have been making. The tart fruit needs just this mellowing touch which comes only from shortening that has been chosen wisely.

To capture this special goodness, so important to the success of their dishes, many good cooks for years have been particular to use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard in both their baking and frying. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" brings new delicacy to all kinds of cooking.

And because it is so creamy smooth, just the right consistency to mix well with other ingredients, there is unusual lightness and tenderness in all baked foods that are made with "Silverleaf."

Time is saved, too, by "Silverleaf's" exclusive self-measuring carton. Just score the print as indicated and cut the exact amount needed without bothering to pack a spoon.

So easy to make certain of this rich mellowness in all your baking and frying—ask for "Silverleaf" by name! In the one and two pound self-measuring cartons. Also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Swift & Company

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 36)

you like." But when a man says to a woman, "Do as you like," it means "because I don't like you." Oriental women are flattered by the strong bars in their windows, and Occidental women, in spite of their feminist shrieks, are often actuated by a similar feeling. If Valeria had expected an angry scene, a show of authority from her husband, she might have told him at once—and with a little malicious feminine triumph—of her intention to leave him. But she was humiliated by the thought of the cool courtesy which would prove to her once more his complete indifference.

So she sat opposite him night after night, at their dinner table, very straight, very beautiful, in light frivolous frocks; speaking of light things which did not interest either of them—while her heart kept up a deep serious monologue of its own; watching his face that, sternly repressed though it was, still held a dark brooding, a heavy and weary anxiety and trouble—until one night Owen told her that the next day he would be gone. Her lips felt suddenly dry, she went cold all over, and found it difficult to speak.

But she managed to ask in an unconcerned voice, "You are taking King abroad? He is well enough to travel now?"

His whole face darkened; he frowned and bit his lip.

"On the contrary, King is very much worse."

"But why didn't you tell me, Owen?" He answered only with a cold look. "When did you hear?" she persisted. "You always said, when I asked you, that King was doing very well."

"I knew that you didn't really care," he replied. "It's very nice of you, of course, Val, but it really isn't necessary to pretend an interest you don't feel."

She indignantly protested: "Why should you think that I ——"

"Why should I think that you are interested in King?" he retorted, very reasonably. "You've never even seen my brother. Why should you care about him?"

The only convincing reply to that was: "Because I care about you!" (Your people shall be my people, and your ways shall be my ways.) But Valeria would not make that answer—could not, literally.

The truth was that they had come to an impasse from which, it seemed, only some outside event, a *deus ex machina*, might rescue them. Two equally proud, equally sensitive temperaments were in a deadlock which neither would attempt to break.

Each was suffering from an injury to egotism so crushing and still so recent that both were filled with a morbid self-distrust. Yet neither would make allowance for this fact in the other. Instead, like two wary duelists, they kept up a circling verbal sword play, neither willing to make the slightest gesture that might expose a vulnerable point of pride. Neither had the desperate courage to throw all pride away, cry "I love you! Nothing else matters!" If one had thrown down the foil the other would instantly have followed. Surrender, in this case, would have meant victory. But conclusions such as that are only reached in cold blood and after the event, never while the duel of misunderstanding is in progress. All very easy to say if one is an onlooker: "How stupid! How futile! How childish!" But even the sanest, most normal of people are not very logical, nor farseeing, in love. And these two lovers were not quite normal in their lack of self-esteem.

Valeria no longer cared for Hugh, but she could not forget that the man she had loved for five years had discarded her in a moment; the humiliation of that scene had destroyed her confidence in her attraction, her worth—while Owen, who had loved Beth even longer and with a more ideal and idolizing passion than Val had felt for Hugh, could not believe after his great shock and disappointment that it was possible for any woman to love him. And he would not expect, ask, any woman to care for him or even to pretend to care for him because she was his wife.

He thought that Valeria regretted their hasty and ill-considered marriage. He remembered her refusal just before the wedding, and felt himself in the wrong for having persuaded her, against her will, merely for the sake of his own foolish pride, the world's empty and valueless opinion. The fault was his; he acknowledged it and was ready to make what amends he could—to give Valeria her freedom as soon as it might be arranged. But in the meantime he resented any pretense even toward friendliness or sympathy. He preferred, at least when they were alone, to be openly avowed, coldly distant enemies. It hurt him, made him angry, for Valeria to speak of King as if she were really interested in him. For of course she was not! Her polite sympathy was irritating, unbearable! He wanted to tell her:

"You and King are strangers, just as you and I are strangers now. You have nothing to do with my affairs or any member of my family. Do me the favor of leaving us quite alone!"

But since he was a civilized human being, he couldn't find relief in just those words. He could only make his voice and his manner cold and refuse to tell his wife anything. But to his surprise she persisted, and in such a curiously gentle and humble tone now that he could not snub her again.

"I wish you would believe, Owen, that I do care about King," she said in that strangely gentle voice. "You told me once that you had too good an opinion of women—but it seems to me that you have a very bad one. It is possible for us sometimes to take an impersonal interest in someone."

He shot a sharp look at her. Then, more kindly:

"Of course I shall believe it if you say it's true. And it's very kind of you, Val."

"No! No, don't! Don't put me off in that way, as if I—as if I were a stranger!"

Her unconscious echo of his thoughts startled him.

"I thought that was how you wanted me to treat you," he responded sulkily.

She pretended not to hear this. She leaned toward him across the long table softly gleaming with candlelight and with silver. She observed his dark, disconsolate look—somber eyes, tight-pressed mouth.

"Tell me, Owen—the doctors sent for you?"

(Continued on Page 41)

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(Continued from Page 38)

He nodded briefly, turning away his head.

She waited for a moment; then he said, rising, "If you'll excuse me, Val—I've a number of things to attend to."

"Owen! Before you go ——" She was on her feet now, too, but she did not approach him, only held him with her dark wide eyes. "You don't mean that King is in danger? That he ——"

"I don't know. They've decided to operate. At first King was doing so well that Doctor Meiller thought they might avoid an operation; but he's been suffering again lately. I've known for several days he was worse. Now they've wired me to come. I'm taking the early morning train."

She came to him quickly. "Let me go with you, Owen?"

He stared at her. "But why?"

"I want to."

"There's nothing you could do, Val. Thank you though."

"Couldn't I ——" Her voice fell so low he couldn't hear the words.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing. It was nothing. I meant —— But of course you don't want me!"

He was surprised at her sudden blush. He laid his hand on her arm, almost unconsciously, and they went out of the dining room together. In the hall, at the foot of the stairs, he paused.

"Good-by, Val. And—thank you."

He held out his hand. She did not take it. She was very white, and her wide dark eyes held an expression he could not read. Her voice trembled, but it had a resolute intonation.

"Owen, I don't care what you say—whether you want me or not—I'm coming with you." And, as he didn't answer—only looked at her in blank surprise—the color came back into her cheeks and she cried defiantly, "I shall take the morning train too! You can't stop me!"

He lifted his eyebrows a little and looked annoyed, she thought, and for a moment her courage almost failed her. But she had again that rush of exalted feeling, the desire to comfort and serve him and forget herself which she had experienced once before—on the night of their wild drive together, the morning when she had seen the sun rise over the mountain.

He turned and began to go up the stairs toward his own room, speaking to her over his shoulder in an impatient voice:

"Very well. There's nothing you can do, and it's very foolish, of course—you may not even be allowed to see King—but if you insist ——"

XLI

TWICE wounded in the war, King had suffered ever since from an obscure and baffling malady which affected his whole nervous system and at intervals caused him excruciating pain. For a time he had seemed better; but now he was once more undergoing periods of intense suffering, in which it was necessary to ease his worst moments with opiates. Meanwhile Doctor Meiller was attempting to build up his patient's strength, by careful diet and rest, for the operation which the group of eminent specialists and surgeons who had been called into consultation believed was the only means of striking at the root of the old trouble.

Doctor Meiller's sanatorium was as different as possible from the cheerless bleakness of a great public hospital. Situated uptown, in a quiet, rather exclusive residential district, it resembled a luxurious apartment house or an exceptionally clean and comfortable hotel. But to Valeria, who had always been gloriously well, who knew very little of others' illness, the necessarily antiseptic odor of the place, the constant grim hint of surgery and suffering beneath all the soft comforts, the stealthy, rapid tread of the nurses, their swift, secret closing of doors before an imagined groan might escape, the whole bland professionally cheerful atmosphere of concealment—all were vaguely terrifying, made her feel faint and ill. For a moment she had hoped, in Doctor Meiller's office, that he would refuse to allow her to go with Owen to see King. But Doctor Meiller thought that the visit of his sister-in-law might prove a welcome new interest in the long, tedious monotony of the invalid's day.

"I am afraid that Mr. Mallory is bored with us," he said, with his really charming smile. "The life I force him to lead at present is extremely dull, and he has told me so in no uncertain terms."

Owen smiled, too, then—a quick flash of sympathy, of a certain pride in his unruly brother.

"That's like King. He's better, perhaps, if he objects?"

"Yes, I think so. I hope so indeed. Mr. Mallory's condition varies a good deal from day to day, you know. I am sorry to say that last night he did not rest well. But he has been asleep this afternoon; and if he is awake now you may both stay ten minutes—longer tomorrow if he has had a good night."

"And when do you intend ——"

"Within the next few days if everything goes well. Mr. Mallory is gradually developing the necessary resistance, I believe. You mustn't be alarmed by the recurrence of the pain; that is quite unavoidable until we have got at its cause. Don't let him see that you are anxious, of course. My patient is, himself, a very brave man."

As they went down the long corridors Valeria wished that she were intimate enough with her husband to take his arm. She felt a curious new need of support; the soft strip of carpet under her feet seemed to waver and rise ever so slightly toward her. A swiftly closing door cut off a sudden glimpse of glittering knives. A faint whiff of the sickly sweetness of ether persistently penetrated concealing walls; there was a soft rattle as a long white table on wheels was pushed on an elevator, the door closing after it quickly with a soft, musical clang; the white nurses, stealing like cats, vanished silently around corners. The escorting probationer stopped and knocked very gently on a door. It opened with that noiseless and rather horrid stealth, and another nurse came out, closing the door swiftly behind her and standing with her back to it, facing them with her chin up, as if she were guarding King's room.

She was the prettiest girl that Valeria had ever, in her whole life, seen. Incredible that this dainty, immaculate creature could perform repugnant and wearisome tasks. She looked, instead, like a beauty from the Ziegfeld Follies, cast in a cinema for a nurse's ornamental part. Her uniform seemed, rather than the symbol of service, to be a costume made willfully demure in order to heighten her native seduction and charm. With a flash of instinctive sex envy, Valeria thought:

"What fools we are to waste time and money on velvets and laces and jewels and furs, when any one of us would look twice as charming in plain linen!"

Under the close-fitting starched white uniform the small, slim, but rounded figure displayed its delightful youth, firmness, strength. Against the gleaming starched white band of the cap, little tendrils of deliciously reddish-golden hair curled back like a baby's golden down against its demure bonnet. The beautiful cleanliness and simplicity of her attire was matched by the clearness of her skin, the wide-open bluish-green eyes, clean and clear as fresh living water. She was so utterly antiseptically clean, so radiant with fresh delightful health, that it was impossible not to wish to touch her. Her firm round yet small arms, in the close white sleeves, invited pinching. You felt that merely by laying hands on her you might draw out some of her magic health and strength, her comforting, saving vitality. Only the bright red small mouth, with its upper lip thrust out a little, gave a hint of the vixen; and her voice, quiet and determined as the voice of a nurse should be, had still a faint warning vibration, an undertone of temper. With relief and yet with amazement, Valeria saw that Owen didn't like Miss Jerome. And what was even queerer—that Miss Jerome didn't like Owen.

They were staring at each other rather belligerently and arguing something—Valeria had been too rapt in her envious study of the nurse to hear them.

But now Owen said, with the voice of authority, "I think that is for Doctor Meiller to decide, Miss Jerome."

"Oh, certainly!" She stepped aside, but still did not offer to open the door. "I wonder," she murmured in her soft yet insistent voice, "if Doctor Meiller has prepared you, Mr. Mallory, for my patient's condition."

"What do you mean?" Owen's voice was sharp with anxiety.

"He is not quite himself today," she murmured. "It was necessary to give him an opiate—after a very bad night. He may not recognize you."

Owen had turned pale, but he spoke quietly: "We shan't stay a moment, Miss Jerome. Please open the door."

She did so reluctantly, preceding them into the sick man's room, which was dim and shaded, the blinds pulled down against the sunset glare of the late warm summer afternoon. On the high hospital bed a long shape lay quite still. Miss Jerome went over to the bed and laid her hand on her patient's hand, speaking in a low voice, while Val and Owen waited near the door:

"Your brother has come back, Mr. Mallory."

His head turned weakly on the pillow. "Oh! Good!" It was more a sigh than a sound, but it cut at Valeria's heart, for the voice was Owen's—Owen's, but how weak and tired and tortured. All her cowardice and repugnance fell away; she felt her whole heart dissolve in pity and a strange new wonderful feeling of love that was free from earthly bondage.

But now the sick man had raised himself on an elbow and was staring at her. And his voice broke in an amazed glad cry—a hoarse whisper of incredulous delight: "Cynthia!" he said. "Cynthia!" And he stretched out his arms to her.

She went and knelt down by the bed and felt the weak arms go round her like a child's, cling to her with the desperate urgency of a sick child for its mother.

"He thinks you're Cynthia Clive," Owen whispered. "How strange! I never saw it—you are very like our mother."

XLII

WITH the next morning, the hallucination had vanished, but its essential element remained. King looked on Valeria, clung to her, as if she had been a reincarnation of Cynthia Clive. His love for his mother had been the strongest influence in King's life; he had never been able to get away from the fascination, the obsession of her vivid personality. And now, in his weakness and extreme suffering, just when he needed her most, she had seemed to reappear to him as in a miracle. His devotion to Val, his childlike dependence on her, was touching; and her gentle response, her unwearied sympathy and readiness to meet even the most unreasonable of the invalid's demands touched Owen.

This, it seemed, might have been the outside influence which would bring Valeria and Owen to a better understanding. But though they were on friendlier terms than at any other time since their marriage, they were shy of each other. Owen rather stiffly and formally expressed his gratitude to his wife for her kindness to his brother—but nothing more than gratitude. While, for Val, it was impossible to reply that her wish to help his brother came only from her desire to comfort and help him. There was still a formidable reserve between them which both seemed powerless to break. This reserve, timidity, almost fear of each other, was expressed in their voices, in their formal manner, their brief conversations. They were companions now for part of each day, that had a mutual interest as long as they were in the hospital, but when they left it each went a separate way, to follow individual plans.

Owen had taken for them, at a hotel near the hospital, two suites of rooms which were connected by a narrow private hall, which was the only entrance to both apartments. Sometimes they met in this little passage, from which Owen's sitting room and bedroom opened on one side and Valeria's on the other. But usually they saw each other only at the hospital or in the almost empty public dining room of the old-fashioned hotel, which, with a kind of sad dignity, as of a departed greatness, looked out over the languishing dusty leaves, the melting asphalt of upper Central Park.

The city had that effect of being both desolately deserted and yet oppressively crowded which it can achieve in those smothering periods when heat presses down upon New York like a steaming blanket from the sea. Only in the early mornings was there any freshness, life or movement in the air. It lay at noon, all through the afternoon, the first still hours of evening, sometimes all night, a dead weight on the lungs. The shops, the theaters, were unbearable. There was nothing pleasant to do except stand under a cold shower. To drive through the parks or along the Hudson, even for many miles outside New York, was merely to breathe the choking fumes from other cars, linked one to the other, head to tail, like an unending torchlight procession. People slept on the grass in Bronx and Central parks. Their newspaper bedding, left behind the next morning, stirred shabbily, furtively, down the paths. The sulphurous breath that whipped up from Subway gratings was a reminder of the lowest circle of hell.

Early on the morning of King's operation, which was to take place at half-past nine, Valeria was dressed and waiting for Owen. She had had her coffee and toast in her own sitting room and had left the door open so that she might hear Owen come out of his rooms. She joined him in the hall at once, hatted and gloved, a light coat of dark blue silk over her arm, cool and fresh in her frock of blue-and-white crêpe de chine.

"Val, do you really want to go?" he asked very gently. "Don't you think you had better stay here and let me telephone you when it's all over?"

"No; King wants me. I promised."

"He asked you to come this morning?" Owen was surprised, a little shocked, at his brother's relentless egotism.

"Yes; if Doctor Meiller will let me I want to stay with King while they give him the anæsthetic."

"But that's impossible! No, Val, you shan't."

"Well, we'll see what Doctor Meiller says," she replied gently. "I promised King I would if the doctors would let me."

"But I can't understand his asking you!"

"Why not? If I can be any comfort to him ——"

"But it isn't necessary. It's absurd."

"Perhaps. But if King wants me —— After all, we can't expect him to be entirely reasonable now."

"All right. It's very good of you—you've been wonderful, Val. I don't know how to thank you."

(Continued on Page 141)

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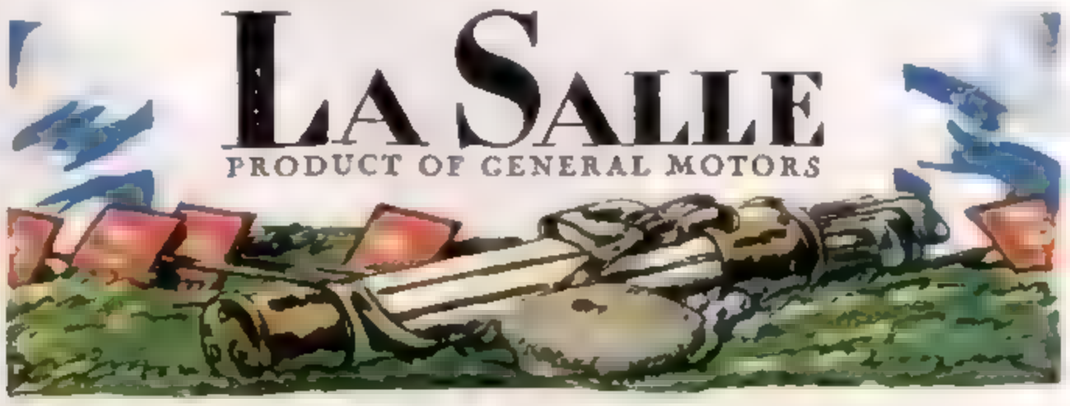

MAYZIE AND THE DIPLOMAT

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

WHEN he'd had ham omelet and creamed potatoes and a double order of waffles with honey and was on his second cup of coffee, he sort of eased up on the fork play and took a good look at me.

"You're kind of a cute little trick, too," says he.

"So they tell me," says I.

"I bet they do," says he. "Been here long?"

"Well, guess," says I. "They haven't put up any tablet yet, but this is my native town."

He finishes the coffee, pats himself satisfied along the equator and shakes his head. "Too bad," says he.

"I know," says I. "It is tough on the town."

"What I mean," he goes on, rubbing his fat fingers over a jaw that's been shaved as ruddy as a pickled beet, "is that you're too nice a girl to be cooped up in such a hick burg. Don't anybody ever escape from here?"

"I've heard of cases," says I. "There's Uncle Billy, the night clerk. He was away for years, but he came back. Wouldn't ever tell where he'd ——"

"But listen, cutums," he breaks in, "you ——"

"Make it Mayzie," says I, "and let's have the proposition. You're not Mr. Zukor of Hollywood, are you?"

"No, nor Mr. Simp of Simpkinsville," says he. "I'm just a big two-fisted he-man that knows a bright little girl when he sees one."

"And is willing to lead her where the lights are bright, too?" I asks.

"Now there's something we might get together on, Mayzie," says he. "Listen here! I'm from Boston and I gotta good friend that runs a ——"

"I know," says I. "Joe's Place, Eats; just off that wicked Tremont Street where assorted blondes warble 'Brown the bucks and draw one black! Slice th' ham with a plate o' beans on the side! An' let 'em come!' You'd speak a word for me to Joe, wouldn't you? And then maybe some night when you got in off the road you'd roll the little coupé in from West Roxbury and we'd stage a party that would get the watch and warders running in circles. No, no, fatty; little Mayzie Monahan stays right in South Adnock, New Hampshire, where her Uncle Dan is chief of police and can be called easy if overweight sheiks try to pull their stuff. . . . What? All through so soon? I see. Gotta book a few orders before the 11:15 leaves. Well, tell the boys in the smoker how you kidded Mayzie along and almost signed her up for a heavy date."

What a lovely cerise tint some of those chubby parties can work up in that neck roll at the back! Anyway, here was one who'd remember that some small-town waitresses know their groceries and that not all of 'em are tongue-tied.

So all the rest of the day I was on fairly good terms with myself, and maybe I was tossing the carroty bob a bit uppity when this glossy-haired youth with the midnight eyes strays in for a late dinner.

After one glimpse of the nifty lightweight suit and the fancy-bordered hanky peeping from the breast pocket, I beats the others to it and shoos him to my two-seater transient by the window. Also I throws in a few big-time frills as I does the set-up with a finger roll tucked in the napkin and a vase of flowers pinched off the manager's table.

"The hot chicken, or the jellied consommé, sir?" I coos over his shoulder.

"No soup," says he. "The roas' L. I. duckling and the veg-e-tables." And by the cautious way he handles the long words I can guess he's some kind of foreigner—Spanish, I should say. At that, he's about the best-looking thing I've ever had a close-up of; features all drawn to scale, an old-ivory complexion except for a little rosy flush under the eyes, and the build of a young toreador, if the movies show 'em right. Looks as neat and clean as if he'd just come from a Turkish bath.

"My gosh!" says Ella Butts, our Number 3 girl with jutty front teeth. "I've dreamed 'em like that, but I never knew they come true."

"Well, don't stand gawping at him like he'd dropped from a pink cloud," says I. "Probably he isn't as good as he looks."

"He couldn't be," says Ella, "but that wouldn't make any difference to me. Say, for a feller like that ——"

"You'd take a life job as doormat, would you?" says I. "Well, I wouldn't. Nor I wouldn't trust one with those kind of eyes, not while I was turning round. I bet he knows just how good-looking he is, from the feet up, and trades on it. He'll be expecting me to flutter around, too, but I wouldn't give him that satisfaction."

"Huh!" says Ella. "If you think you're so hard-boiled, let's see you give him a chance."

"Oh, very well," says I. "Watch me turn the cold eye on him."

So when I comes in with the next course I strikes my best Theda Bara glide and after I've given him his sliced peaches and demi-tasse, I poses opposite against a white pillar. Say, he might just as well have been eating in an automat for all the notice I get. Honest, he almost had me chewing my finger nails. And then, all of a sudden, he flashes me a look. It's some look, though; as cool and keen as if it was backed by a search warrant. Up and down he takes me in, and when he's through I knew I'd been inspected. At the finish he waggles one thumb for me to come closer, and I went.

"Well?" says I, and you could have scraped frost off the question mark.

"Excuse," says he. "You live here?"

"Born here," says I. "Don't I look it?"

"To me you look very nice," says he—"ver-ry nice indeed."

"How long you been color blind?" I asks.

"Excuse?" says he.

"Meaning," says I, "that you must have overlooked the cucumber-green eyes and the terra cotta hair."

"No," says he, "I have seen both. You have the sunset in your hair, and in your eyes the color of the sea where the deep places are."

Which had me catching my breath. "Are you reading that from a book?" says I.

"From here," says he, putting his hand over his left vest pocket.

"Such a heart!" says I. "Go on, tell me more."

"I must," says he. "It is because you are so—so full of life."

But That Evening! And the Next! Say, if I Could Tell It, I Wouldn't. And I Thought I'd Been Made Love to Before!

"Well, nobody ever accused me of being a dead one," says I. "But what's it all lead up to—more sliced peaches?"

He glances around the dining room, empty except for Ella, who's almost swooning against a service table, and shrugs his shoulders. "You will soon be through here yes?" says he.

"Ten minutes," says I. "What of it?"

"We could walk somewhere, could we not?" he asks.

"You might, but not with me," says I. "I've done my daily Marathon between here and the kitchen."

"If I got a motor, then?" he suggests

"Sounds more reasonable," says I. "But not for twosing with any such speed worker as you. I'll tell you, though; there's a dance out at Wildwood Park if you're any good as a hoofer."

"Ah!" says he, rolling the dark eyes. "To dance—with you!"

"That's the way to feel about it," says I. "Only most of these village sports that I waste my talent on don't seem to know. Maybe they would if —— Say, it's a go, mister. I'll be in front of the Congregational Church at the head of the square at 8:30. Ask Uncle Billy, at the desk, to ring up a car for you. Hey, what the ——"

But all he does with my hand is to kiss the back of it, which I call a dead loss.

It impresses Ella, though. "My gosh, Mayzie!" she gasps as I'm clearing up. "How do you get 'em coming strong so quick?"

"Not by gawping bug-eyed at 'em," says I. "Here! Lug that tray out while I change the cloth."

And ten minutes later I was up in my little top-story boudoir making a quick shift from the black uniform to the self-striped green georgette, adding a little beach tan to the make-up and retouching the eyebrows.

Not that I'd gone into reverse on this handsome stranger, but he had got me curious. Of course he didn't mean all he said, but it was the smoothest sheik stuff I'd ever listened to and I knew I could stand a lot of it. What the big idea was would come out later and then would be time enough to throw the switch on him.

He was waiting at the church, all right, with a car and chauffeur—one of Ed Preble's best station taxis. Now and then I thought I'd been out with gentlemen who had their manners with 'em; but say, I hadn't seen nothing. If I'd been Miss America that had just won the bathing-beauty contest, he couldn't have hopped out quicker or handed me in with more flourishes. And then I'm presented with a box of chocolates and a big bunch of sweet peas.

"Please accept," says he. "Sorry I could find no orchids."

"Now honest," says I, "would you guess I'd be one to pout after orchids?"

"I am honored," says he, "if you wear any flowers I bring."

"You win," says I, "and thank you kindly, Mr.—er ——"

"Jose," says he "José Caballos. And you are called ——"

"Mayzie Monahan," says I. "Now laugh that off."

"Ah-h-h! Mayzie!" says he, and you might think he was playing it on a flute.

"If you can step like you can talk, José," says I, "we're gonna give Wildwood Park a treat."

Believe it or not, he could, and as we swung around the pavilion I bet I handed Tess Connors and some of those other village vamps the shock of their young lives. I could see 'em stopping on the sidelines and staring after us. Then they tried edging in with a folksy nod, but I couldn't get 'em at all. Would they share a new sweetie with me? Not unless I crashed in with both elbows and a habeas corpus. We had three fox trots running, and Mr. Caballos said some of the nicest things to me. Even when he wasn't saying 'em he was looking 'em, and if I'd kept on gazing into those big dark eyes I know I'd have been dizzy. At just the right time, too, he suggests ice cream and we captures a little table in a corner of the veranda overlooking the lake. Then, gradually, I begin to get a slant on what it's all about.

"Miss Mayzie," says he, snuggling up confidential, "could—could I ask you something?"

"Wha-a-at?" I gasps. "Say, you've got a tornado looking like a slow freight. But I have my shock absorbers on. Shoot!"

And you can guess how flat I felt when, after reaching for an inside pocket, all he flashes is a picture. It's a faded photograph in a tricky case of purple morocco and shows a dashing young fellow all got up in a white uniform with plenty of gold braid on the coat and cap, the gold having been put on with a brush. He has a heavy, sweeping mustache and the chin of a nonstop aviator.

"Who's the old-time hero?" says I.

"You don't know him?" asks José.

"Why should I?" says I.

"But he is from here," says he—"from this place."

I shook my head. "If South Adnock ever turned out anything like that," says I, "it was before my time."

"But you can remember for fifteen years, can you not?" he insists.

"Let's see," says I, counting on my fingers as a stall "I must have been —— Why, I suppose I can. What was his name?"

"If I knew, it would be simple," says he. "In the republic he was known only as El Liberator."

"What republic?" I asks.

Mr. Caballos spreads both his slim white hands. "Excuse," says he, "but I am not permitted. Sometime perhaps—when we ——" And then he breaks off again.

And if there's anything I can get a kick out of it's a real sure-enough mystery. "Came from South Adnock, did he, and got to be called El Liberator?" says I. "What did he liberate—or can't you tell that either?"

"Oh, yes," says he, "he saved the country. There was a revolution, you see, and the insurgents had seized the navy—one small gunboat, to be sure. But they were about to shell the government palace when there arrived this countryman of yours in a big warship, and the revolutionists were so frightened that they all jumped into the harbor and swam away or drowned. So when he came ashore he was hailed as El Liberator and was made admiral of the navy."

"Pretty soft," says I. "Does he still hold the job?"

"After two years he disappeared," says José—"silently, by night, and no one knew where, nor why he had gone."

Continued on Page 46

Then the Reunion Began; But as it Was All in Spanish, I Could Only Guess at What They Were Saying

They bought two new Hupmobiles *instead of one*

The New Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life." Names and full particulars on request.

Man and Wife So Charmed They Decide Each Must Have Own Car

The new Hupmobile Six is greatly accelerating the two-car tendency in its own favor, if the action of this Harrisburg man and wife can be taken as an indication.

The husband went alone to the salesroom for a demonstration. He had not driven the car five minutes before he headed for home to have his wife see it.

Of course, the wife wanted to drive the new beauty, and she was at the wheel on the return to the salesroom.

There the couple decided at once that each must have a personal car, instead of the one they had intended to share. The wife chose a coupe and her husband bought a sedan.

Hardly a day passes that other incidents as unusual and astonishing as this are not reported from all over the country.

In Oklahoma, the seven members of a banker's family unanimously chose Hupmobile in secret ballot. A New York man offered $2500 cash to be permitted to drive away immediately the particular car he wanted. Whole groups of people in Nebraska, Utah, Texas and half a dozen other states have appraised the car at a figure hundreds higher than the actual price.

Small wonder that enthusiasm for the Six of the Century is growing greater all the time.

Newly-created beauty to charm the eye. Performance to satisfy, and more than satisfy, the most exacting and particular among the motor-wise.

But the greatest satisfaction of all comes with the knowledge that a car which looks and behaves as though priced from $2000 to $2500 can be bought for hundreds less.

Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1345 to $1625 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

NEW

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

(Continued from Page 44)

"And now they find they can't run the navy without him?" I asks.

It wasn't exactly that. Seems this was one of those republics where they have a new liberator every few years, and the one José was telling about had been forgotten for quite some time—that is, by everybody except a particular party—a woman, you might know.

"Perhaps you have heard of her," says José—"the Doña Mira." When I admits she's news to me he shrugs his shoulders and registers surprise. "But she was the most famous beauty in all Latin America," he protests.

"I quit school before we got to Latin," says I. "What about this charmer, though? Was she ever in the pictures?"

Another poor guess. Doña Mira was the wife of the president, and it was her palace which was about to be shot up when the hero from New Hampshire arrived with the United States Marines, or something like that. Also her hubby had run out on her when things looked worst, having dashed for the hills with another lady who wasn't his wife at all, and it was nearly a week before they could find him and bring him back. So Doña Mira was not only mighty sore on the president but she was very grateful to the Americano, and one of the things hubby had to do to square himself was to make the young stranger admiral of the navy. I gather he was more than that, and from then on was pretty much at home in the palace. To put it plain, him and Doña Mira had quite a crush on each other.

"Kind of a gay old girl, eh?" I suggests.

"Doña Mira Carranza is my aunt."

"Sorry," says I. "No asparagus meant."

José says it's perfectly all right. She was a charmer plus, and this was only one incident in her long and hectic career. It was no secret that she wasn't a fascinator just for the fun of the game. She liked men well enough, but better she liked to run the republic. So when the next set of revolutionists had more luck and she found herself a widow, she promptly puts the spell on the new president and becomes first lady of the land again. Twice she worked that. But her third try was a flop. She'd begun to fade a bit, I expect. Then, when she couldn't throw the net over the new president, she vamped a general and made the mistake of trying to start a war on a shoestring. It wasn't a go. Her general got stood against a wall and she was chased out of the country. She must have figured on something like this, though, for she had a lot of cash planted in banks in Havana and that was where she went to.

"Now the tourists," says José, "they point out her home, the Villa Mira, on the *malecón*. It is lovely. Also she has many friends about her. But there is no understanding the heart of a woman. She still longs for El Liberator, the strong, silent young man whose name she never knew, but who used to read in the palace a newspaper which came to him from South Adnock, New Hampshire. It is to find him I came here."

"What a blow!" says I. "And I thought all the while you were on a still hunt for a sweetie with carroty hair and green eyes!"

"That I have found you, Mayzie, is just my good luck," says he.

"Pretty, pretty, whether it's true or not," says I

"And you will help me, will you?" he asks. "Look again at the picture."

I did. "No, I can't place him," says I. "Never heard of anyone from here being in the Navy, either. She gave you no other description?"

"Just this," says José: "On his right forearm was tattooed in blue and red a likeness of the Doña Mira."

"Wha-a-at?" says I. "With sort of a lace shawl over her head and a fan hiding part of her face?"

"That is as she told me," says he. "Then you have seen ——"

"Why, that's the way Uncle Billy Pratt, the night clerk, has one of his arms decorated," says I. "But he couldn't be the one. No, no! Uncle Billy was never any liberator. Hardly! Why, he's about the most peaceable, gentle old stick-in-the-mud I know of. A double-twisted bach and as skirt-shy as they make 'em."

"But if he has her picture on his arm!" insists José.

"He might have her autograph and I couldn't believe it was him," says I. "Uncle Billy capture a gunboat and then have an affair with a frisky Spanish lady? I can't feature it. Why, say, one of the reasons he left town when he was a youngster was because a girl cashier in the grocery store where he worked got kind of soft on him, and a feller who had been running around with her some got wild about it and threatened to beat Billy up. Billy's older brother found him hiding in the cellar, yanked him out by the collar and told him he had to fight or get laughed out of South Adnock. That's when Billy did his disappearing act. He was gone ten or twelve years and they still kid him about it."

"Where did he go when he went away?" demands José.

"That," says I, "is something nobody ever found out. He isn't much of a chatterer, Billy Pratt, except with kids. Likes youngsters, tells 'em stories, gives 'em candy. That's why he's called Uncle Billy."

"Is—is he friendly with you?" asks José.

"Oh, we get along fine," says I. "You see, he had this night-clerk job at Adnock Inn when I first went there as waitress. Besides, he boarded for a while with my folks when I was a little girl. But he never told me the story of his life."

"Perhaps he would," says José, "if you asked about the picture on his arm."

"I'd feel silly hinting he'd had any such romance as that," says I.

"But you will do it for me—for José?" says he sugary in my ear as he slips an arm around my waist.

"We-e-ell," says I, "I'd have to think it over. I don't know much about you, Mr. Caballos. Are you a detective, or what?"

He laughs easy and soothing. He says he's a secretary in the office of the republic's foreign minister at Washington—kind of a diplomat. But this has nothing to do with his work. This is for his aunt, the Doña Mira.

"And soon you shall know me much, much better, my Mayzie of the sea-green eyes and the sunset hair," says he. "As for asking Uncle Billy, you shall do as you please, but if you do not dance again with me I shall be very, very sad."

"Cheer up then," says I, "for stepping with you is the easiest thing I do. There's that Valencia tune. How about it?"

We stepped some more, and when you've got a partner that might have been picked right off the silver screen you don't care who's looking on. Just to be gazed down at the way José could do it would give any girl a thrill, and on the drive home I didn't care if he did do some fancy cuddling up. Even at that, he's always the gentleman. And does he get flip and personal when I serve him a late breakfast next morning? He does not. Except for swapping a knowing look or so, you wouldn't ever know we'd met. But that evening! And the next! Say, if I could tell it, I wouldn't. And I thought I'd been made love to before! No cave-man stuff, understand. Nice and gentee., like the ritzy cusses do it in parlor comedies. Anynow, nobody ever kissed me back of the ear before, or wanted to sit with his head in my lap looking up at the stars. All we needed was an orchestra playing that Barcarole piece from the Tales of Hoffman and a few Cupids shooting darts.

I was willing to tell the world that José was a nice boy, a real nice boy. Not that I did. I'm no Tillie the Teaser. But for a while there I was Juliet on the balcony. And it was one afternoon while I was in that state of mind that I ran across Uncle Billy Pratt parked in a shady corner of the back service porch trying to keep cool. He has his shirt collar open and his sleeves rolled up. The work of art on his forearm is in plain view and it reminded me of what José had asked me to do. Foolish, of course, but wasn't it up to me to prove that he was on the wrong trail! I skipped up to my room and got the picture José had asked me to take for a while. When I came back Uncle Billy was lighting his pipe.

"Kind of torrid today, eh?" says I.

"It's hot," says Uncle Billy.

"Must make you think of old times down in the tropics?" says I.

He tamps his pipe with his finger and stares straight ahead for a minute or so. Then he says slow, "What gave you the idea I was ever in the tropics?"

"Oh, I had a hunch," says I. "You knocked around somewhere for ten or a dozen years, didn't you?"

"Eleven," says he.

"Doing what, Uncle Billy?" I asks.

"Little of everything," says he.

"Ever try being an admiral?" says I.

He nearly drops the pipe, but recovers it and turns to give me a startled look. "What do you mean by that, Mayzie?"

"I was just judging by the uniform you wore when you had this taken," says I, producing the photo. "Some sheik you must have been then, Uncle Billy, with that mustache and all. Changed quite a bit, haven't you—got heavier. But I can see the likeness."

He reaches out for the case, stares at the picture, rubs his eyes with the back of his hand, acts sort of dazed. "Where—where did you get this?" he demands husky.

"Friend of mine," says I. "He told me about the charming Doña Mira, too."

"Doña Mira! Doña Mira!" he whispers, almost as though he was praying.

"Why, Uncle Billy, you old sinner!" I gasps. "Then—then you have had your little fling, haven't you?"

Being caught off his guard that way, he couldn't deny it, and inside of five minutes I was worming out of him the whole story. He didn't go into all the details of what he'd done after he ran away from town. He'd worked here and there, in stores and factories, always moving on, farther from South Adnock. Finally he drifted into Charleston, South Carolina, and was near starved when the captain of a tramp steamer picked him up off the piers and gave him a job as steward. The next he knew he was out at sea headed south.

"She was a rusty old tub," says Uncle Billy, "with mostly Swedes on board. It was nearly a week before I found out that we were bound for some port in Central America with a cargo of machinery and iron sewer pipe. In the Caribbean we ran into a storm, a snorter. Some of the stern plates were sprung and she began to leak. Everybody who wasn't on the pumps had to help shift cargo. I rolled eighteen-inch sewer pipes until my arms like to drop off. We hoisted 'em on deck with the steam derrick and stowed 'em forward. Some stuck out over the rail and made us look weird. But that stopped the worst of the leak and we limped for the nearest port. Made it one moonlight night.

"But as we were steaming into the harbor we met some Americans in a yacht who told us to keep out, as there was a revolution going on. The Swede captain had to take a chance though. We pushed in. And sure enough, there was a gunboat getting ready to shell the town. He was scared, that Swede. All of us were. But what could we do? He nosed the old tub in and dropped anchor. He said somebody had to row over to the gunboat and tell 'em what a fix we was in and beg 'em not to shoot our way.

"You never saw such a panicky lot of Swedes. They all sneaked below. Then the captain said I'd have to go. I said I would if he'd fix me up so I'd look like some kind of an officer. He let me have his shore-going cap and a blue coat with brass buttons on it. I didn't like the job much, but I got into the yawl and rowed over. When I got to the gunboat there wasn't a soul on board. They'd taken to the boats and beat it. Some was even swimming for shore. I could hear 'em splashing. I didn't understand what it was all about until I looked back at our old steamer. Say, with those sewer pipes bristling over her bows she looked just like a big warship. 'Course, the moonlight helped. And we'd scared the tar out of those revolutionists.

"Well, I'd been sent to tell somebody about the mess we was in and to ask if there was a dry dock, so I rowed in to the nearest wharf and walked up to a big white house on a hill. It was the president's house and they were waiting to be bombarded. When I called out to 'em that the revolution was over someone who spoke English came out and —— Well, they made a big fuss over me."

"I know," says I. "Called you El Liberator."

"Yes," says Uncle Billy, hanging his head. "There was a lady ——" And there he stops.

"Doña Mira," says I. "A lovely Spanish lady. And you were made admiral of the navy and had her picture tattooed on your arm. I've heard all that. But not why you quit so sudden. Why, Uncle Billy?"

"Too much shooting," says he. "Every few days they'd bring in a new lot of insurgents, march 'em out and shoot 'em. Didn't do any good, for others bobbed up. And there was so much plotting going on. Everybody had a plot up his sleeve. Them that didn't have some kind of an office wanted one, and them that had wanted something better. Doña Mira was in the thick of it, blocking a scheme here, laying a trap there. Had me at it until it got on my nerves. I never was much of a fighter—not for shooting in cold blood, anyhow—but among those people it was a case of shoot or get shot, and when I found there was half a dozen or more men who was only waiting for a fair chance to plug me —— Well, I watched my chance and one night I slipped aboard a banana steamer and worked my way to New Orleans."

"Without any fond farewells to the fair lady, eh?" says I.

"She wasn't my fair lady—not by rights," says he. "But leaving her that way didn't come easy. It—it was the toughest thing I ever had to do. Doña Mira. In all the years since I've never forgot her. I never will. I wonder where she is now."

"What if I might have some news of her for you before long, Uncle Billy?" says I.

And the oddest look comes into those mild blue eyes of his. Then he shakes his head.

"No," says he, "that's all over and done with. I never was any real hero, nor any liberator. I had that wished on me. I'm night clerk at the inn. That isn't much, but I guess it fits me."

He lights his pipe again, cocks his heels up on the rail and goes to reading the sporting page of his Boston morning paper. Say, you never can tell by their looks, can you? To think that this middle-aged, meek-appearing, mild-spoken old boy should have been through all that!

Now I had something to tell José. Likely I'd find him loafing around the front office smoking cigarettes and looking elegant. I did. From the hallway I signaled him to follow me and made him climb three flights of stairs. Perched above the slate roof of the old inn is a square cupola effect that hardly anybody ever goes to. That's where José started going sheiky again.

"Wait," says I. "Business first. I've found out about Uncle Billy Pratt. He's the one, so you can write your aunt."

"Good girl, Mayzie!" says he. "I was almost sure of him though. I took a chance day before yesterday and wired her in Washington. She'll be here at 5:15."

"Wha-a-at?" says I. "The Doña Mira? Here? What for?"

He hunches those fine shoulders of his. "That which the Doña Mira wants," says he, "she usually gets. As I have said, she longs to see once more her El Liberator."

"Huh!" says I. "She's got a shock coming to her then."

(Continued on Page 48)

GENERAL MOTORS

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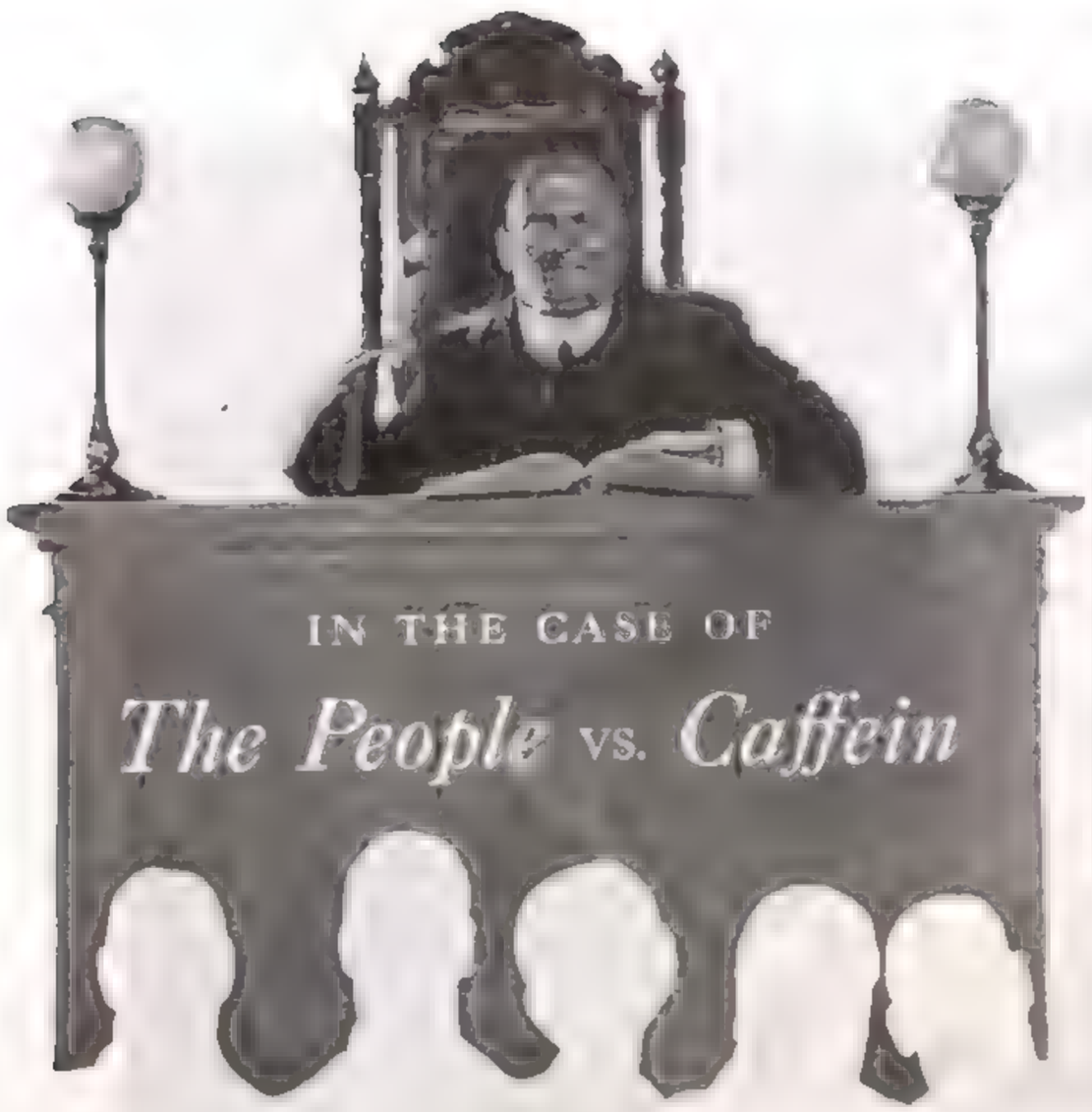

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"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

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(Continued from Page 46)

"Yes," agrees José. "But he—he might be prepared."

"Slicked up a bit?" says I. "Say, that's an idea! We've got about two hours, haven't we?"

"Not we," corrects José, cool and casual. "I was told only to find him. That I have done. If you don't mind, I have some letters to write."

"Then run along and write 'em, José dear," says I. "As for me, I mean to get busy with Uncle Billy."

It was some job I'd let myself in for. Why should he shave and get a haircut? Why dress up before it was time for him to go on the desk?

"Ah, don't be mulish, Uncle Billy!" I protests. "I just want to see if you can't spruce up to look something as you did in that picture. I bet you can too. Say, haven't you some kind of uniform you could wear?"

"Nothing but that old white one I had down there," says he.

"You—you don't mean the very one?" I gasps.

"I guess it's still in the bottom of my trunk," says he, "and I guess it better stay there."

"You got one more guess, Uncle Billy," says I.

I'm some coaxer, too, but I was almost hoarse before he'd promised. You see, the more I thought about this thing the more excited I got over it. Struck me as a whale of a romance, this 1912-model Spanish fascinator getting a sudden whim that she'd like to look up the Americano she was once so sweet on. True, she'd probably be in the late forties, and they do say Spanish women take on weight after thirty, but she'd be got up elaborate as a stylish stout and maybe she'd have had her face lifted and all that.

And was I gonna let her see a slouchy-dressed, ragged-haired party that she'd stare at sneery? Not if I could kid Uncle Billy into dolling up for the occasion.

He grumbles a lot and says he don't see the sense of it all, but I kept right on with the jolly, shooed him into the barber shop, waited for him to come out and almost pushed him into his room. And at 5:10, when he tiptoes cautious down into the back lobby to give me a private view, I knew it had been worth while. 'Course, he was straining some of the seams of the white duck, and the gold braid and brass buttons had tarnished a little, but for a second I hardly knew him.

"Honest, Uncle Billy," says I, "you're a knock-out. I don't know as I blame the lady either. Turn around so I can get the rear elevation. Great! Say, I wish my friend, Mr. Caballos, could see you once. He ought to be in any minute now. There! Somebody just blew into the front office. Yes, it's José. Hey, José! Step in here, will you?—and bring your aunt."

So, before Uncle Billy could duck or get any hint as to what was going on, in they streamed. And who was it said all Spanish ladies were fatties? Not this one anyhow. She's no skinny, I'll admit, but what curves she has are well placed, she's tall and straight; and if her hair is nearly white, her cheeks are as pink as a baby's. And what eyes! Like José's, only more so.

From gawping at her I turned to Uncle Billy. He's been classed in South Adnock for years as an old fogy, a has-been, a never-waser. Well, those that have listed him that way should have seen him then, watched the mild blue eyes light up, the saggy shoulders straighten.

"Doña Mira!" says he.

"El Liberator!" says she.

Then the reunion began; but as it was all in Spanish, I could only guess at what they were saying. I gathered that they were mighty glad to meet again. The next I knew they went parading off hand in hand to the front parlor and I was out of the picture.

I figured I'd meet José that evening and get a full report on what happened. But José didn't show up for dinner. Also the Doña Mira had hers served in her upstairs suite, and Ella Butts, who took up the trays, says Uncle Billy was dining with her.

"And you should have seen him, Mayzie," says she. "All in white and gold braid. He looked swell."

"You don't mean it!" says I. "Was Mr. Caballos with 'em too?"

"No," says Ella. "It was a twosome, and kind of a mushy one, if you ask me."

As I was closing the dining-room doors I saw Father Curley going upstairs. It wasn't until morning that I heard there'd been a wedding at the Catholic Church

"Z-z-z!" says I. "She's a quick worker too. Must run in the blood."

About 9:30 I was sent for. The Spanish lady in Suite A wants to see me. Her English is fractured in queer places, but she managed to make me understand, all right. I was a dear, dear girl. I had found for her El Liberator and she was very, very happy. Some day I must come to visit them at Villa Mira, in Havana. And would I accept this little trinket as a souvenir? Trinket! That's a real ruby in the middle and the ones around the edge are genuine diamonds. I'll say she was grateful!

So, just before I left, I asked about José.

"Oh, yes!" says she. "José—but he has gone."

"Gone!" says I. I couldn't help it, nor the look on my face.

She's a wise old girl, Doña Mira. She don't miss any tricks, and I expect she knows her nephews.

"So?" says she. "He is a scamp, that José; too good to look at. If he meets a señorita for a moment he tells her —— But you know? I suppose he does make the love so beautiful?"

"You've said something," says I, gulpy. "He does."

"But it is what he cannot help," she goes on. "And then, you see, he is a diplomat."

"Oh!" says I. "I knew he was something."

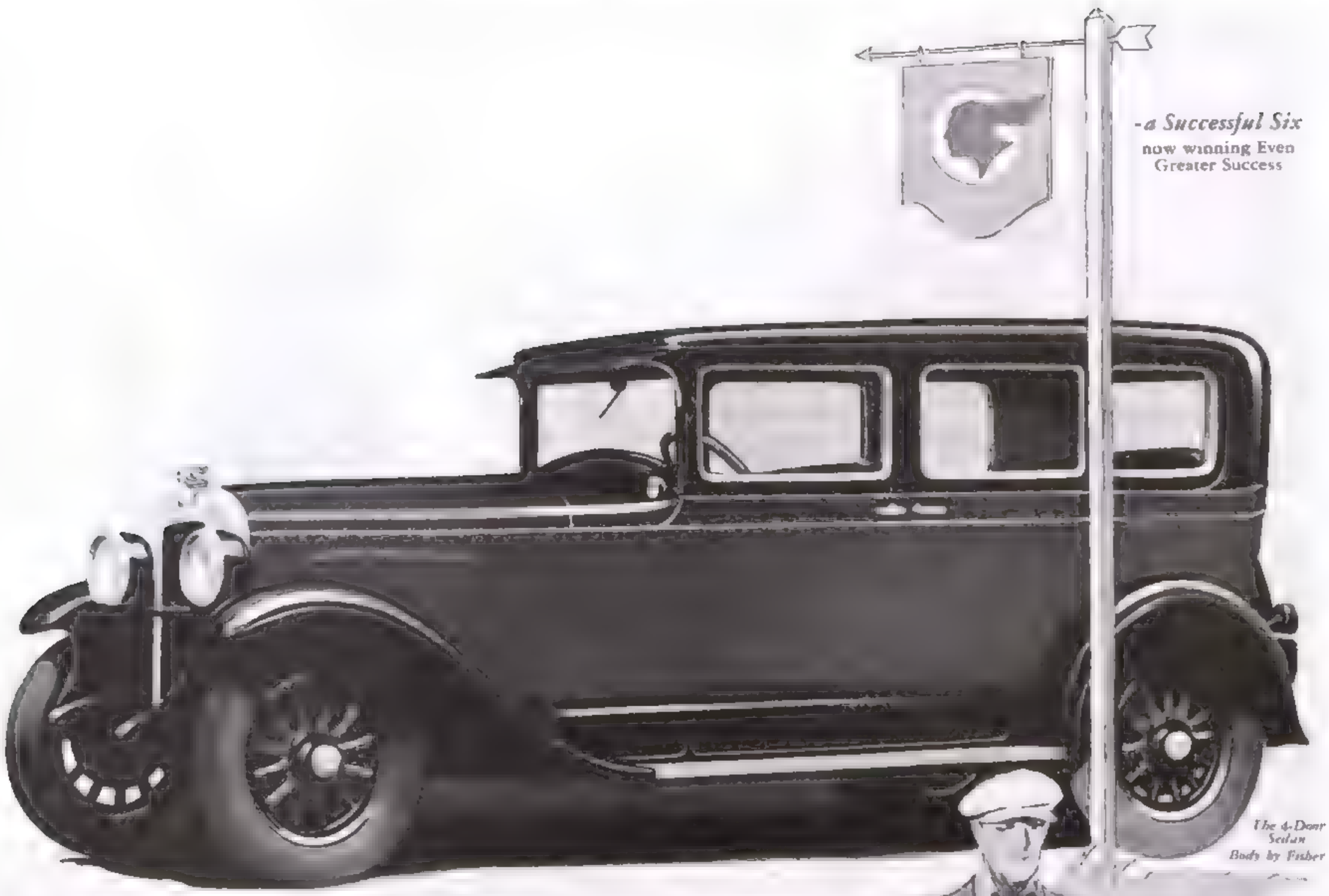
After that I got away to my room and locked the door. For the first half hour I sobbed into the pillow. Then I laughed—at myself, at José, at all the sheiks in the world. By noon I'd snapped out of it. I was Mayzie Monahan once more—the Mayzie they think is hard-boiled.

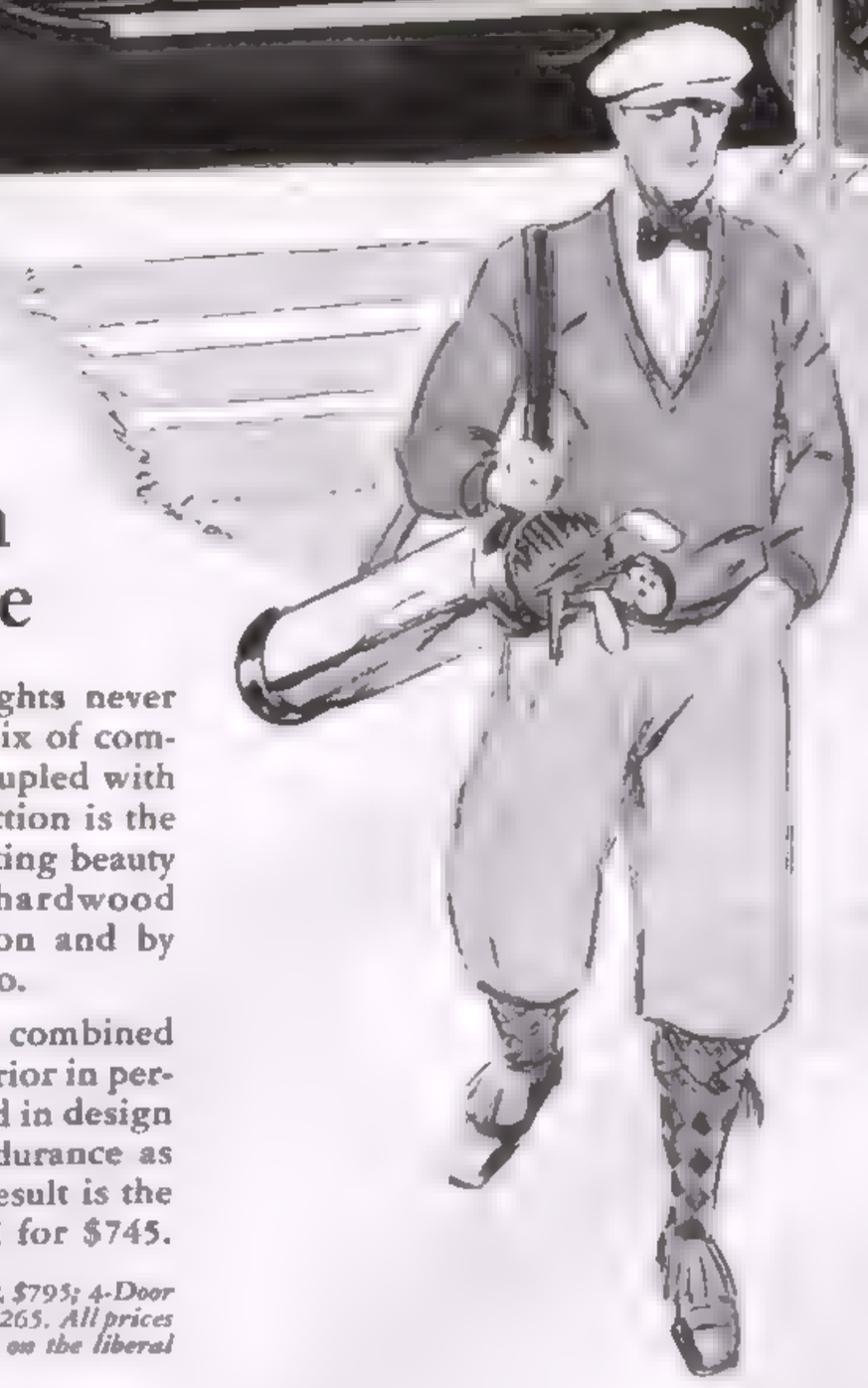
"Imagine!" says Ella Butts. "Uncle Billy Pratt married and gone to live in Havana! How'd you like to go live in Havana, Mayzie?"

"If I ever make a move," says I, "it'll be to Washington."

"So you could see the President every day?" asks Ella.

"No," says I, "so I'd be handy if any real swell young sheiks went diplomatic."





The Exclusive Distinction

of Fisher Bodies found on no other Six so low in price

Of all the reasons for the sensational success of the New Series Pontiac Six, none is more important than—*bodies by Fisher.*

Not only is the Pontiac Six the lowest priced six offering bodies by Fisher, but on the bodies themselves has been lavished all the creative skill for which the Fisher Body Corporation is renowned. In their graceful proportions, vivid style, generous roominess and masterly execution of details, Pontiac-Fisher bodies represent heights never before attained in a six of comparable cost. And coupled with their exclusive distinction is the safety, silence and lasting beauty assured by durable hardwood and metal construction and by finish in genuine Duco.

When such bodies are combined with a chassis so superior in performance, so advanced in design and so famed for endurance as the Pontiac Six, the result is the finest six ever offered for $745.

2-Door Sedan, $745; Coupe, $745; Sport Roadster, $745; Phaeton, $775; Cabriolet, $795; 4-Door Sedan, $825; Sport Landau Sedan, $875. Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich., General Motors Products of Can., Ltd., Pontiac Div.—Oshawa, Ont.

PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF *new series* GENERAL MOTORS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Going Value

IN THE fiscal make-up of a public-utility company, so William H. Blood, Jr., explained to me, there is no such thing as goodwill. The courts have ruled that, instead, a public-utility may include in its balance sheet an item known as "going value."

Going value is an intangible asset, made up of many elements, and usually it is the product of years of development. Briefly, it may be described as a composite of expenditures, many of them dictated by circumstances beyond the management's control and contributing nothing tangible to income.

How They Get On in Some Professions

Suppose, for example, that a traction company is obliged, by the terms of an ordinance, to change some of its grades. The expense becomes a part of going value. The eight-pound directory of a metropolitan telephone company is worth, as paper, something less than a dime. But the labor that has gone into that directory—the listing of names, the checking and cross checking, the typesetting, the proofreading, the binding, the distributing of copies—mounts high into money. The expense becomes a part of the telephone company's going value.

I suggested to Mr. Blood that perhaps there might be a parallel between the going value of a public-utility company and the going value of an individual.

"Yes," he said, "there is. A man spends his entire active life acquiring capability. Through schooling, through experience, through observation, through reasoning he keeps adding to his mental equipment. He keeps increasing his ability to do more work and do it better. And the total of what he acquires in this way and that—often in ways that don't seem, at the time, to be advancing him materially—is his going value."

People Who Hate to Learn

TO WILLIAM HENRY BLOOD, the philosophy and the nomenclature of public-utility work are most familiar. For thirty years he has been a member of the organization of Stone & Webster, builders, managers and financiers of public-utility companies. He is an engineer—the outside specialist of his concern—and one of its vice presidents. He travels some 30,000 miles a year, scrutinizing public-utility companies, appraising them, advising them. For several years he conducted classes in public-utility management at the Harvard School of Business Administration. He has dealt with many men, young and old.

"Quite often," Mr. Blood went on, "a man's attitude is wrong. I recall something that happened when I was in business for myself, running a factory. I wanted an armature wound in a certain way, and I stood watching the young man who was winding it.

"'No,' I said to him, 'not that way. Do it thus and so.'

"He turned to me and said, 'Perhaps you can do this better than I can.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I think I can. Here, let me take it.'

"I wound that armature—wound it the way it ought to be wound. Then I said to the workman:

"'Do you understand it now? Are you sure that you could do it yourself? Well, then, perhaps you can do it in some other plant. With your temperament and disposition, you'd fit in better somewhere else. The cashier will give you your money.'

"You see, I had taught him something useful, but he really hadn't wanted to learn at all. To me he had been not only impertinent and insubordinate but downright resentful.

"I recall another and a later instance—this one, too, of a man who was satisfied with himself as was. As a field specialist for Stone & Webster, I went to a certain town to investigate an ailing telephone company. I arrived in the town fairly early in the morning, ate breakfast, then hunted up the telephone company's office. A clerk there told me the manager would be in presently. I sat down and waited, and I waited until ten o'clock. Then the manager came in. Obviously he wasn't in good humor.

"He said, 'I just dropped in for a minute on my way to breakfast. Is there anything that I can do for you before I go?'

"I explained my mission and showed him my credentials. He glanced at them and said: 'Well, these look all right to me. But what do you know about the telephone business?'

"Right there I had him catalogued. I said to him: 'It doesn't make any difference what I know. The point is that I'm here. I'm backed with authority. You can cooperate with me if you want to. But if you don't want to, I'll go ahead anyway.'

"After that we got along fairly well. But what he didn't realize was that the first contact with him, there in his office, pointed out to me two directions in which I should find something wrong. That manager's own habits of work and his attitude toward others would be reflected in slackness and looseness in supervision everywhere, and the company's attitude toward its public would be one of self-satisfied arrogance. Did I find those conditions? I did. As to what became of the manager, I don't know. He isn't on that job any more.

"Another instance: Under me at one time was a young man, not long out of technical school, a promising youngster with a great deal of latent ability. However, as I watched his progress I saw that he wasn't heading in the right direction. Finally I called him to my office with the idea of talking to him as gently and as tactfully as I could. But straightway he blazed up—fairly defied me. Then I addressed him bluntly and told him in plain, hard words just wherein he was failing. When I finished he stood with fists clenched a moment, and then fairly shouted at me:

"'Very well, I'm through! I'm quitting.'

"And with that he turned, stormed out of my office and slammed the door behind him. I was immensely sorry. Long into the night I thought about him. The next morning, early, he appeared at my office and asked permission to talk to me.

"'First,' he said, 'I want to apologize to you. And, second, I want to tell you that what you did to me last night was the best thing that ever has happened to me. And now, if you want to fire me—well, go ahead.'

"Did I fire him? Heavens, no! Not a man with that kind of stuff in him.

"The basis upon which every man builds his life work is knowledge—knowledge of facts and conditions and methods. The mechanic in the garage or the railroad president in his office—each must know his business. And everything that each of them knows has come to him through his senses—principally his sight. Yet you'd be surprised at how many men suffer from a sort of mental astigmatism. They don't see straight. They don't see facts as they are. And then, of course, because their premises are askew their conclusions are distorted.

"For the technical man, the ability to see straight is downright essential. When I was lecturing at Harvard, addressing young men in the graduate school—young men who aspired to be executives of public-utility companies—I used to try a simple but highly significant experiment.

"I prepared a sort of display board and on it I fastened some twenty miscellaneous objects—just common, ordinary things—a whisk broom, a pen, a key, a blotter, and so on. All the objects were covered by a black curtain."

What the Trained Mind Sees

"BEFORE the class period began I'd hang my curtained board on the front wall of the classroom. Then, to prepare the students' minds somewhat for what was to come, I'd talk to them for a while on the importance of accurate observation. Finally I'd pull the curtain aside, revealing the twenty objects, and say:

"'I want each of you to look at these things for a few minutes. Then I'll cover them again, and each of you will write down, from memory, what you've seen.'

"The average on those tests was about 60 per cent, which, when you consider that I was testing trained minds, was pretty low. But the experiment brought to light certain interesting facts. For instance, in nearly every test someone would include in his list something that wasn't on the board at all. Imagination, or plain faking? I don't know which it was.

"On the board, however, was one object that almost never was overlooked. It was a pipe—a dark brier—and it hung inconspicuously against a dark background. Despite its comparatively low visibility, however, nearly everyone saw and remembered that pipe. But on the board was another object, prominently placed in the exact center and contrasting with the background sharply, for the object's color was light green. That object nearly everybody missed. Of all the twenty things on the board, it ranked the lowest in attention. It was a dollar bill!

"There, perhaps, is a line of research for the psychologists. Or maybe it's the theme for a sermon. Why did most of those men see the pipe and why did most of them miss the dollar? The one, perhaps, is a symbol of pleasure and indulgence; the other the symbol of serious effort and thrift.

"Are young men deteriorating in moral fiber? I don't think so. Is the present generation wiser, but weaker?

Continued on Page 206

COMPLETELY ENCLOSED
TOP DOWN - SIDE GLASSES UP
COMPLETELY OPEN
The Phaeton Sedan
New body style heretofore obtainable only on special order from custom coach builders
Model 88 Phaeton Sedan $1895
Model 115 Phaeton Sedan $2395

Auburn has risen rapidly to its present eminence by depending entirely upon the proven superiority of the car itself. The increasing thousands of Auburn owners means infinitely more however, than a remarkable success. It means we must build even better cars and give even greater value because the public has a right to expect MORE from Auburn than from others. Evidence of our determination to keep faith is all BUILT into the new Auburn; including, 115 Horsepower Straight Eight, Bohnalite Steel Strut Pistons, Lynite Connecting Rods, Double Armor Plate Frame, Bijur Chassis Lubrication System, Hydraulic Four Wheel Brakes, Dual Manifold, Dual Carburetion, Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, and All-Steel Running Boards.

STRAIGHT EIGHT

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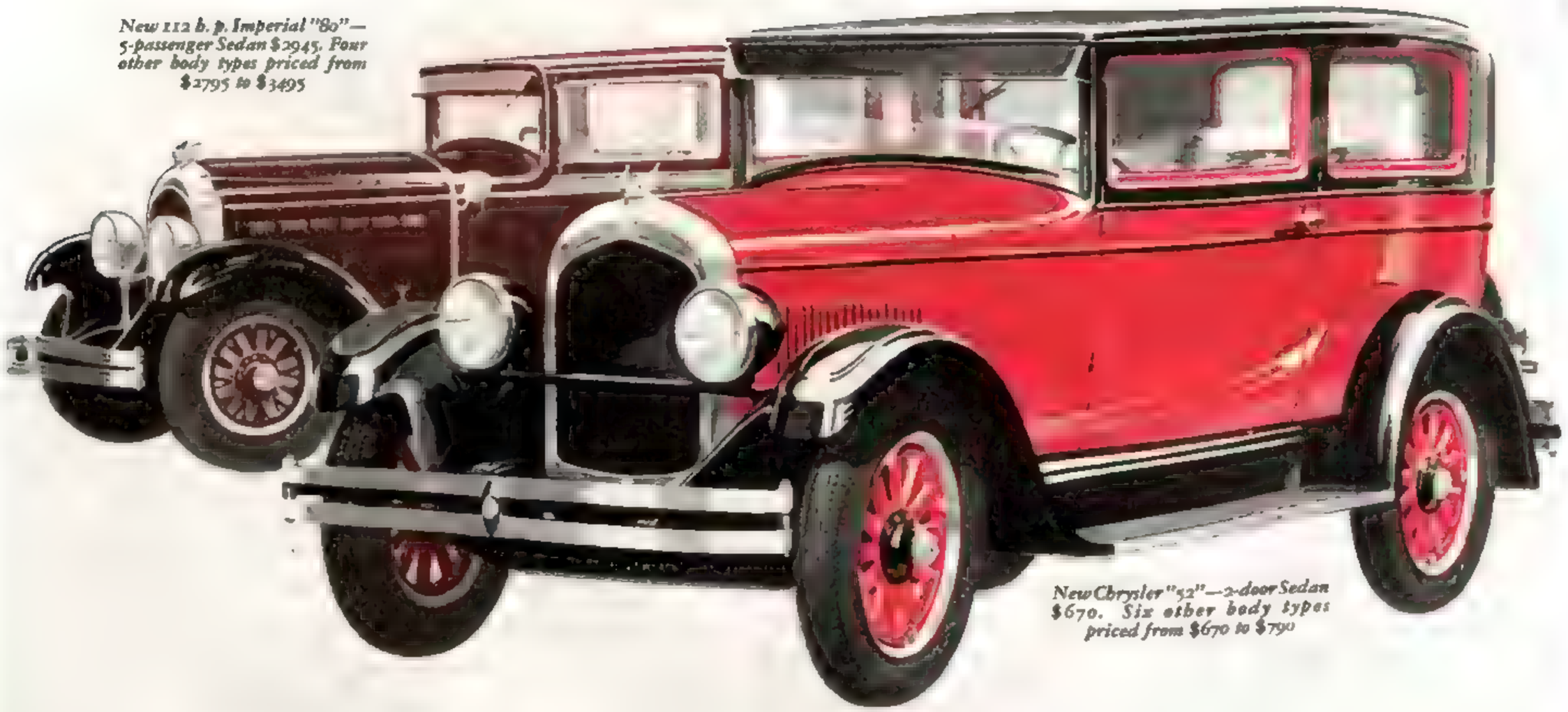
6-66 Roadster $995; 6-66 Sport Sedan $1095; 6-66 Sedan $1145; 6-66 Cabriolet $1145; 76 Sedan $1395; 76 Sport Sedan $1295; 76 Cabriolet $1395; 76 Roadster $1195; 8-77 Roadster $1245; 8-77 Sport Sedan $1295; 8-77 Sedan $1395; 8-77 Cabriolet $1395; 88 Sedan $1695; 88 Sport Sedan $1595; 88 Cabriolet $1695; 88 Roadster $1495; 88 Speedster $1695; 88 Phaeton Sedan $1895; 115 Sedan $2195; 115 Sport Sedan $2095; 115 Cabriolet $2195; 115 Roadster $1995; 115 Speedster $2195; 115 Phaeton Sedan $2395. Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

What CHRYSLER always has offered most in value as well as in quality, style and performance—but never so much as it does today at the sensational new lower prices ranging from $670 upwards.



New 112 h. p. Imperial "80"—5-passenger Sedan $2945. Four other body types priced from $2795 to $3495

New Chrysler "52"—2-door Sedan $670. Six other body types priced from $670 to $790

The greater values of the "52," "62," "72" and 112 h. p. Imperial "80" are based on the outstanding Chrysler quality, performance and long life of engine, chassis and body—which have always been the real greatness of Chrysler.

Chrysler Standardized Quality has pioneered and developed scores and scores of improvements and betterments for Chrysler cars of higher price and has passed them on to its cars

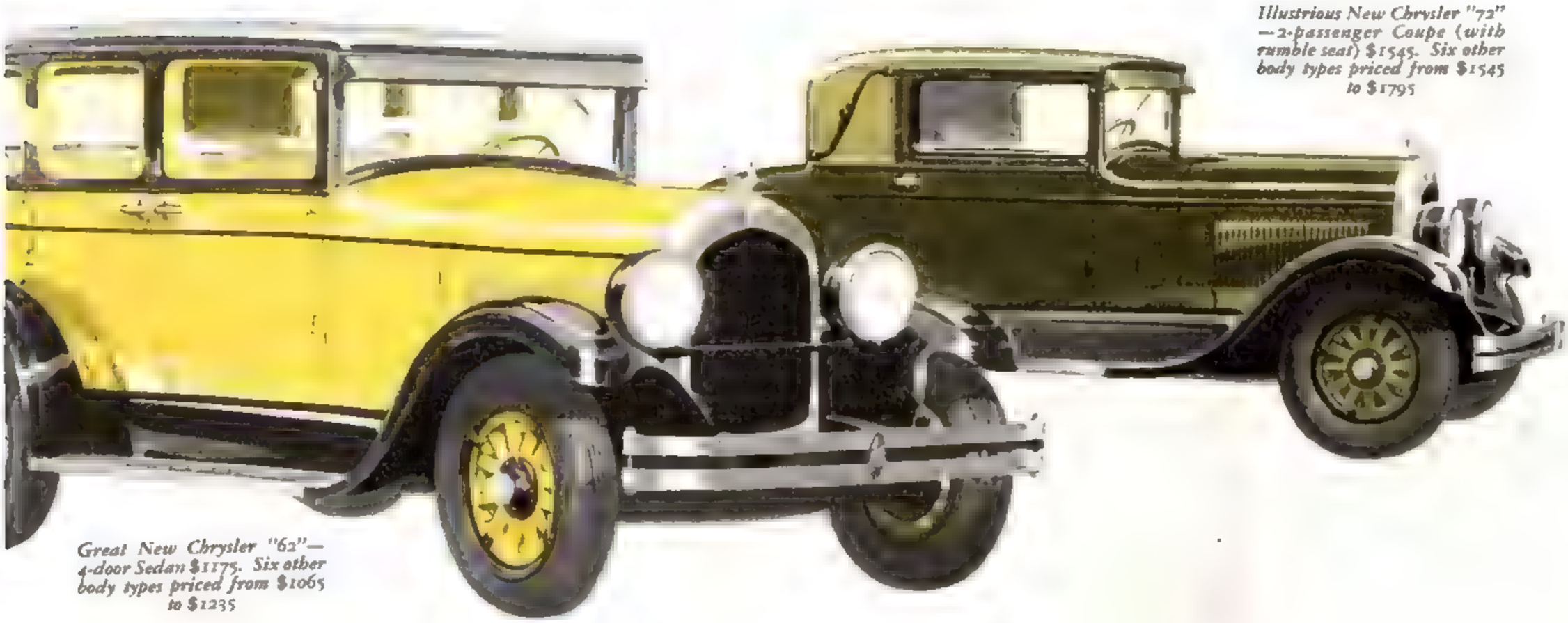
FOUR GREAT CARS IN

"52" – "62" – "72" – 112 H.P.

Priced from $670 to $3495

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Price SLER?



Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—2-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat) $1545. Six other body types priced from $1545 to $1795

Great New Chrysler "62"—4-door Sedan $1175. Six other body types priced from $1065 to $1235

of lower price for the whole industry to emulate.

Through Chrysler, therefore, prices and values have taken on a new meaning. Chrysler today, as always, provides the public greater measures of performance, quality and value than any other. That is the great reason why the public has advanced Chrysler from 27th to 3rd place in sales in 42 months' time. Demonstration, which any Chrysler dealer is eager to afford you, is conclusive proof of Chrysler superiority.

FOUR GREAT PRICE CLASSES

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

NEW CHRYSLER "Red-Head" ENGINE—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving 12% greater torque with greater speed, power, hill-climbing ability and fuel economy; standard equipment on all body models of the 112 h. p. Imperial "80," also standard on the roadsters, and available at slight extra cost for other body types of the "62" and "72."*

Makes the Finish Last Longer

The sooner a car is Simonized the better. The reason is evident for SIMONIZ provides a beautiful hard dry surface that every car needs—and the Simonized surface stands the wear and tear instead of the finish. As the result of this remarkable SIMONIZ protection, the finish is made more beautiful, lasts longer and the colors don't fade—distinctive advantages enjoyed only by users of SIMONIZ.

If your car is dull, faded or discolored, use SIMONIZ KLEENER to remove the grime and blemishes. Then, SIMONIZ will renew the original brilliance and give the needed lasting protection.

Anyone Can Simoniz a Car

SIMONIZ and SIMONIZ KLEENER are remarkable vegetable compounds and are easily applied with a cloth. They are used and recommended by motor car manufacturers, body builders and hundreds of thousands of motorists everywhere as the best way of cleaning and protecting all lacquer finishes.

Insist on SIMONIZ

THE SIMONIZ CO.
2116 Indiana Ave.
Chicago, Illinois
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Apply With a Cloth

HOW I PICK MY MEN

(Continued from Page 13)

threatened with burning at the stake, succumbed to a temperament equally high-strung, but with opposite results. Though such men may succeed or fail, they do either with keen appreciation of what is going on. The poet D'Annunzio made a far finer hero at Fiume than many brave men who died on the Piave, because he saw every item of danger that must meet him if he failed.

It is for this reason that the phlegmatic man may be temperamentally better in theory to face danger, yet not always be desirable as a member of a lost-hope attempt to achieve the impossible.

He lacks imagination, is inclined to let things slide, and often lacks the initiative of the more nervous yet more imaginative man.

Probably the great leaders of modern exploration have, on the average, been the best examples of balanced temperament. Amundsen, Peary, Scott and Shackleton were men of rather laconic, grim personalities. Yet their writings, their friends, their works, all testify to the heights of fancy their ardor could carry them to on occasion. It was this combination of dreamer and fighter that largely set each apart from his fellows.

The New Traveler

Compared with abstractions like temperament and imagination, it would seem easy to define the physique—muscles, heart, digestion—that stands hardship best. Every leader knows that hardship, or physical stress, is sure to come before his expedition is over. Whether it be cold and toil, as in the north, or sleeplessness and nerve strain, as on a long flight, some form of suffering is bound to arise. The effect of this suffering on each of his men is what the leader would give his bottom dollar to know before he leaves home.

I am inclined to put age as the first limiting factor. Youth will be served. The young man has zest of life and ambition for the future. He has an internal machinery not long out of the factory. He instinctively longs for combat with man or Nature, and he cares little which. The Almighty has endowed him with a desire to shoulder up through the vicissitudes of life.

Getting down to cases, I would say that the average man does not get his full strength until after twenty. He reaches his peak around twenty-five and is close to the downhill side—physically, I mean—before he is thirty-eight.

Of course there is great variation among individuals. I have yet to find the doctor who will give me a satisfactory answer to endurance. The medical examiner can tell me if a man is sound, how strong he is, and what the likelihood is of his breaking down under any specific load. But he can't tell me how long the candidate's nerves and muscles will last under strain.

I know a lad of twenty-two who is splendidly set up and has a perfect health record, but he cannot stand long muscular strain. In contrast, there is the case of that great Alaskan missionary, Archdeacon Stuck, who, at the age of sixty, if I remember rightly, did forty-five miles a day over a tough trail at about 50° below zero and worse

Petty Officer Evans of the Scott expedition, whom Scott called "our strong man," was first to go when the party began to die. Evans had a fall, to be sure, but I don't think that did great damage. The heavy man wears out footgear, chafes in heavy garments, and strains his heart if he must keep at a task for a long time. Colonel Lawrence, the British hero of Arabia, was spoken of as "that runt," before he showed he could outlast men twice his weight and stature whose health records were equally good. Other things being equal, I incline to the slight wiry man. The stocky fellow is a great help in heavy labor, but is often shy on endurance.

In this connection I am forced to remember that exploration by air is an entirely new kind of pioneering. Not only must the traits of the former traveler be there but a whole new set of nervous controls and muscular coördination that for many are difficult to attain.

I do not propose that all who go on my Antarctic expedition be pilots, or even that they shall have to fly. But, as was the case with the sledge and snowshoe of past Arctic enterprises, the planes may have to be used by every member of our party before we have finished our task.

The development of aviation has brought with it much knowledge of the pathological effect of altitudes on different men. For instance, as an aviator gains altitude he enters into strata of greatly reduced barometric pressure. At about ten thousand and three hundred feet the atmospheric pressure is only about two-thirds that of the sea level. At eighteen thousand feet it is about one-half. At twenty-eight thousand feet it is only about one-third. Medical men declare that this reduction of pressure has in itself no effect on the human body, but the reduction of oxygen in the rare air of great altitudes does. And this vital gas decreases in almost exact ratio to the fall in atmospheric pressure.

A Quick Climb

Over the Antarctic plateau we must of necessity attain an altitude of close to twelve thousand feet, for we shall have to fly well above the mountains between our base and the South Pole. We may have to fly at eighteen thousand feet before we are through.

But contrary to the popular idea, we cannot gauge the effect of such altitude on any given man by knowing how that man got along in climbing to the same height on a mountain top. The climber goes slowly from one level to another, and generally he stays at high levels for weeks. In our case the base will be at sea level; from it we shall fly upward for a few hours—possibly days, at the most—and at once return. Hence the strain on the body will in no way be analogous to that induced by mountain climbing.

There are a lot of things that weaken a man as he goes along in life. It might seem that diet and habits belong to the doctors rather than in the limbo of exploration. Yet when a young man stands before me and says yearningly "I wish you would take me along," nothing could be more helpful at the moment than an exact and confidential chart of his past life.

(Continued on Page 58)

Transporting Supplies Across the Ice—Shackleton Expedition

Picture of a woman about to try out a Flying Cloud of 1929

The woman in the picture is a pioneer.

For she's one of the few women who have walked right into a salesroom all alone and said, "I want to try out a car."

Her husband couldn't get away today. And she'd heard about the Reo Flying Clouds of 1929.

So she wanted to find out if all she had heard were true.

If it were, she would want to be the first among her friends to have such a different car.

She picked out just the color she liked best and the model that suited her needs.

Now she is going to have the surprise of her life.

Not because everyone on the street will turn to look at her. She knew they'd do that the minute she saw the Flying Cloud of 1929.

But because she will have found a car that she can handle with a very small fraction of her strength. A car that steers at the touch of her finger tips—that has a brake pedal within easy reaching distance and stops at the touch of her toes.

She'll be able to scoot through traffic faster than she ever has before. Hills won't mean gear shifting, which she never liked to do. Rough roads won't mean hanging on. If she drives for hours she will not be tired.

If you don't think this is possible we invite you to take her place . . . Drive as far as you wish and make any tests you have in mind. Then you'll know that here is a car that red-blooded men will like, built so that a woman can handle it easily. There are a number of dainty touches in its fittings that you'll notice. And we think you may find that the Flying Cloud of 1929 is just the automobile that you want today.

If you haven't a husband but want a mighty good automobile, please try this one out.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

1929 REO FLYING CLOUDS

Now Another

Achievement

A new de luxe model all-porcelain refrigerator designed for apartments

A development that is years ahead!

YEARS ahead is this new General Electric Refrigerator. This new apartment house size has the same mechanical perfection and the all-porcelain finish of larger models.

Mechanism hermetically sealed

Like the standard General Electric Refrigerators, it has all its mechanism hermetically sealed in an electrically welded steel casing. There are no exposed moving parts. This permits placing the unit on top of the cabinet and does away with the need of oiling. It eliminates all pipes, belts, fans and stuffing boxes. This simplified design is the result of fifteen years of research in the laboratories of General Electric.

The refrigerator is as portable as an electric fan. It can be moved to any part of your apartment. Its installation is a mere matter of minutes. It is delivered like any piece of furniture and put into place. Then it is just plugged into any convenience outlet. No special wiring is necessary—no piping.

Plenty of ice and frozen desserts

This new model makes 48 cubes of ice at a time—24 large and 24 small. It freezes 5 pounds of ice at once. It has six square feet of food shelf space, yet it is only 24 inches wide and occupies less than 3½ square feet of floor space.

The lustrous, smooth beauty of the gleamingly white cabinet is particularly desirable in an apartment. The fact that the cabinet is porcelain inside as well as out makes it unusually easy to keep this refrigerator clean.

Have you healthful refrigeration?

For your own good health—and the health of your family—be sure your foods are *always* properly refrigerated. This means that they must be kept well below 50 degrees at all times. If your present refrigerator doesn't maintain this scientifically correct temperature, you really owe it to your family to have a General Electric.

See this new model. Study it carefully. Note how quiet it is. Compare it with all others. Consider it from the point of view of health, economy and comfort. If there is no dealer near you, just write to us. Ask for booklet S-4B, which will give you complete descriptions and specifications.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND OHIO

"The
ART of PROCURING
PLEASANT DREAMS"
"IF, while we sleep, we can have pleasing dreams, it is so much added to the pleasure of life."
So wrote kindly Benjamin Franklin in an essay on "The Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams", at the request of a young English friend.
The first requisite for pleasant dreams is a comfortable bed, according to Franklin. The beds and bedrooms of this great hotel have been especially designed with the maximum sleep-comfort of our guests in view
You will find here the kind of bedroom you sleep in at home, with all the home-like touches—a shaded bed-lamp for night reading, comfortable furniture, plenty of ventilation.
And the beds—Poor Richard himself would have enjoyed keenly the rest that their snow-white linen depths invite Not even his proverbial ingenuity could devise a more assured method of inducing pleasant dreams.
The Benjamin Franklin
THE
BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street
Horace Leland Wiggins • Managing Director

(Continued from Page 54)

I don't mean anything serious, such as the effects of dissipation. They are always visible to the discerning eye. I refer to those small but insidious foxes that tear at the vitals of a man without his being conscious of their presence: Overeating, undereating, too many stimulants, too much sugar, unbalanced diet, and so on.

Any good dietitian can tell a man what and how to eat. Any good doctor can specify the ailment that has arisen from abuse of digestive apparatus. But when there isn't any ailment, when only a weakening all along the line has occurred, it takes a magician to know just how far the man can go under field conditions.

I cannot be very definite in this point any more than I can about the age or size of man to take. But I do know that a good heart and digestion mean more than anything else an explorer can have. If illness or poor hygiene has injured either, it is fairer to leave the man home. I favor a light eater who has no idiosyncrasies of diet and whose appetite is normal and steady.

To me, exercise can justly be classified with diet. The body needs it in regular proportions and tends to disintegrate the moment the diet of regular muscular exertion is removed. Systematic scientific exercise has been a hobby all my life. To me, it is the spring of eternal youth. I know it is true that some indoor men, entirely unaccustomed to exercise, can, with training, meet physical strain as well as athletes.

I ride my hobby out in the open, for the very good reason that it is the only first-hand knowledge I have of what makes for health and endurance. When I choose a man for hard work and danger, I cannot specify that he will take so much exercise or that he should show me a record of past athletic competence. But I try to be sure what his viewpoint is about taking exercise and how far he has applied it to his own life.

Not long ago a young man spoke to me about joining an expedition to the Himalayas. I discovered that he did not believe in exercise. His philosophy was somewhat East Indian, in that he thought it far better for a man to sit about and meditate in his leisure time than to rush about in play. Perhaps he was right. But I hoped he would not try to climb Mount Everest with a philosophy like that.

The emotional man has no place on a long, hard expedition. No doubt, if he is a fine strong character he keeps his emotions under control. But this very keeping them under control tends to weaken him. For the same reason the emotional man may have been undermining his nervous fabric for years before he ever gets into the field. During the war, men who had had obscure clerical and other sedentary jobs often revealed quite unexpected heroism or cowardice when under stress of trench fighting.

The Man With a Hobby

I make very little attempt to find out what a man has done in the past that might weaken him. Instinctively he hides any habits about which he is in doubt. However, I definitely try to drag out into the open the things that for years have been building up his resistance to hardship, discomfort and all the other irritations of a voyage into the unknown.

There are several telltale items. What kinds of friends a man has and what they think of him helps. The sociable man, good mixer and tolerant enemy is bound to have a large leavening of love of human nature. He is likely to look on the weaknesses of his shipmates with a kindly eye and be the first to condemn any show of weakness on his own part.

On the other hand, this business of being a good mixer can be overdone. Vanity is not infrequently at the root of boisterous good fellowship. The vain man takes this means of winning public approbation. He has no place on an Arctic expedition. Sooner or later he must lose his identity for the common weal—a process he cannot endure.

What I do look for are antidotes to weaknesses. Strange to say, the average man makes no attempt to hide them. By antidotes I mean things like hobbies, religious faith, habitual optimism and enthusiasm. Such things are tenuous when viewed in the abstract, but a little practice gives one the power to see them in the concrete.

I know of one expedition which got into serious trouble—ship beleaguered by ice, food short and illness among the party. One man kept his health and spirits above all the others.

"Yet he was just like the rest of us," a member of the party told me, "except that he had a peculiar hobby. He was passionately fond of carving very small figures of people and animals out of wood, bone or ivory. When the rest of us were half crazy with anxiety and depression, he was perfectly happy with his half a dozen small tools and a few pieces of wood or bone."

The striking point is that the carver was one of the most intelligent men aboard.

I need not argue the value of religious faith as an asset. Annals of exploration are full of heroism and sacrifice premised on a belief in God's will. The naval officer and men with Lieutenant De Long, of the ill-fated Jeannette, nearly came back alive, due to a superhuman fortitude founded on faith. When discovered, their bodies lay beside a rude cross of driftwood upon which their dying eyes had rested.

Traits That Count

In my own expeditions I have had many cases that exhibit the spirit of complete devotion in which some men work. My cook on the North Pole expedition, George W. Tennant, put in many hours of overtime to keep our hungry gang well fed. On the way back across the Atlantic he somehow heard that I had to face a deficit on my return.

Whereupon he came to me and said: "I wish you'd take my wages and stick them in the pot."

I had paid him a wretched stipend, his only income. Yet he did his best to make me take back the money to help the common cause.

In August, 1925, Floyd Bennett and I were flying across the crags and glaciers of Ellesmere Land. Had we been forced down we probably should not have got back to our base. The ice fields below us were both lifeless and impassable.

Suddenly our oil pressure began to rise. In twenty minutes the gauge had gone its limit. We didn't know what was wrong, but we were sure that if the oil tank burst we should face a forced landing long before we could get back to safe country.

At a sign from me Bennett let me take control. I circled, looking for a landing place that wasn't there. He then rose from his seat, gave his belt an extra yank, and slowly he began to crawl out of the cockpit onto the wing. Such a trick is not comfortable in temperate latitudes. In the Arctic, when the plane is tearing through air that is below zero, every moment out in the open is agony. Bennett unscrewed the cap of the oil tank, relieved the pressure and so saved our lives. I am taking him south with me.

Two days later our planes were tied up alongside the Peary in the harbor of Foulke Fiord, North Greenland. A great deal of gasoline and oil had accumulated on the surface of the water around the ship. By an unlucky chance this surface scum caught fire. For a few minutes it looked as if the whole ship would go. With the thousands of gallons of gasoline she carried, we should be lucky to escape with our lives.

There was no time to give orders. While our fire party on board tackled the blaze with every bit of apparatus at our command, two mechanics, Sorensen and Hold, the pick of the Navy, sprang upon the fuselage of the burning plane alongside, cut it adrift and slid off among the trash ice that was swirling in with the tide. Fearlessly they climbed along the burning wings, put out the fire and saved the valuable plane. These men, too, I hope to have with me in the Antarctic.

When we left for Spitzbergen in April, 1926, I had a candidate named Joe Degnall, son of well-to-do parents. He was a modest and courteous young man, but he had an unbreakable determination to go north with me.

Having no other place I could use him, I sent him into the engine room. I thought the oily frowst of the steam pit would make up his mind quicker than anything else. It did; he stuck. And now I am going to take him to the South Pole with me if he can go.

A similar case on the same expedition was that of Demas. Everyone had taken turn at waiting on the table. Due to lack of experience, my self-appointed waiters broke so many dishes that I had to wire ahead to Norway for tin ones. When Demas' turn came, he literally made a study of the art of conveying food to and from the galley and of clearing the mess tables afterward. As a result, our breakage was reduced to almost nothing and our table service improved no end—all to the greater comfort of my company.

I could cite any number of unfavorable instances, but obviously am not free to do so.

A leader usually does well to avoid the commercially minded who are simply trying to make a good thing out of his expedition. I had to give up a very good man whom I wanted, because he asked twelve hundred dollars a month and a share in any returns on stories and pictures. He could not be made to understand that the average expedition is made up of volunteers and that usually the leader is a penurious lunatic who must shoulder heavy debts after the party is over.

I have a friend who, against the advice of his fellow officers, took for his pilots on an Arctic expedition mostly men who had come up from the ranks.

"I want fellows who have been through the mill," he declared. "Good, rough, two-fisted men that have been used to manual labor."

"But there are officers and college graduates who are strong," mildly suggested a listener. "How about football players?"

"Pah! They are not used to getting out and working with the gang."

When this theorist got to the Arctic he discovered a peculiar bit of psychology. Some of his men who had worked up from the ranks believed that they had achieved the right to avoid manual labor and jealously guarded that right, while those who had never seen the seamy side of life, but were only interested in the success of the expedition, forgot rank and worked elbow to elbow with the lowest sailor.

Gauged in the Negative

This did not mean that all who have come up from the ranks are so foolish. It merely goes to show that spirit counts more than artificial social, military or business credentials.

Summing up, the desire for adventure is probably stronger in the world today than it ever was. Certainly this applies to the youth of America. Yet the opportunity for adventure is lessening all the time. In consequence, when chance presents itself, as in the case of any expedition publicly announced, there is a rush for admission to the party.

With only one major expedition in sight this year—so far, at least—and a United States population of 110,000,000 people, this rush threatens at times to become a riot.

It is vital that the handful who go be suited to such work and able to endure its hardships and deprivations. This is a matter that may well involve the safety of the whole party. Yet it is extremely difficult to gauge this suitability or endurance in any man, except in a negative way.

As for making rules, there is probably no other activity in the world that lends itself less to regulation for choosing those who engage in it, than exposure to the pains and perils of exploration by air.

How open is the open road ?

It all depends on your brakes!

CURVED through the rolling hills or straight across the flat lands lies the Open Road. No traffic jams here, no signal lights. You let your car out. Forty, fifty miles per hour is the common pace.

Safe?

It all depends on your brakes.

No road is so open that you may not have to stop or slow down suddenly. Unless your brakes are good the gaiety of the open road may become ghastly tragedy in a split second. Brakes *are* important.

Don't take chances

You cannot afford to gamble with your own safety and that of your family. You cannot guess. *You must know.* Before you drive again have your brakes inspected at a Johns-Manville Service Station. If the lining is not in perfect condition, have it changed *now.* Tomorrow may be too late.

THE NEXT TURN MAY NOT BE OPEN

Use brake lining that *takes hold* most surely in rain, snow, cold, heat, anywhere and always; that is long-lived and safe. Such is Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining.

Johns-Manville Brake Lining is made by the world's greatest asbestos craftsmen. Its asbestos fibre resists heat. Its friction is sure. It is longer wearing. Be certain that your brakes are lined with this safe material. It is made in types and sizes for every passenger car or truck. In these days of fast moving traffic, the penalty for using poor brake lining is a terrible one on the open road. In the slower moving traffic of the city you *may* escape with a smashed fender, with minor injuries. But the open road is truly the open road only when your brakes are absolutely right. Don't gamble with calamity. Use Johns-Manville Brake Lining. In its tough asbestos fibres there is safety for you and your car on highway or city street.

Have your brakes inspected or re-lined where you see this sign.

JOHNS-MANVILLE...MASTER OF ASBESTOS

Both industry and home are supplied by Johns-Manville with many products made from Asbestos. For more than fifty years Johns-Manville has worked with Asbestos, and during that time has earned a position as the foremost technician in the use of that curious mineral. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are fireproof, substantial, good looking and permanent. They will protect and beautify your home, and add to its value.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

ASBESTOS MINERS & MANUFACTURERS

ROOFING AND INSULATIONS OF ENDURING FIREPROOF ASBESTOS

It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment if not actual new lining. Don't delay. Too much is at stake. Tear this out and use it as a

MEMORANDUM

April 21st—*Have garage mechanic inspect my brakes today.*

If re-lining is required, insist on Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. It makes driving safer every where.

PARIS AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 31)

had appeared romantic, were now merciless. "It is foolish of you to delay," he said.

Slowly she raised her hands to her ears.

"But don't take them off if you don't want to!" Molly protested. "And I'd like to have my emeralds back. I think it's about time we went home."

"With that I agree," said the count. "It is already very late for two ladies who are *comme il faut* to be seen leaving the apartment of a strange man whom they have never met before this evening."

While Molly was gasping at the import of this remark, Ruth handed over the diamond earrings.

"I have the jeweler's receipt and description of them which will be turned over to the police tonight," she threatened.

"Ah, of that I have doubt!" He put the jewels in the pocket of his coat. He addressed them in somewhat the same insouciant tone with which he had discussed politics. "I doubt if either of you ladies will ever tell the story of this evening to the police. I do not think you will tell it to your friends and I feel certain you will not so much as mention it to your husbands. To be sure, it has been innocent enough. But who, I ask you, would believe that? The man with whom you dined and whom you left, not telling him you were coming here? The police? The people who read of it in the newspapers? The news would be cabled at once to the papers of your home city in America. Would it please your family—your children?"

A series of mental pictures passed before their eyes—the headline announcing Prominent Society Women Robbed in Paris. Then the captions which would describe their late supper in the hotel apartment of a foreigner they had picked up in a restaurant. They could see the humiliation their husbands would suffer, the unbearable chagrin of their children. They could hear the cynical laughter of women who disliked them.

"It is, I think, as much to your interest as to mine to keep quiet," said the count.

The False Step

They both nodded assent. He opened the door into the salon. The prince had disappeared. They put on their wraps with hands that were trembling and cold.

"The elevator does not run at night," said their host, holding the door open for them. "You will have to walk down the stairs."

This was the last time they ever saw him or their jewels. The Paris police were never notified of the theft. If they had been, they would have extracted every detail of the surrounding circumstances from the complainants, and these circumstances the women were unwilling to make known. The two American women did not tell the story to anyone, until, some time after their return home, they saw a photograph of a man famous for his swindling and blackmailing schemes, one of whose aliases was the Count de ——

The newspaper interview below the picture contained two significant sentences: "I would never have been caught if I had followed my rule by which the victim had as much to lose as I had by publicity. I have always cultivated the society of American women staying in Europe without their husbands."

Every traveler possessed of sound ears and eyes and a modicum of common sense must be amazed by the ease with which foreigners who desire to do so often succeed in deceiving people who when at home are cautious and conservative to a fault. The two women of this story are typical in many ways. When they are in America, they choose their companions with such discriminating worldliness that they are considered snobs, but once the Atlantic has been put between them and their natural environment, they seem to lose all power of judgment. It is, of course, a rare occurrence for laxness to lead to anything so serious as the loss of a fortune in jewels, although the police and the experienced journalists can tell you of a good many cases when robbery was successfully combined with blackmail entirely because of the excellent reputation the victims enjoyed at home. Usually the cases of theft and swindle which are made public involve people to whom the recovery of material goods is more important than the disclosure that he or she has thrown discretion to the winds. These are the people who will admit that they met a stranger and went with him to Montmartre, or invited him to their hotel for dinner, and were astonished to find their pocketbooks gone and their jewels missing when the stranger left.

"No, we had never seen him before that evening," one woman said in an interview, after several thousand dollars in cash had been stolen from her. "But he had such beautiful manners I was sure he was a gentleman."

Filling a Good Hand

The more experienced will laugh at this statement as naïve and say that, of course, no worldly person could be so easily deceived. But it was not many winters ago that some of the most sophisticated of New Yorkers vied with one another in entertaining a charming foreign nobleman—until by chance it was discovered he was a rank impostor and a swindler of international fame. It was one of his dinner hosts who reported the man to the police. They promptly sent him back to the foreign government most eager for him.

In view of this story and countless others, some of which are chronicled in the newspapers and many of which are concealed, it is absurd to say that only the inexperienced are mistaken in their appraisal of foreigners.

The very people who would be much too wise to go to a night club in Paris with a stranger, no matter by what impressive name he called himself, might, in a social and less dramatic sphere, show just as little judgment. For, although it is a rare occurrence for a title to prove to be spurious, it is a very common occurrence for residents of a democracy to attach a false importance to the possession of a title.

No one knows this better than certain titled foreigners. Nor can they be blamed for turning this fictitious value to account.

Someone asked a young Parisian why he was invited to the dinner given by a rich American woman whom he had never met.

"I believe," he said, "that it was because she wanted the name of at least one French marquis to appear on the list of guests which was published in the papers the next morning. She had one Balkan minor royalty, one Russian grand duke and an Italian count. She chose me the way one selects a card to complete a hand at poker."

"And why did you go?"

"To have a good dinner, to dance afterward with some pretty American girls who were there —— No, their names were not in the newspaper account. People like my hostess give out the names which she considers important. She invites these girls because she realizes that they are, as one says, the bait by which she catches good fish. She uses them, as the Americans say. They use her too, I suppose, in that they make fun of her while sitting at her table; and the men who go there for a free entertainment use her and are used by her. But that is the secret of much of the entertaining in Paris—by the Americans, I mean."

He was referring to that strange international group about whom one reads often in the journals published for Americans in Europe. They form a unique social order, and although there are innumerable cliques and combinations within the order, all of them have certain things in common.

First and foremost, no matter how important they may seem when written about in foreign papers, they rarely are important in their own home town. That home town may be Oshkosh or Philadelphia or New York or San Francisco, but wherever it is, one will usually find that the Smiths or Browns who now live most of the year in Paris and entertain so lavishly are not entirely *personae gratae* among the best citizens of their native city.

Sometimes this is due to trivial causes, sometimes to more serious ones. It may be the result of a mild scandal or be due to humble origin, or it may have its roots in more fertile soil.

"I simply can't bear to live at home any more," some woman will say when she is asked why she has become expatriated. "Everything seems so limited there—so provincial, my dear. I just couldn't adapt myself to that narrow life."

But the same person will carefully cut out every newspaper item she can find which tells of her contact with the great and near-great and send it back to the newspaper of her own town, hoping it will be reprinted. She has never forgotten that her husband was blackballed when he tried to join the country club. She may be honest when she says that she would find life too dull at home, but it seems curious that every time she induces a distinguished person to dine with her, she wants the stupid people at home to know about it.

The extensive entertaining done by this type of exiled American is usually confined to foreigners whose names look impressive in print and whatever prominent countrymen of their own they can procure.

If they can persuade our diplomats to be their guests, this serves a double purpose. They not only lend whatever glamour attaches to official position but their presence serves to establish the prestige of their hosts.

"And there are no Americans who clamor so hard for attention from their diplomats as the ones who have turned their backs on their own country," said one of our representatives who is impatient of this procedure. "They themselves are the worst citizens possible. They take no responsibility, they live abroad and don't even spend their American dollars in their own country, but they expect more privileges than anyone else."

Friendship is rarely the basis for interchange of hospitality in this group. Most of them are on the defensive themselves and are sharply suspicious of one another. When one of them succeeds in climbing one rung higher in the social ladder than the rest, rivalry and jealousy take their natural course. The result is gossip and attempts at retaliation.

Divergent Viewpoints

Just what is the ultimate goal of the socially ambitious expatriates who live in France is hard to determine. In London there is, of course, presentation at court and association with the English of established position. But in Paris it is practically impossible to penetrate the esoteric society which tradition links with the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Nowhere in the world is there a group so self-contained, so self-sufficient and so impervious to the desires of outsiders to enter it.

"And suppose this wasn't so," an old resident of Paris suggested. "Suppose they did open their doors to Americans. Do you think the Americans would have a good time? They certainly would not. They would be bored to death. The customs and manners of the two peoples are too alien. They have literally nothing in common."

It is rare that even an American woman who has married a Frenchman of this class is admitted into complete intimacy by his family and friends. This is due not only to the desire of his group to exclude outsiders but also to the inescapable truth that similarity of upbringing and acceptance of the same fundamental beliefs are essential for friendship. Usually the foreign wife does not at first understand the point of view of her new relatives. When she does begin to understand it, she finds it so contrary to her own and to that of everyone she has previously known that she feels more than ever alien.

On the other hand, in the new environment into which marriage takes her, she is considered the product of a crude and unformed country, and her ideas are not regarded with seriousness. It is assumed that she will differ from this group in most matters and that she will be not only wrong but somewhat absurd.

As an illustration of this attitude, one of the young intellectuals who has a sympathetic appreciation of both countries told the story of a family of his acquaintance who were typical of the Faubourg Saint-Germain set:

"After the war they found themselves in desperate need of money. Like many of the French, they had invested heavily in Russian bonds and had lost everything. Moreover, the cost of living had gone up and taxes were high. . . . Ah, I know you Americans do not believe the French ever pay their taxes, but in that you are mistaken. . . . But it was one thing to need money and another to find it. Two courses were open to them. They had a son and a daughter—the traditional family of two—and it was a question as to whether they should try to find a rich husband for the daughter or a rich wife for the son."

"But why didn't the son try to earn money in some way?" one of his American audience interposed.

Family Financing

"My dear friend, have you ever considered how impossible this is in France? Your country is new, it is full of opportunities for young men. Many of your millionaires have started at the bottom and worked their way to the top. Of course in your country your suggestion would represent the logical course of conduct. But never forget that Europe is filled with educated, cultured, ambitious men who can find no employment at all higher than a clerkship in a bank. For this they receive a few thousand francs a year. And the value of the franc, now that it is stabilized, is four cents."

"I guess you're right then. Well, which did they decide to marry off—the son or the daughter?"

"The son, because in that way the family name would be kept intact. Moreover, as he possessed an excellent title, they knew it would be much easier for him to find a wife than for the girl to find a husband. They felt that after her brother's marriage he could give her a dot sufficient to enable her to marry the man who was in love with her—a man of their own class.

"The son had also chosen a girl whom he would have married if conditions had been favorable, but both he and she saw the futility of attempting it. Therefore he set out, aided by his relatives, to find an heiress." The narrator smiled.

"That was the winter that several American ladies, members of your colony in Paris, were astonished to be invited into French houses which had never before received foreigners. They were not usually ladies who had eligible daughters, but they were always ladies whose friends had. There is a thoroughness about the French—and a practicality—which leaves no stone unturned. Finally the choice narrowed down to a girl who was not only rich but very charming. Even her prospective mother-in-law agreed that, for an American, she was well brought up. The dutiful son was almost ready to make a formal proposal through the girl's mother, when at tea one

(Continued on Page 65

Intently they watched—for a star not yet risen

ROMANCE? No; they would have laughed at that word—these men, closeted in their laboratories, struggling to wrest a new secret from the hands of the gods.

Experiment followed experiment in endless succession, some hopelessly sterile of promise; others yielding a glimpse of hope.

Steadfastly, they looked towards the dawn. Intently they watched for a star not yet risen.

If their stubborn retorts would yield the answer, they could offer to the world a new kind of finish—freed forever from the blighting partnership with oxygen—first the friend and then the deadly enemy of existing finishes.

No business romance here, they will tell you; only perseverance, and unlimited facilities for chemical research. But the hidden star did rise and *Duco was offered to the world*—by du Pont.

Industry was quick to see the advantages of Duco—quick to see that, because of its very nature, it carried the seeds of endurance.

First came the automotive industry, tired of fragile finishes and sombre colors. Duco gave the motoring public durability beyond belief and a limitless array of color harmonies.

From north, south, east and west Duco-finished home furnishings are shipped out of more than a hundred factories, standardized on Duco.

Across the continent an unbroken chain of symbols . . . Nearly three thousand automobile refinishers proudly display the sign . . . du Pont Duco Authorized Auto Refinishing Station. They are pledged to give the public only Genuine Duco.

There goes a train-load of electric refrigerators out of the classification yards—gleaming in their coats of enduring white Duco. As like as not, that giant locomotive is also finished with Duco—and that Duco finish will deliver an unbelievable term of service; through months of rain, snow, sleet and broiling sun—despite flying cinders and tunnel gases.

Furniture and washing machines, bird cages and typewriters, pianos and lighting fixtures—in fact, whatever you buy whether for home or office—if it requires a finish—you can probably buy it finished with du Pont Duco.

If lasting good appearance is important you will surely want it finished with Duco; but to be sure that the finish is Duco, ask if it's made by du Pont. And look for the oval du Pont seal.

* * *

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J. Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint and Varnish Limited, Toronto, Can.

DUCO *made only by* DU PONT

The First Announcement of Startling in Tooth Brush

Pro-phy-lac-tic presents three modern tooth brushes. All are new. Each is different. One exactly suits *your* dental arch

NOT every type of tooth brush can fit your dental arch. Dentists and periodontists agreed that this was so. Common sense—your own good judgment—will endorse it. So today the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company announces to America three new and different brushes—each designed to suit a specific type of dental arch.

After months of effort, careful tests in the light of advanced dental science, and vast improvements in manufacturing details based on 40 years of experience—these new brushes have been perfected. The perfect tooth brush for you is easy to choose. Just let your mirror tell you what type of dental arch you have.

Full-formed dental arch needs tufted type

The first step forward is a vast improvement in the design of the familiar Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic brush—the brush that millions have favored for over a quarter of a century.

This brush has been refined in many particulars. Handles are super-polished and come in various transparent colorings.

How can you *know* if this is the right brush for you? That's easy. Just glance into your mirror. Your dental arch follows the form of your face. If your face is full-formed, if your smile reveals healthy teeth and gums, you have a normal, average-size dental arch . . . and should use the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Oval brush suits smaller dental arch

"But some people have a smaller-than-average dental arch," dentists informed us. So the new Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic was created. This brush possesses all the superb qualities that have made Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes world-famous. In design it differs distinctly from any brush you know.

If you are among those who shouldn't use a large tooth brush because of smaller facial contour and, therefore, a small, more sharply oval dental arch, you'll find unexpected comfort in this new Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Dental Arches Differ

So different are dental arches in shape, size and condition, that a differently designed tooth brush must be used for each. Only in this way can you gain gloriously white teeth and coral firm gums.

Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic

Dental arches of average size require this Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. Best quality bristles. Backward-curving handle balances bristle slope. Scientifically constructed for reaching hard-to-get-at crevices in average, full-formed dental arch.

Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic

The smaller, more oval dental arch needs this Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic. Convex bristle surface makes this an ideal brush for small mouths. Made in quality of bristles and handle for which Pro-phy-lac-tic is famous.

Steps Forward Design

New dual-action brush for tender gums

Periodontists, particularly, asked us to develop this new brush —the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. *It represents the greatest single advance in tooth brush design we have ever made.*

Tests in dental clinics reveal that this new-type brush not only makes cleaning teeth easier when gums are tender, but its use actually improves the gum and mouth tissue. And for a very good reason. *It massages as it cleans.*

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic

When gums need massage in either large or small dental arches, use this new Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. It does two things at once—cleans and massages. Special bristle texture and formation give it this double action. Try it if your gums are tender.

This Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic is so designed that it can be used for either large or small dental arches. It restores normal circulation, stimulates growth, makes teeth whiter and stronger.

Ask your dentist—or make the mirror test

Your dentist will tell you what type Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush you should use. Or simply apply the mirror test.

All three brushes are on display at local stores. For a new sensation in mouth cleanliness and health, start today using the brush that's *designed for you to use.* After a month or two, you will see with your own eyes how much the *right* tooth brush can do to give you sounder, healthier teeth and gums.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.; Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company (Canada), Limited, Montreal.

Make this Mirror Test

Your dental arch follows the form of your face. If your mirror reveals a full-formed face and dental arch of average size, the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic is right for you.

A smaller dental arch, more sharply oval, requires a smaller brush—the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.

But if your dentist advises massage, if your gums appear tender, soft, receding, the double-action Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic is for you.

It massages as it cleans.

This cabinet makes choice easy

The right Pro-phy-lac-tic is easy to select from this special cabinet now on display at local stores.

Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic—for average-size, full-formed dental arches. Hard, medium or soft bristles. Transparent handles in six colors. . . . 50c

Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—for smaller, more oval dental arches. Hard, medium, or soft bristles. Transparent handles in six colors. . . . 50c

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—for dental arches lacking in vitality. Transparent handles in two colors—lemon and mulberry. Special bristle texture. It massages as it cleans. . . . 50c

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

DIFFERENT IN SHAPE AND SIZE . . . . ALIKE IN QUALITY

*Goodyear Wingfoot Heels are guaranteed to outwear any other heels

Step out with SPRING!

New life, new bloom, new vigor—all the world renews its youth in Spring!

Put new youth into your stride with the buoyant, lasting spring of new Goodyear Wingfoot Heels. They lend wings to your feet. There is no other tonic like them.

Made of live, deep-cushioning rubber, they absorb the jars and jolts of walking and they keep their resilience longer. They are the best of style—trim, close-fitting. And they're full of long, slow, economical wear.*

Men, women and children, there's a pair of Goodyear Wingfoot Heels for everybody. Get them on new shoes, or have them put on any shoes quickly by your shoe repairman.

Just step into your shoe repair shop today—April 21 to 28, inclusive, is Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel Week all over America—and step out to meet the Spring.

Goodyear Wingfoots cost no more than ordinary rubber heels. Yet they must be far better, because *more people walk on Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind.*

GOODYEAR

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WINGFOOT HEELS

(Continued from Page 60)

afternoon the conversation turned on principles of conduct, or some such abstraction. The girl declared that, of course, the individual counted more than the family.

"This was a bombshell. Moreover, she persisted in it. She maintained her position with all the assurance of a girl who is independently rich and has been brought up in a country where the voice of youth is listened to with as much—or more—respect as the voice of age. Of course she offended all the French ideas of what a *jeune fille* should be, but this was nothing compared to their horror at realizing that they would never be able to mold her into their fundamental beliefs.

"This may seem to an outsider a frail reason for breaking off a marriage, but in my opinion they acted wisely.

"At about the time the young man had met the American he had also met a French girl whose father was newly rich and who was miles below him in the social scale. His personal preference was so strongly for the American that he had paid scant attention to the overtures of the girl's family. They felt that his position and title were well worth a small fortune. Now, however, his parents persuaded him that in the long run his happiness would be better served by marrying a woman who was untrained and even a little vulgar rather than risking an alliance with a girl who seemed much more desirable.

"'*Au fond*, the French *bourgeoise* is more like us,' his mother declared. 'In a few years she will have adapted herself. By the time your children are grown no one will know she was not well-born. But the other—the one who believes family does not count—always she would be a stranger!'"

Another cause of conflict in French-American marriages arises when the American wife insists upon continuing her friendships with her compatriots. The group which is called the French aristocracy of the old school consists largely of people who have traveled less than any similar group in the world, who have no conception of a civilization based upon other standards than their own and to whom outsiders are considered as they were by the Athenians thousands of years ago—barbarians.

Most Americans of experience realize the impossibility of ever becoming part of this limited social group. Many of them who for one reason or another live in Paris have no desire to attempt it.

"But it is almost as difficult really to know any of the other French," one of our diplomats complained. "In my case I prefer to see the intellectual and artistic crowd, for they are the real internationalists of the world, no matter in what country they live. But even that requires more effort in Paris than in any other city."

A Frenchman First

Men who have worked at painting or sculpture or music in the French capital say the same thing. Eventually they may make friends among their colleagues, but the effort required seems to them disproportionate. When they try to explain the reasons behind it they usually fall back on differences in customs and manners.

"That would seem to be the last thing that would trouble artists," one of our successful painters said. "But whereas in most countries an artist is a cosmopolitan and nationality is only of secondary concern to him, over here a man is a Frenchman first and an artist second. He never gets away from the traditions of his race. If he is a bohemian, he will be a bohemian à la Française. Usually, however, he will live according to the standards of the class into which he was born. Hence you will find some man who is an exponent of all that is free and revolutionary in his work, living, when away from his easel, exactly like some little shopkeeper in the provinces."

Among contemporary French writers there is a growing interest in America and Americans. More and more of our literature is being translated and there seems to be among them a genuine desire to understand us. This movement coincides with our interest in their writing, and the consequent presence in our country from time to time of French authors and lecturers who can bring to us and take back to their fellow countrymen a first-hand interpretation of both peoples, which is even more valuable than literature.

Americans who live in Paris and have a sincere desire to know the people among whom they live, find this group their best means of contact. These Americans are rarely the expatriates who desire some fictitious social prestige from contact with titled Europeans, nor are they frequenters of the half dozen smart restaurants and night clubs where their rich compatriots may be seen. The serious residents live abroad often because of business, because they are professional diplomatists or because they find a more peaceful environment in which to pursue one of the arts.

The Diplomatic Circles

Paris is unique among the capitals of the world in its sharp division between official and social life. Hence the diplomat who is assigned to this post will find that he must carve for himself whatever niche he wants in the established order. In other countries he will step into a ready-made position and the difficulty will be to get out of it if he happens not to find it agreeable. In Paris, the contrary is true.

The result is that six different men all attached to the same embassy may move in six distinct circles no one of which will touch the other. One of them may, because of wealth and family connections, become part of the small international set some of whose members belong to the Faubourg Saint-Germain but who have married foreigners. The Americans who are members of this group are people whose position at home is secure, but who prefer to spend part of each year abroad. There are English members, too, and people of other nationalities, but the general tone is French.

Another diplomat with an equally large income may find this set too conservative and staid for his tastes, and he may become part of another international group. This will be like the proverbial smart set of any city, but with a Paris background it appears more sensational. Moreover many of its members, in pulling up their roots out of their native soil, seem to have discarded all feeling of responsibility and sometimes of decorum. They flock together at Cannes in the winter, Le Touquet early in the summer and Biarritz in August and September. They are scornful of their compatriots who are merely tourists and not residents abroad. A good proportion of this group are rich and husbandless women who, although more than forty, nevertheless manage to find dancing partners much younger than themselves wherever they go.

One of our young diplomatists, now living in Paris, has a stimulating circle of acquaintances among the French because both he and his wife are genuinely interested in current movements of politics, literature and art. They themselves are equipped to discuss these questions, they have no personal ax to grind, and so gradually they are being admitted to friendship with the same type of Parisians. The result is not only pleasurable but profitable, because they are able to acquire an accurate first-hand knowledge of the people to whom they have been sent as official emissaries.

There are just as many gradations in social life among our business men as among our diplomats.

"We've lived in Paris almost ten years and we don't know any French people well enough to call them by their first names," said one of the women whose husband represents an American banking firm. "Occasionally we are invited to tea—almost never to luncheon or dinner—by a French family whom my husband has met in business. Usually they ask us only when they are entertaining other Americans. They rarely have us when they have their own friends. And, of course, there is no informality possible. Everything is very stiff and carefully arranged. I always feel as if I were an aborigine in their eyes. I never feel at ease."

"I not only don't feel at ease but I'm always suspicious," said the American who is the Paris manager of a large exporting house. "It's been my experience that usually when a Frenchman invites me to his house, he will sooner or later ask me to do him a favor. Sometimes he will want me to interest a rich friend of mine in tapestries that he wants to sell, sometimes he will try to get a job for one of his relatives, sometimes he wants to rent his country place to me. But I have learned to fight shy of their hospitality. The price is too high."

The complaint that Europeans do not share our ideas about hospitality is made frequently. The Americans who utter it fail to take into account either the self-sufficiency of the French or the fact that their attitude toward money is the exact opposite of ours. We believe that money is made to spend. They believe it is made to save. Therefore, even when they are well-to-do, they will rarely squander money in entertaining with the free hand characteristic of our people of all classes. The typical American is ashamed of being considered parsimonious. The Frenchman would blush at the thought of being considered reckless and extravagant. If they go to the trouble and expense of entertaining foreigners whom they have no real desire to know, they expect some return. It seems an equitable bargain.

The American who tips a taxicab driver ten francs when a Frenchman would give him fifty centimes is not considered generous. The French think he is foolish.

In social contacts, a divergent point of view about the expenditure of money usually causes misunderstanding. There are no peoples who have such extreme differences in this regard as Americans and French. Even the political agitations about the war debt and the tariff question are less far-reaching than this fundamental difference between individuals of both nations.

"And yet the very people who will give away a workingman's monthly pay as a tip to a head waiter who has done nothing but escort them to a good table in a night club, are the ones who are protesting this year that the French are very unfair because the hotels and dressmakers are charging American prices!" a Frenchwoman exclaimed.

What the Traffic Will Bear

The phenomenon which she described is accurate.

"My dear, did you ever hear of such prices!" is the opening remark between almost any two women who meet at a fashionable dressmaker's establishment.

Nine times out of ten the other will respond, "Isn't it frightful? Imagine paying five thousand francs for an evening dress—in Paris! Why, you wouldn't pay much more than that in New York!"

"My husband says it's very shortsighted of them. We're paying seven hundred francs a day at our hotel for two rooms. That's as bad as America. But what can you do, my dear, when all the hotels are full? We had a dreadful time getting anything at all."

This conversation is endless. The price of everything is compared with the price at home. Indignation is expressed because one can no longer save money by taking a holiday abroad.

"They talk as if the French were under some obligation to provide de-luxe clothes and de-luxe restaurants for tourists at cut prices!" exclaimed a banker of long European experience. "This talk of shortsightedness is just funny. Of course if they raised the cost of living up to the point where they lost trade they would be foolish—not because they owe it to Americans to dress and feed them for nothing but because they'd kill the goose that lays the golden egg. But they won't. Not the

The Animated EMBLEM of First Quality SAUERKRAUT Speaks for "Himself"

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"Ladies, gentlemen and children: I've often wanted to speak to you, but my modesty has held me back. Now that The National Kraut Packers' Association has put me in the upper class and has placed across my manly chest the especially designed Shield—a medal of distinguished service to mankind, so to speak—I am proud to tell you of myself and my accomplishments.

"I now stand for everything that means First Quality Sauerkraut—healthfulness, deliciousness, economy. When you see me decorating the label of a can or on a barrel, you can rest assured that the contents thereof are right—that the lactic content is correct, the color proper and the shredding uniform in accordance with the U. S. Government Standard.

"You may consider me rather exclusive as I am licensed for use only to those members of the Association who live up to that standard and whose plants meet the requirements laid down by the Association. These plants must be modern, scrupulously clean and sanitary. You know it means a lot when you are meeting the standards of Uncle Sam.

"You are perhaps familiar with the health qualities of the Sauerkraut I represent. Famous dietitians and doctors have stood in my place and preached of them. Emblem Sauerkraut has them all in abundance—the lactic ferments to keep the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs; the mineral salts for your bones and teeth and blood, and the vitamins for your general welfare. Without these vitamins, and I have them all, life itself is impossible!

"But I've said enough about myself because I still have a trace of that modesty. One more word. Why don't you write to the Association for the booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food"? It will tell you a lot of facts about Sauerkraut which you should know, and gives 49 ways of serving it. The booklet is FREE. Get it!"

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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" with new tested recipes.

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Are you
Dr. Jekyll
in the morning—
and Mr. Hyde
in the evening?

Many a face that starts out bright and smooth and fair each day sneaks home in the evening like a shadow of its morning self. Unless you cut your beard off square and close at the skin surface, you're going through the motions of a shave without the desired results. Within a few hours you look as if you hadn't shaved.

The reason Mennen shavers are so immediately noticeable is *dermutation. Dermutation* instantly does the work of beard-softening that many try to achieve with several minutes of needless, mussy finger rubbing. *Dermutation* is built into the snowy bank of dense, moist, compact lather which you roll up with your brush. It is working the instant the cream and water touch your face, softening completely the toughest beard that grows. *Dermutation* levels the minute skin mounds around the hairs, smoothing the way so the razor cuts the softened beard clean and square at the skin surface. No nicking. No scraping. No raw, burning feeling when you're through. And *dermutation* works in any water—hard or soft, hot or cold. No caustic to burn or smart. Five soothing emollients preserve that early morning freshness, that smooth delight of the perfect shave all day.

When you're ready for your collar, a sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men adds the final touch to this perfect shave—takes away face shine—doesn't show because it's a neutral tint. Also made in stick form.

Now also made with Menthol

Like the bracing tingle of a frosty morning is a dash of menthol in your shave. Now you can enjoy it in Mennen. To get the mentholized, ask for the Mennen tube with the red ball.

French! When the hotels are no longer full and the yearly profits of the milliners and dressmakers and jewelers begin to drop, they'll adjust the prices. In the meantime they charge whatever the traffic will bear – who doesn't? As a famous Wall Street figure once said when someone complained about his excessive profits, 'I'm not in business for my health!'"

But even if he were wrong and the French killed the gold-lined goose of tourist tradition, if the famous *couturières* no longer exhibited their newest models to customers eager to order them by the dozen, if every restaurant in Montmartre and every jewelry shop of the Rue de la Paix were closed – Paris would still draw Americans to it as a magnet draws steel.

For every conspicuous and lavish traveler among us there are ten who are unobtrusive and in moderate circumstances. To them there is something overwhelmingly ludicrous in treating one of the most beautiful cities in the world as if it were only a glorified department store. The lovers of Paris who are faithful and unchanging may not buy so much as a new pair of gloves while there. They will sit in the Luxembourg Gardens on Saturday afternoon and watch white-bearded men play animated games of croquet. They will see a full moon rise over Notre Dame and from an island in the river they will watch the reflected lights in the Seine at night. They will walk up the Champs-Élysées in the April sunlight when the horse chestnuts are in bloom and be certain that the home of spring is there. To them the Conciergerie is filled with historic melodrama. The Tuileries Gardens come to life. Paris means to them not so much the capital of modern France as the Mecca for those of whatever nationality to whom abstract ideas and impersonal standards of beauty are of incomparably greater importance than material productions.

LIT'RY LAYS

By Berton Braley

I—How to be a Giant

WRITE sixty thousand dreary words—
the critics take a look
And damn you as the author of a "dull and stupid book";
But write six hundred thousand words –no better and no wiser—
And you shall hear the critics shout,
"Hooray, another Dreiser!"

II—It Won't be Long Now

Cheer up, little Popular Writer,
The skies are becoming much brighter.
Just now you are "trash for the masses,"
But after a period passes,
Our Really Intelligent Classes
Will find you are Truly an Artist
Whose genius appeals to the smartest.
Cheer up, little Popular Writer,
The skies are becoming much brighter!

III—Safety First

James Joyce's Ulysses
Is right here before me,
And if I don't read it
I guess it won't bore me.

IV—Blasphemy

If we don't hold with all he's said,
Will Sinclair Lewis strike us dead?

V—Deflation

Now all of our heroes are junked
And all of their deeds are debunked,
Somebody can gather the plunkers
Debunking the bunk of debunkers.

VI—Material

I once had a look at Wells,
I once had a peek at Kipling,
I once saw a note that Conrad wrote
When he was the merest stripling;

I went to the very school
Where Tarkington used to be,
My memory's bright, so I guess I'll write
My Autobiographee!

VII—Bromide and Sulphide

How trite and hackneyed and uncouth,
To sum again the ancient truth.
How new and sparkling to disguise
The equally historic lies!

VIII—That's Settled

I'm going to write a novel soon,
The time could not be fitter.
I don't know what 'twill be about,
But, gosh, it will be bitter!

IX—You Tell 'Em

If all the words that Wells has penned
Were laid together, end to end,
They'd form a Long, Long Trail to take;
But, oh, what difference would it make?

X—Two's a Crowd

There's room in this roomy dominion—
So wide from the east to the west—
For Mencken and Edgar A. Guest –
But not in each other's opinion!

XI—Oh, I Say Now!

The writers of England—I've met quite a few—
Write Novels of Manners that ring very true,
But socially speaking, you'll find that it looks
As though all of their manners went into their books.

XII—And Speaking Quite Frankly

The Critics must live, so they say,
A statement important, if true;
But why can't they draw down their pay
For peddling the bootlegger's brew,
Or robbing a blind man or two,
Or marking the cards in the deck?
I don't mind admitting to you
They give me a Pain in the Neck!

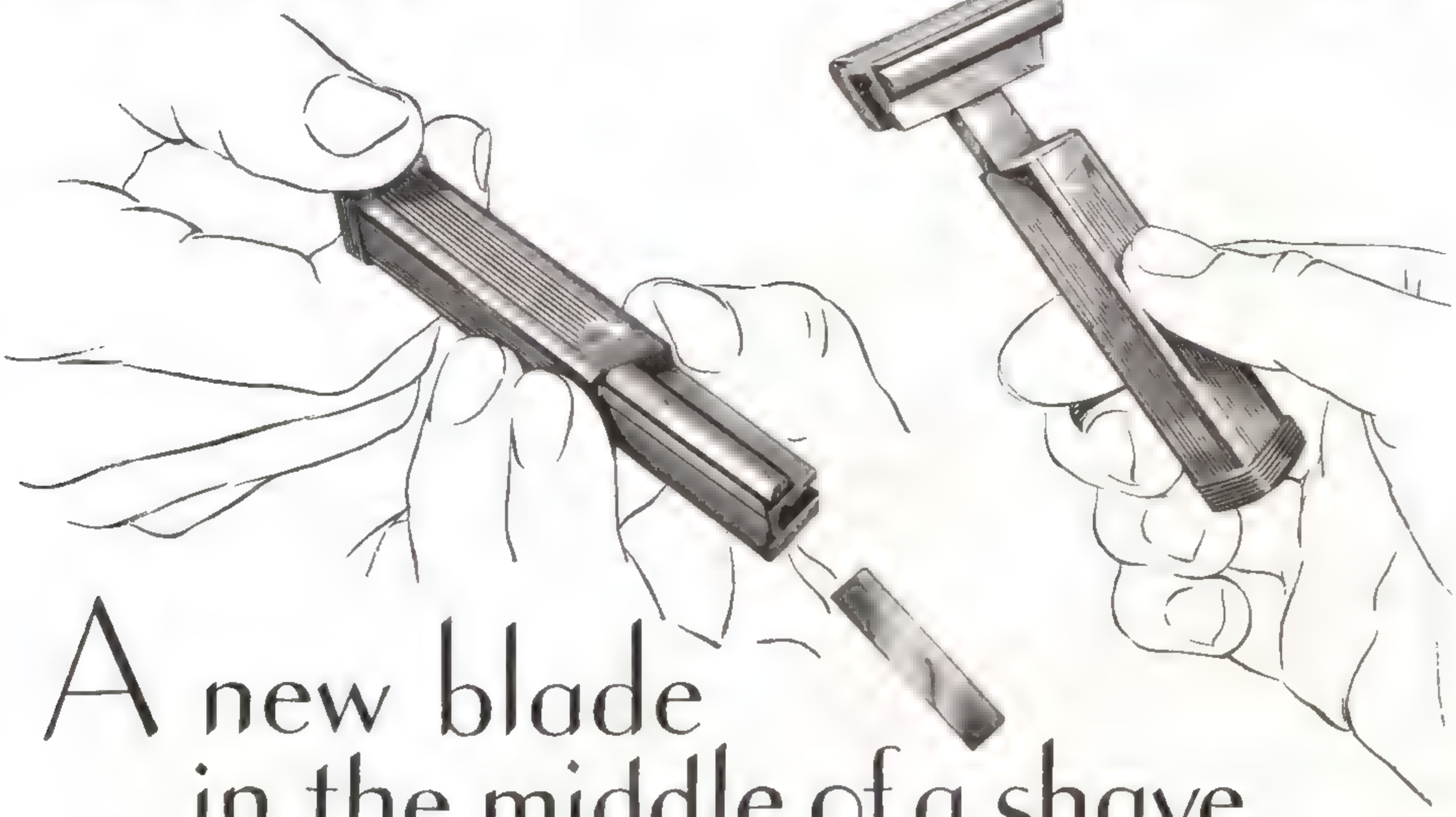
Your novel, your book or your play,
To warrant a pleasant review,
Has got to be grim, gross and gray,
With Life as a poisonous stew.
Such stuff as the Russians construe
And also the Finn and the Czech—
I know what I think of that crew,
They give me a Pain in the Neck!

Be blithe, optimistic and gay,
And what will you get? The "pook pook!"
For if you don't write of Decay
Your stuff must be false through and through.
Bow down to their idols, or rue
A roast that will lease you a wreck.
Do ducta like this make me blue?
They give me a Pain in the Neck!

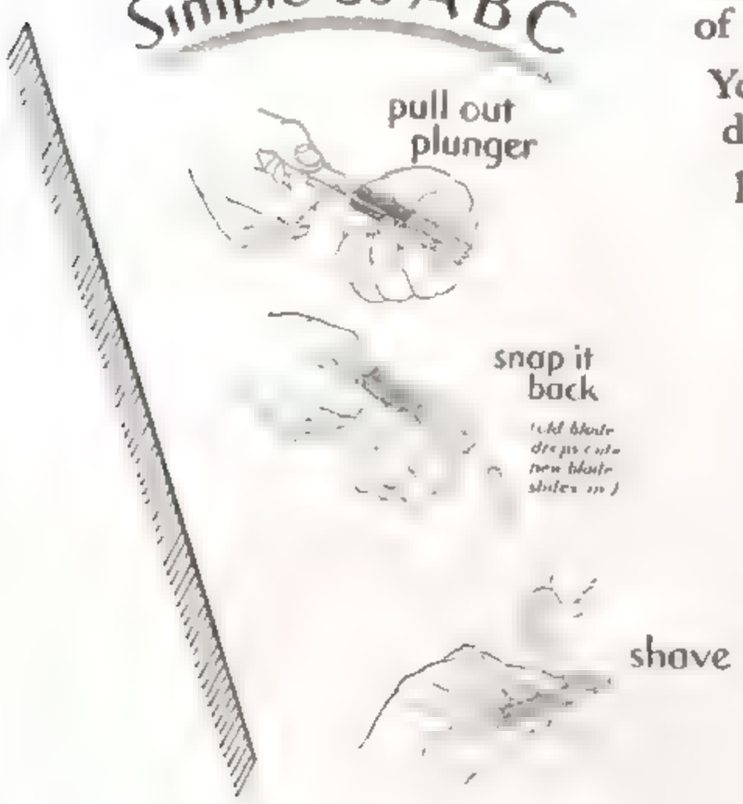
Envoy

Do critics affect me? Well, who
Enjoys being jumped on, by heck?
Unless they approve what I do,
They give me a Pain in the Neck!

Schick *Repeating* Razor



A new blade in the middle of a shave



Ever find yourself shaving with a dull blade right in the middle of a shave?

You noticed the blade felt dull, but kept on using it because you didn't want the fuss and bother of taking apart your razor and putting in a new blade. So you kept on scratching and scraping, and at the finish your face was smarting and stinging like a fresh vacation sunburn.

Well, the Schick ends this nonsense, once and for all . . . Old blade dull? Want a new one? Pull out plunger and snap it back. That's all. That action, in split seconds, ejects the old blade and puts the superkeen new one in place. There are 20 such blades right in the handle of the Schick.

No sense suffering any longer. Save your face with a Schick. Ask to see this really marvelous repeating razor—it's sold in the better stores. Or, send us the coupon and $5 for silver, $7.50 for gold plated model. One clip of 20 blades comes with each razor. Extra clips are 75c each. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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A smooth shave quick *with a* Schick

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
Dept. P-4, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a Schick Razor complete with 20 blades. I enclose ☐ $5 for razor in silver plate. ☐ $7.50 for razor in gold plate. ☐ Extra clip of 20 blades 75c. In Canada, Silver-plated razor with 20 blades, $6.50, gold-plated, $10. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00

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Dealer's Name _____

OUT-OF-DOORS

Mountain Notes

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.
—LORD BYRON—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

MY EARLIEST recollections of mountain rambles date back to the summer of 1900, when a covered-wagon expedition, of which I was a small and unimportant unit, was organized for a pleasure trip to the recently created Mount Rainier National Park. For reasons which in later years I have been unable to fathom, my mother was a member of this party and took me with her. A trip in those days to Mount Rainier—Tacoma, if you like; or, if you are even more intimate with it, just the Mountain—was a very real adventure. The road—if it might be so dignified—was a mere wagon track through dense forests, over the foothills and up the valley of the Nisqually River to the southern slopes of the mountain, following the route pioneered, in 1857, by Lieutenant Kautz, U. S. A., on the first organized Alpine expedition in America.

Visions of man-eating cougars and bears thronged my imagination, and from the moment we left the open prairie country south of Puget Sound and clattered into the depths of the woods, I lived in a seventh heaven of delicious apprehension. None of my later trips ever thrilled me as this one did. Indians and animals lurked in the dark ravines and fled before bright shafts of sunlight piercing the lofty canopy; red squirrels chattered angrily from the boles of giant firs; and at every pause of our creaking, groaning wagon, the hush of wilderness spaces laid a finger on our lips. We slept in the forest or in barns of lonely ranches, and on the evening of the fourth day we lumbered into a clearing under the very foot of the mountain, where sulphur springs bubbled out between a group of sprawling shacks—the pioneer home of Old Man Longmire.

The Mountain of Snow Mountains

THE old man was a fine upstanding character, typical of the best of that peculiarly American vanguard which conquered the West and prepared it for settlement. When, as in Longmire's case, they raised large families, their influence persisted and their descendants took prominent parts in the development of the country; living alone, they slowly degenerated and died out, unhonored and unsung. Today they are seen no more, but twenty years ago a few of them might still be found trapping and prospecting from untidy cabins far up in the mountains. The Longmire family, kind and hospitable, maintained for many years a rough hotel for the accommodation of such guests as were hardy enough to get there; and although the wind moaned freely through chinks in floor and walls, and a whisper reverberated the length of the building, the place was clean and neat. I can still remember how the yellow sunlight spattered in through the chinks early in the morning, the dull persistent roar of the glacial river, and the biting crispness in the air as I dressed hurriedly and ran out to look at the mountain. How it towered into a deep blue sky, up and up in unmasked sweep of red-brown cliffs and pure shining snows—the mountain of snow mountains! Then and there, I believe, was born an insatiable longing which drew me again and again up into those high gleaming slopes for strong and joyous hours of exercise.

A Snow Traverse, Mount Rainier National Park

The trail into Paradise Valley was then a sort of goat track, located with a fine disregard of grade. Like cats, our half-wild ponies scrambled up it, while the adults clutched at their pommels and prayed, and I shouted gleefully. Under the rugged crests of the Tatoosh Mountains we opened out the broad parklike valley of the Paradise River and trotted over green meadows dotted by groves of pointed subalpine fir and hemlock, and spangled with wild flowers. At an altitude of 5500 feet, we camped for two days on the present site of the Paradise Inn, well known to American mountain travelers. Awestruck, we wandered timidly about, not venturing to go very far from camp, for we were deep in the heart of a real Alpine wilderness. I can still recall the overwhelming impression of that vast loneliness. It had a distinct personality or spirit—an aura of unfathomable mystery impossible to describe.

Lacking the Wilderness Spirit

TODAY this lovely mountain vale constitutes the tourist center of the national park. A perfect road swings in graceful loops up over the foothills from Puget Sound, and within three hours one may speed from tidewater to the edge of the eternal snows. The valley is indeed lovely—certainly its setting, under the great white dome to the north and the chain of rocky peaks to the south, is unsurpassed—but to those who remember it in the old days, something vital is missing. For, with the advent of motor roads, the wilderness spirit has vanished, never to return. In the case of this section of the mountain, the road development was inevitable and fitting, and the valley will always be a lovely place to visit—except, perhaps, on national holidays, when everyone who dislikes the "madding crowd" is more comfortable at home. But aside from commercial considerations, there is no real public demand for roads to open up the balance of this magnificent remnant of the North Pacific Coast wilderness. The demand, such as it is, for more roads, is based upon a misconception of the purpose of the national parks. They should not be and never were intended to be public playgrounds such as city and state parks. They were set aside from the public domain to stand as inviolate monuments of ancient America, to be "preserved and revered as Nature made them." Too much road building, or the construction of mechanical defacements such as aerial tramways—a plan which was recently blocked for Mount Hood and is now proposed for Rainier-Tacoma—will mar that indefinable but very valuable asset—their æsthetic values, worth more in the long run than immediate commercial gain.

Ten years passed away before I saw the valley again, and in the meantime a wagon road had been constructed up from Longmire's. Those few plutocrats who drove automobiles were sternly forbidden its use. Our party of four had back-packed over the glaciers from Spray Park on the north, crossing in turn the Carbon, the Winthrop, the Emmons, the Frying Pan, the Ohanapecosh, the Cowlitz and the Stevens

The North Face of the Mountain Showing the Great Cirque at the Head of the Carbon Glacier, the North Peak, and the Sweep of the Upper Winthrop and Emmons Glaciers at the Extreme Left. The Dotted Line Indicates a Minor Climb Made by the Author

Continued on Page 73

"best show in town"

If you know your movies, you know the rest of this slogan. You know, too, that it is more than a phrase—a *fact*—and that it was never more meaningful than now! Paramount Pictures already released in 1928 have bettered even the all-award-winning Paramount Pictures of 1927! ¶ And this is only the start. Soon Paramount will announce "The Whole Show Program of 1928-29" and greater Paramount history will be written! Because Paramount not only excels all others, but year after year surpasses its own achievements, a far more exacting task. ¶ The deep significance to you is not only that Paramount means "best show in town" but that this will *always be so*, and your guide to the best in motion picture entertainment will always be the same.

HAROLD LLOYD in "SPEEDY"

The whole country is laughing at Harold as a happy-go-lucky, mile-a-minute, smile-a-minute kid, trying to make good in New York. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation, a Paramount Release.

EMIL JANNINGS in "THE LAST COMMAND"

The world's greatest actor, in his greatest role. The lure of a world-wide audience attracts to Paramount the best acting talent of Europe as well as America. Directed by Josef von Sternberg.

"THE LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED"

The amazing story of a band of war fliers who had tried everything in life but death. William Wellman Production, first co-starring picture of Paramount's Glorious Young Lovers, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper.

CLARA BOW in "RED HAIR"

The most popular girl on the screen is a Paramount star! "Red Hair" is her latest, written by Elinor Glyn, author of "It", produced by Clarence Badger, director of "It". Supported by Lane Chandler.

PARAMOUNT NEWS

Leading news reel since its inception because it is backed by the resources, man-power and world-wide organization of the largest motion picture company in the world. Ask your Theatre Manager to show it regularly.

"best show in town"—when the newspaper ads say "*A Paramount Picture*", when you see *Paramount* in front of the theatre and when the words "*A Paramount Picture*" flash on the screen.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., New York

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

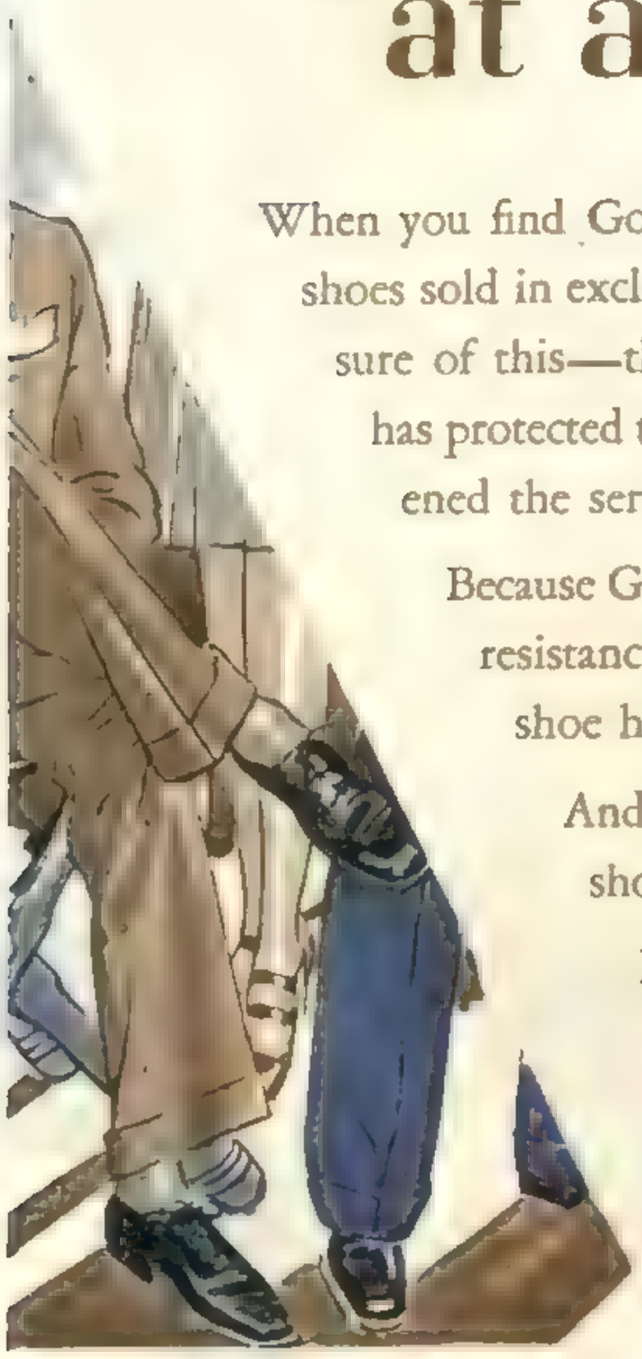
KUPPENHEIMER FAMOUS FIFTY SUITS

These suits at $50 prove the Kuppenheimer skill. You feel the *extra value* in the fabrics, feel it in the comfortable modeling. You see it in the fresh new styles, in the all-silk stitching, in the unusual respect for detail. Young men will find the new colors - the new lines - and a new standard of value in the Famous Fifties.

QUALITY AT A COMFORTABLE PRICE

Kuppenheimer merchants render a service of consequence to men. They single out the season's major styles, individualized and handcrafted in the best manner. They alone feature the exclusive fabrics, TIGERTWIST and TROJAN WEAVE, the extra wear woolens from the world's important looms. They deserve your patronage.

Keep your shoes "at attention"



When you find Goodrich Heels on the shoes sold in exclusive shops, you can be sure of this—the maker of those shoes has protected the stylish lines and lengthened the service he built in them.

Because Goodrich Heels offer toughened resistance to wear—they make the whole shoe hold its shape and last longer.

And there's a smart idea for your present shoes.

Put on Goodrich Heels!

They'll snap the shoe to attention—and give you Cushion, Silence, Comfort, which repay their moderate cost.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, *Est. 1870*
AKRON, OHIO *In Canada:* Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont

Goodrich *Rubber Heels*

FOR MEN AND WOMEN . . BOYS AND GIRLS

LISTEN IN EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT, *Goodrich Radio Hour 9.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network*

There's quite a difference in rubber. Be sure you get the heels which come in this attractive box—marked with the name Goodrich

(Continued from Page 68)

glaciers into Paradise Valley. For a week we had seen no trace of human beings—not even a trail—but as we topped the ridges above the great Cowlitz Glacier, footprints in the snow and the telltale signs of empty film boxes, sardine cans, and other litter proclaimed the domain of the tourist. Pushing on toward the heights above the valley, we came suddenly upon a vanguard of two men and a woman, and stopped to chat with them.

They were typical Alpine tenderfeet, high-hearted and sandy, but amusingly ignorant of the mountains. The men wore knee-high boots which must have weighed pounds and constricted their leg muscles, and the woman's shoes were pointed and too light. In place of double rows of stiff short calks, the soles were dotted lightly with tiny hobnails. They carried alpenstocks, but no rope; their snow goggles were too light in tint; and their faces were heavily smeared with black grease paint instead of a white pigment or lanolin.

The woman seemed rather apprehensive, I suspected; and she could scarcely be blamed, for we must have looked, for all the world, like a band of outlaws

Then one of the men said, "Where are you from?"

"Spray Park—over on the north side of the mountain—opposite here."

"How far is that?"

"Oh, about three to five days' hike, depending on how well you know the country and how heavy your packs are."

Their expressions evidenced their utter astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me," one of them said, "that it takes that long to get around to the other side of this mountain?"

We laughed. "It doesn't look it, does it? But where are you bound for?"

"Camp Muir. It won't take us long to get there now, will it?"

A Trick of the Eyesight

I glanced aloft across the long dazzling incline of the Paradise Glacier to the foot of a rocky ridge, black and clear-cut against the upper snow fields. It really looked quite near and not very far above.

"Well," I said, "you're a little off the regular route. Camp Muir lies at the foot of that cleaver running down from Gibraltar Rock. It's about two and a half miles away in a straight line, and some 3500 feet above us. If you get there before dark you'll be lucky."

We had no little trouble convincing them that their eyes could not be trusted, for the illusion of nearness is perhaps one of the most striking characteristics of the high places.

The air is so pure and clear and, when viewed from below, the slopes are so foreshortened that the ordinary standards by which distances are subconsciously estimated are wholly inapplicable. There is rarely any perspective—peaks and ridges and other landmarks all appear to lie in one plane, as in a photograph. One ridge apparently merges into another without the semblance of a break, and yet between them may stretch a canyon thousands of feet deep and several miles wide. Prior to the 1910-13 United States Geological Survey of Mount Rainier National Park, maps of the mountain were nonexistent, and I can recall many a heated and amusing argument over the best route, which, when finally adopted, more often than not led us to the brink of unsuspected cliffs and canyons. And always we were tricked by the distance of our objectives.

Space Measured by the Clock

Perhaps it is more correct, however, to speak of a mountain journey in point of time rather than of distance. Statute miles have little or no significance in cross-country mountain work or in climbs upon the high névés. The proper query is "How many hours—or days—will it take us to do so and so?" not "How many miles must we travel?" In climbing, off the trails and with a pack, I doubt if I have ever covered much more than five miles of air-line distance in a single day's work—frequently much less. It all depends upon the nature of the terrain, the weather, and the size of the party and the power of endurance of its weakest member. A day's packing in the hills should not exceed ten hours; and in cross-country work of the nature to be found on and about the mountain, five air-line miles within that period of time means work of the hardest sort and under the most favorable all-around conditions. Fifteen years ago six of us back-packed from the upper Yakima Valley across the wilderness of the Cascade Range into Paradise Valley. We crossed the eastern boundary of Mount Rainier National Park at a point exactly ten air-line miles northeast of the valley, and five days distant. On one of these memorable days we covered but three-quarters of a mile.

The ascent of the mountain constitutes the longest and most celebrated snow climb in the United States. Via the orthodox route from Paradise Valley, at an altitude of 5500 feet, the climb is about nine miles long and is properly a two-day affair. In bygone days, however, a summit climb started from the valley at midnight, with lanterns, and reached the edge of the crater at about noon. It is to be doubted if any Alpine ascent in the world was ever harder, in point of physical exertion, than this continuous eleven or twelve hour climb up Rainier-Tacoma and back again before nightfall. It touched and drew heavily upon the last reserves of endurance and grit. Nowadays the main climb starts from an altitude of 10,000 feet at Camp Muir, after a night spent in the shelter cabin there. It is a terrific piece of work notwithstanding. At altitudes from about 10,000 to 15,000 feet, an average climbing rate of 500 feet an hour—vertical distance—is excellent progress; at higher altitudes the climbing rate rapidly diminishes, until, at extreme heights, such as in the Himalayas, a few score feet an hour represents the limit of human strength. Captain Noel, the photographer of the Everest expeditions, says that at an altitude of 23,000 feet and more the least physical exertion is abhorrent and requires the utmost efforts of the will, even to the trifling matter of turning a camera crank or moving from one position to another.

Cause for Pride

It is difficult to visualize such a condition without personal experience of it. In 1913 two of us made what is known in Alpine parlance as a traverse of the mountain, meaning a crossing of a peak from one side to the other via its summit. Perhaps the most famous traverse in Alpine history—certainly a very dangerous and thrilling one—was Tyndall's traverse of the Matterhorn in 1868, from Brueil to Zermatt, and described in that classic of mountain-climbing lore, Hours of Exercise in the Alps.

Our own adventure hardly aspired to such preeminence and fame. The mountain is essentially a snow-and-ice climb from any angle of approach, and snow is never as sensational as rock, especially such a monstrous rock as the Matterhorn. But large as it is, and some 400 feet higher than Rainier-Tacoma, it is still a mere pygmy in comparison to the size of the latter, whose immediate base covers 100 square miles. We did feel rather proud, therefore, to number ourselves among the very few parties who have made a traverse of its summit, and I believe that we were and still are the smallest party who successfully attempted it. At any rate, I should not care to repeat the climb with only a single companion.

An Ozark Stream

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

"We Americans"

The story of the emigrant who comes to this Land of Promise—and is surprised to find that patriotism is the foundation of citizenship. Reluctant at first to yield his allegiance to his native land, we see his gradual change of heart as his children who are typical Americans, march away to war to fight the old country.

George Sidney

That is the basis of ***"We Americans,"*** a special production by Universal adapted from the Broadway stage success; directed by Edward Sloman and supervised by Carl Laemmle, Jr. with an especially distinguished cast, including GEORGE SIDNEY, PATSY RUTH MILLER, GEORGE LEWIS, BERYL MERCER, EDDIE PHILLIPS, ALBERT GRAN, JOHN BOLES, KATHLYN WILLIAMS, JOSEPHINE DUNN and others. The picture will have its premiere at the following theatres starting April 28: Rialto Theatre, Washington, D. C. Alhambra Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis., Columbia Theatre, Portland, Ore., Columbia Theatre, Seattle, Wash., Clemmer Theatre, Spokane, Wash.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

At the request of thousands of readers of this column, I have decided to reissue Victor Hugo's great classic, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*** It was in this picture, LON CHANEY made his greatest bid for fame, supported by a notable cast of players.

Patsy Ruth Miller

LAURA LA PLANTE has been acclaimed by many critics as the peerless comedienne of the screen. I desire to subscribe to that sentiment most heartily. Don't fail to see her in ***"Finders Keepers."***

George Lewis

GLENN TRYON, "the different comedian," has some excellent pictures in prospect. Keep your eye on this chap.

I will appreciate your frank comments on any Universal Pictures that you see. May I have them? Thank you.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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At twenty-two, however, things look different.

We reached the summit of the central peak at six o'clock in the evening, twelve hours out from a bivouac on a point of wind-swept rocks flanking the great Emmons Glacier—the largest body of ice, incidentally, in the United States. Its upper reaches were very icy, and, as this condition entailed a great amount of step cutting, we were fearfully played out by the time we staggered across the rim of the snow-filled crater and sought a miserable shelter for the night among the ice caves sculptured by the steam jets puffing out of the rocks. Here we felt acutely that strange lassitude and weakness mentioned by Captain Noel and others. A height of 14,408 feet is not very great, compared with Himalayan altitudes, but when attained with comparative suddenness and combined with extreme fatigue, hunger and lack of sleep, the scarcity of oxygen, even at this height, was enough to afford us ever afterward an unpleasant sense of appreciation of the miseries endured on Everest.

A Difficult Art

Our descent next morning was quite exciting. Starved and chilled to the very marrow of our bones, but one thought possessed us: We must escape as quickly as possible to the warmth and shelter and food 9000 feet below in those tiny white dots of tents clustered in the green valley. Some 1500 to 2000 feet below the summit platform, the southern face of the mountain is scarred by parallel spines of rock, or cleavers, splitting the névé fields sweeping down from the plateau above. Running and sliding in long swoops, we hurried down the upper slopes of this southern face into the warmth of the rising sun.

The steepening gradient and the appearance of crevasses soon brought us to a halt, and, sitting down in the bright sunshine, we took stock of the situation. The descent of an unknown slope is always a difficult matter. Below one, a rooflike slant curves over into space. Nothing is to be seen but this dizzy white slant ending in thin air, and far away and thousands of feet below, the outlying ridges and spurs modeled in low relief. Searching for a practical route of descent resembles a game of blindman's buff. It is the most worrying, maddening uncertainty. Little by little the climber may be coaxed downward for hundreds of feet to the edge of an impassable precipice or tangled icefall, where, exhausted and discouraged, he is forced to climb all the way back again and make another and possibly abortive attempt somewhere else. On this occasion our objective was the huge triangular massif of rock known as Gibraltar, down around the base of which lay the orthodox route into Paradise Valley. But our overhasty rush from the summit had carried us too far to the west, and, unfamiliar with the appearance of the rock, as viewed from above, we were completely lost.

However, the necessity for action was, as always, paramount. In mountaineering, one is soon discouraged and defeated by too much thought. Roping up, we moved slowly downward to the edge of a black mass and peered down an excessively steep chute, or couloir, of ice along the right-hand side of a cliff which jutted from the face of the mountain and fell in terraced precipices of flaky basalt to the névé fields of the Nisqually Glacier 2000 feet below. About 100 feet down this couloir a narrow ledge led out to the left, across the face of the precipice. It seduced us and we decided to follow it. The couloir, however, was pure hard ice, and the cutting of steps down it promised to be a task of considerable difficulty. We dared not trust to the rocks at our left, for they were, like all rock formations on the mountain, much too loose for safety. The cone of Rainier-Tacoma is a composite mass of lava and so-called cinders and bombs hurled out of the crater in explosive blasts. Rock work, as it is understood in the Swiss Alps, is either impossible or unjustifiably hazardous, therefore, on the mountain.

The technic of ax work is perhaps the most difficult art to acquire in the category of mountaineering. Very few amateurs ever attain any real degree of proficiency in the use of the ice ax—the climber's most important and indispensable tool. In this one respect the best amateur usually rates far below the average guide, for only through constant and unremitting practice can the art of hewing steps quickly and efficiently and without fatigue be learned. There is a good deal, too, in the balance of one's ax and its design. A fine ax is as truly a work of art as a good violin or high-priced gun. Roughly described, it is a straight-grained wooden shaft about forty to forty-five inches in length, tipped at its lower end with a heavy steel spike and surmounted by a curved steel pick on one side, joined to a horizontal adzlike blade on the other. In cutting steps the staff is grasped near the lower end; in walking it is held near the head and used like an alpenstock or cane. The pickax point is used in chopping ice; the adz blade for very hard snow and in cleaning out the steps. Except, perhaps, under emergency conditions, such as exposure to avalanches, when haste is paramount, step cutting must always be performed with great care and deliberation, and the steps must be made big and deep enough to afford perfect security of footing. Chopping uphill or sideways across a slope is much easier than downhill work. The latter is extremely difficult and hazardous; so much so, in fact, that the amateur should always avoid it if possible.

But in our case, fatigue and desperation dulled the edge of prudence. The unwelcome honor fell to me by lot. Snyder tied himself to the end of our 100-foot length of rope, and, securing a firm anchorage at the top of the couloir, he slowly paid out the cord while bit by bit and very awkwardly I pecked my way down that shining funnel. A Swiss guide could have done it in a fourth of the time. I reached the ledge; Snyder followed me, while I, in turn, held him securely; and together we sidled along the face of the cliff and around a difficult corner. The ledge dwindled away to no more than a crack, and from it hung long fingers of clear hard ice at a dizzy angle. There, across from us, not a quarter of a mile away, rose the massive precipice of Gibraltar Rock, distinct and unmistakable. A short traverse above the cliff on which we were would take us there, but our strength seemed, for the moment, to be unequal to the task of a retreat upward. Snyder looked at me and licked his swollen lips.

"I don't think I can make it," he muttered to himself, but even as the words came he turned and motioned me back.

In the Wink of an Eye

Rounding the bad corner again, a piece of the rotten rubble suddenly pulled loose in my hands, and I fell heavily to the ledge, saving myself by a desperate effort from going over. On my back and helpless, I teetered for an instant on the edge. With quick presence of mind, Snyder wedged me with his foot, as a soccer player catches the ball, and, grasping hold of a knob of rock, I was safe again. As in all mountain accidents, or near accidents, the thing happened so quickly that there was no time for fear. Of all forms of violent death I believe that none can be so painless and utterly without fear as death by accident upon a high mountain. Unexpected, the thing happens in the wink of an eye; and in the whirling rush and confusion of perhaps those first few seconds before life is blotted out, the wild excitement and efforts are so intense that there is no room for fear or pain.

It is a very different matter, however, when a mountain accident results in injury and not death. Probably the most heroic story ever told of a mountain rescue happened last summer upon Mount Mon in the Himalayas above Lakka. According to the London Gazette, a British officer, Major H. D. Minchinton, accompanied by two Gurkhas, was descending the peak, at a height of about 14,000 feet, when a slip occurred and the whole party slid and fell for about 1000 feet onto a snow slope below. The officer's back was broken, and one of the Gurkhas was so badly injured that he, too, lay helpless. The other managed to make his way down to Lakka, 3000 feet below, where he met another officer, Lt. G. S. Bain Smith, who, in company with another Gurkha, hastened to the rescue. Lieutenant Smith was wholly without experience in Alpine work; he was lightly clad, wore smooth-soled boots and lacked even a stick to serve as an alpenstock. He removed his shoes, and, kicking out steps in the stiff snow slopes, he reached Major Minchinton and the injured Gurkha at 4:30 in the afternoon. The Gurkha who accompanied Lieutenant Smith was unable to cross the snow slopes.

Unavailing Heroism

He now made a sort of sledge out of his coat and somehow managed to drag Major Minchinton to a point 500 feet lower. The injured Gurkha had recovered just strength enough to move, and followed him. Further progress without more assistance was impossible; and still in his stockinged feet, Lieutenant Smith descended in search of it. After traveling about a mile he found two shepherds and brought them back with him. Major Minchinton was lowered about 500 feet more, until the rough, hazardous nature of the descent made it imperative to find more help. One of the shepherds was dispatched for this purpose, but failed to return, and so the lieutenant was forced to make another descent. After great difficulties he found four more shepherds and followed them back, on his hands and knees, to the major. The poor fellow was struggling in a delirium and could not be moved. Lieutenant Smith ordered two of the shepherds to assist the Gurkha down the slopes, and with the other two, he tried in vain to rescue the major. At sunset the shepherds deserted him. The major was now unconscious and dying. Lieutenant Smith covered him with his own coat, and, clad only in a shirt, shorts and stockings, stuck to his post until life was extinct. In the bitter cold he then made his way down in the darkness toward a fire burning in the valley far below. There he found the major's wife and a rescue party, and at dawn he guided them to a point from which the body was visible. Both of his feet were frozen. The King of England awarded him the Albert Medal for heroism.

Fortunately, mountain tragedies such as this are of comparatively rare occurrence when we consider the number of devotees of the sport. Nevertheless, nearly every peak of prominence has its grim list of casualties. Since its first ascent in 1870, Rainier-Tacoma has claimed eight victims on and around its slopes, and it is sad to relate that here, as in the majority of other Alpine fatalities, they were due to carelessness or ignorance. It has been said of the élite of mountaineers, such as Johann Joseph Bennen, Professor Tyndall's famous guide, or A. F. Mummery, the celebrated amateur, that "nothing could bring them to grief but an avalanche." And for both men this prediction proved sadly true: Bennen lost his life in an avalanche on a winter climb of the Haut de Cry, and Mummery was killed by an avalanche in the Himalayas. It is a legitimate death—if I may use such a term—for a mountaineer; other causes are nearly always avoidable. There are two fundamental precepts which the would-be amateur climber must follow: One must never undertake serious ventures upon the high snows without guides, except after a long apprenticeship under expert instruction; and secondly, a high climb, with or without guides, must never be attempted in stormy or uncertain weather conditions. If these two rules are rigidly adhered to, then the mountaineer should live long in the enjoyment of the noblest and most thrilling of outdoor sports.

—GEORGE VANDERBILT CAESAR.

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WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN—

Continued from Page 15.

"Of course we can't speak positive as to the welts," says Holly. "She wouldn't tell nobody. Miss Ettelson, the dressmaker, tried to get her to take off her waist to see how another one would fit her, but she wouldn't do it, so my wife tells me. But the poor thing can't hide the black eyes that scalawag gives her all the time, and she can't help limping when he's been kicking her."

"She ain't bigger'n a minute," says Perry. "Must have been right pretty when she was a young girl. I seen her with a black eye myself."

"Seems like steps ought to be took," I says.

"Steps would be took tol'able lively if he done it in public," says Gene, "or if she'd own up that he mistreated her. But she won't; there's the devil of it. Seems as if she was kind of fond of the measly muck heap for some reason or another or no reason at all; so what are you going to do when she claims she got them black eyes running into the pantry door in the dark or falling over her feet, and that she has spells of hollering out about nothing whats'ever, and when she lays her limp to rheumatiz? You can't call her a liar. She gives out that Victor is the finest kind of a man and so gentle he wouldn't hurt a fly. . . . Well?"

They went on a-talking about this here fiend in human form, but somehow I couldn't help having my doubts whether it was all so. I hadn't seen so much of the world then, but I did know that once you get a story of that kind started, it don't lose nothing in the telling. Maybe this lady did run her face against the cupboard door and black her eye. Maybe she done it more'n once. I'd done it more'n once myself, and each time I found it hard to make folks believe that I didn't push my eye against some feller's knuckles. I hadn't had no rheumatiz at that time, but I'd known men to limp with it, and I knew a woman oncet that was kind of high strung, and every time she got into an argument with her husband she'd holler bloody murder, and him sitting in a rocker smoking his pipe all the while and only putting in a word now and then. You can't never tell.

It wasn't very long after that I went to town again to bring out a load of groceries for the ranch, and I seen Victor Watts and his wife on the street together. It was just as I was unhitching my team to pull out. Well, sir, you'd have took 'em for bride and groom a'most—her a little bit of a woman a-hanging onto his good right arm and looking up at him, smiling while she talked, and him a-bending down and smiling back at her. It looked real pretty, specially as she wasn't no longer beautiful, whatever she may have been, and she wasn't young no more'n he was. As near as I could find out, they had been married all of eight or ten years, and you take it when a couple has lived together that long and is still loving and int'rested in each other, so far's you can tell, you feel kind of sentimental about it yourself. It made me mad to see the loafers around the store look at 'em and then grin at each other behind their hands.

Watts seen me and I pulled off my hat to 'em, and he done the same to me, and his woman, she bowed and smiled at me real pleasant. She didn't have the first sign of a black eye, I took notice, and she wasn't limping none. I did think that she looked a considerable run down and holler-cheeked. To put it plain, she was what you'd call scraggy and scrawny, but it didn't seem's if Watts ought to be blamed. She certainly had a nice smile. Maybe Perry was right about her being pretty when she was young.

I told Gene about seeing 'em when I got back, and how affectionate they was acting.

Gene says, "Yes, that's another aggravating thing. I've seen 'em a-walking together thataway myself. Great racket!"

"You don't mean that they was staging that for the benefit of all whom it didn't concern?" I says.

"Seems like," says he.

"Well," says I, "I don't believe nothing of the kind. I'd be willing to bet that you lunkheads has got the situation sized up dead wrong and some of these days you'll be apologizing to Watts for having misjudged him."

"If I'm mistaken I'll apologize all right," says he. "I'll eat dirt and try to like it; but I don't expect that will ever be ne'ss'ry."

"What I claim is that a man ought to be considered innocent until he's proved guilty," I told him. "Anyway," I says, "I'm a-going to lower myself in your opinion by treating this Watts person decent and fair, and if you or anybody else want to shun me on that account, you're kindly welcome to go plumb to."

"Well, I reckon you ain't likely to catch his complaint, so you can do as you darned please about it," says Holly, and we let it go at that.

I was in town a couple of times after that without seeing hide or hair of Mr. Watts, but the next time I seen him in the post office, a-standing apart from the crowd and reading of a notice that was stuck up on the wall. I went up to him and give him the time of day and he looked sort of took aback for a minute. Then he smiled and shook hands real hearty.

"I feel I got to apologize to you for leaving you the way I done at Dancey's, Mr. Stegg," he says. "The fact is I seen a man just a-passing that I'd got some important business with, and I didn't want to let him get away. That's how come. Hows'ever, I hope there ain't no reason why we can't go somewheres and finish what we was beginning."

I'd got my mail already, so I told him that there wasn't no reason in the world, 's far 's I could see, why we couldn't. So we stepped outside.

"We won't go to Dancey's," says my friend. "There's better licker and more elegant surroundings at Max Bernstein's. All Max's games is on the level, too, and he's got a decent pool table."

I didn't like Max, and I had other views and opinions about his stock and his games; but I didn't make no objections. What I wanted was to satisfy my cur'osity about Mr. Watts and his home life, and I could talk to him one place about as well as another.

So we went to Max's and sat down at a table in a quiet corner and ordered, and while it was a-coming I refreshed my mem'ry by taking a good look at the accused, and to save my neck I couldn't notice nothing wrong with him excepting maybe that he'd been drinking a little. He had real honest-looking blue eyes and when he took his hat off he showed a noble brow, and there wasn't nothing mean about his mouth, which is where meanness most generally shows.

"This here is real pleasant," he says, with a winning smile. "I've thought of you more'n once since last we met. It wasn't only your uncommon brilliant performance on that old wreck of a pool table at Dancey's, but there was something about you, pers'nally, that I took a shine to. I told my wife when I got home: 'Sweetheart,' I says, 'I seen a man in town today that I took quite a shine to.' Them was the exact words I used. 'He's a wonderful pool player,' I says, 'and right now he's a riding for the Pearl Button. I wisht you could see him, honey,' I says to her, and she says that she'd love to see you because anybody that I took a shine to must be something out of the common. And the very next time we was in town there you was, and she seen you. 'Was that him, darling?' she says to me, and I says to her, 'Yes, sugar lump, that was him'; and she says, 'I thought it must be him because he ain't like the common run.'"

"She's a right lovely-looking lady," I come back at him. "You sure was lucky to get a lovely lady like her to think as much of you as what she seems to do."

"I sure am," he agrees. "We're just like a couple of sweethearts," he says. "Her health ain't extry good, though."

"No?" says I.

"No," says he, shaking his head sorrowful. "She has giddy spells every oncet in a while and falls over and hurts her poor dear self if I ain't right by to catch her. It takes her all of a sudden, without no warning. None of the doctors we've had has been able to do her any good, and there must have been a hundred of 'em. I bet I've spent a couple of thousand dollars, first and last, doctoring her. Not that I mind the money. I'd give a million if I had it and work my fingers to the bone for to get the balance if they could cure her, or even help her. That's how much I think of that woman of mine. . . . Let's have another, and this will be on me."

He poured for himself real liberal—like he'd done the time previous.

"It ain't often I do this," he says. "I don't know when I last sat down with a man just for a little sociable time. Just between you and me, the men around this town ain't sociable. A set of backbiting coyotes, if you ask me. Once in a while I have to take and pound the daylights out of 'em to learn 'em not to lie about their neighbors, the filthy liars—teach 'em to mind their own business and not get to prying and poking into a man's private affairs. Here's what I use." He thumped his fist down on the table. It was extry big and bony, and I noticed that there was a little bit of skin off one of the knuckles. "That's the pitty itty paddy that does the trick," he says. "If it happens that ain't enough for 'em, I got something else in reserve—sabe?" He leaned over and patted his right leg where his boot was under his pants. "They can't run me out of this town nor no other," he says, and he didn't look so good to me as he said it.

"There ain't no reason why they'd want to do that, is there?" I ast him.

"No reason in the world," says he. "It's just I'm too sensitive, I reckon. But I want to tell you I'm enjoying this, sitting here with you and a-listening to your conversation. I want you to come out to my ranch sometime soon. I want you to meet my wife. Come around any time. Stop whenever you're passing. We'd sure enjoy having you, the both of us. She don't go out much, being sensitive like me; only with her it's about these here dizzy spells. She had one only the night afore last, pore suffering lamb! Fell and struck her jaw against the edge of a chair. Well, she'll soon get over it. Anyway, we want you to come out. You'll see a happy home. Humble it may be, but it's sure happy. I don't say, mind you, that we don't have a little harmless spat now and then like all married folks; but it's more for the pleasure of making up again with us. Maybe Mis' Watts is a mite too sensitive about—well, about certain things—not everything, but certain ones."

"A lady's got to draw the line somewheres," I remarks.

"Where Mis' Watts likes to draw it is right across the woodpile where it catches my ax on the swing and busts my kneecap with the butt end," he says, frowning. "And what I say is it's no time then to start in and give a person a tongue-lashing."

"No, that would sure be the last straw," I says.

"There's enough of them last straws to bed down the stock for the winter," he says, looking at his skinned knuckle. "But it was over in a minute," he goes on. "Just a few words, and then everything all right again and love and happiness a-reigning supreme; the little cloud blowed a-past and the warm sun of connubial affection a-shining strong from the blue heavens above down onto our little heaven below." He picked up a pack of cards that was on the table and begun to riffle 'em. "How about a sociable little game of stud?" he says. "There's Max a-standing there doing nothing, and Joe Carrol—he's always ready for a game. Come over here, Joe," he calls to a broken-nosed tinhorn that was a-talking to Max out of the side of his mouth. "You, too, Max. I want to make you acquainted ——"

I got up and allowed they'd have to excuse me, as I had to drift on.

"Some other time, maybe," I says, and I drifted.

I thought to myself that Brother Watts had overplayed his hand. Too much of this sweethearting and lovy-doving, seemed to me. It wasn't natural. If they'd have been a pair of silly young fools not more'n a month or two married, it might have been different; but it don't take a heap of time for mush to get cold and set solid, and neither Watts nor Mis' Watts was young, the way I reckoned young them days. It begun to look to me 's if there might be something in the rumors and caynards that the backbiting coyotes was putting around. Then, on the other hand, I thought of Mis' Watts and the way I'd seen her a-hanging onto Victor and smiling at him. If that was just a play they sure made it convincing, and you take it where a woman has dizzy spells and falls down, and she'd be mighty apt to hurt herself. It wouldn't be reasonable to blame her husband for her injuries. You don't have to hit a woman on the jaw to skin your knuckle. Heaps of other ways you can do it. You can do it opening a can of tomatoes.

A good many of them arguments I used on Perry Minns that night in the bunk house, and the more I used 'em, the better they seemed, until I'd got right back to where I was before in thinking that Watts was a fine, kind-hearted, gentle-natured soul and a fond and loving husband that was misunderstood and abused by a community of evil-minded coyotes, as he called 'em. I could see the mental anguish that he would suffer by them wrongful insinuations, him being sensitive, and I could understand how them aspersions would grieve his pore, afflicted wife even more'n what they did him, and I didn't blame him for packing a knife in his boot if that was what it was, although I ain't in favor of knives myself. A six-gun on a man's hip in plain sight is fair warning to trouble-makers, seems to me, and in consequence it saves qu te a few lives, account of there being no need to use it.

But Perry wouldn't listen to reason. "Don't talk to me about that rotten egg," he says. "You and him and his woman could swear on a stack of Bibles a mile high that he's a holy martyr and I wouldn't b'lieve you. Why? Because I know that he's a scaly thus-and-so and a so-on-and-so-forth and you can't tell me no different . . . No, I don't just think so. I know it. I tell you that more than one has heard her hollering and I've seen her with a black eye myself. Reckon I can't believe my own eyes? Why wouldn't she take a holt of his arm and smile at him if he told her to so do? Because he'd take and knock her down and jump on her when he got her alone if she didn't. Sure! He'd twist her wrists and burn her arms with a cigarette end, like as not. How do I know? Well, I know that there was a greaser down in Laredo that played them little tricks on his woman, and it was all right with her and she never made no complaint. I spose the fellers that took that thus-and-so out and hung him was a set of Meddlesome Matties, horning in where they hadn't been asked to, but it always seemed to me that we done the right thing."

I told him that if there was any little necktie sociable or sim'lar functions planned to be got up in honor of Mr. Watts I'd serve notice that I intended to horn in and bust up the same.

"No, I ain't a-planning nor contemplating such," says Perry. "What I aim to do and all I aim to do is walk up to Friend Victor the first time I run acrost him and

Continued on Page 80

NOW THE WORLD'S at Popular Prices!

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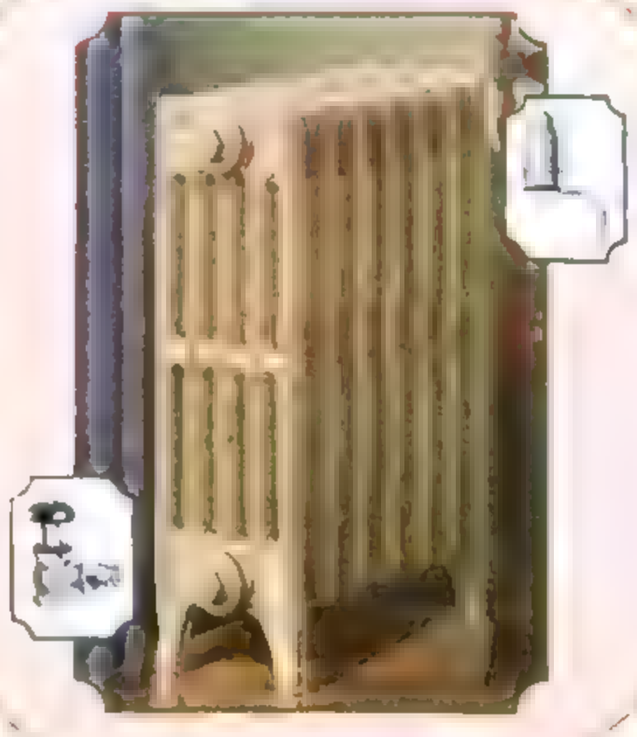

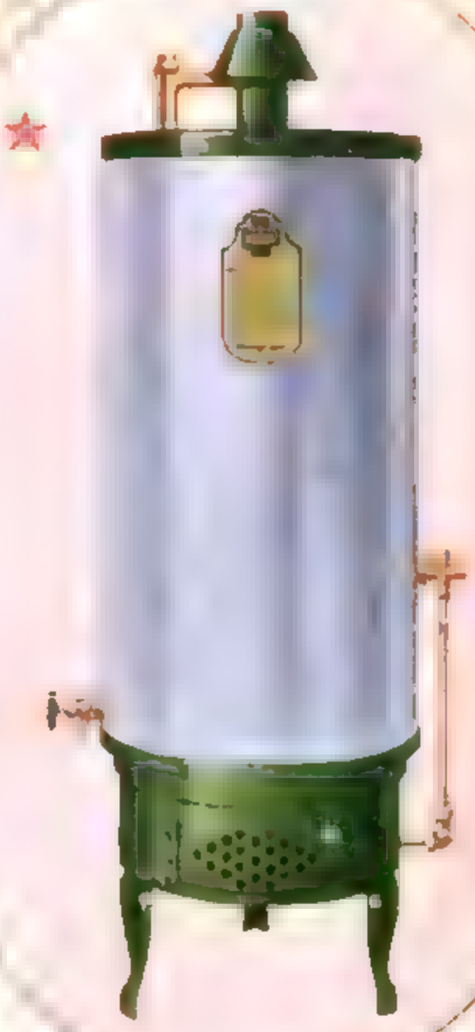

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Walk through that office now. Notice "the figures that spell loss." Then see how quickly these same figures can be changed to "figures that mean profit" by seating them in the new Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair.

It is certainly true that fatigue, headaches and backaches which menace the health, disposition and efficiency of office workers can be clearly traced to chairs that encourage careless, slovenly and tiring postures. And it is equally true that the chair which gives perfect, natural and comfortable support stimulates physical well-being, contentment and efficiency.

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SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Continued from Page 77

knock his facial liniments into his back hair. He'll have so many dizzy spells right after we've mixed that he'll think he's on a double-speed merry-go-round with a trip-hammer attachment. I'll sure sugar-lump and salivate that pill to the queen's taste. You ain't never seen me in action, Sam, and you don't want to miss the sight. Once I get started, I'm a raging, howling hurricane that don't leave nothing but death and destruction in my wake, and I get worse as I go on."

"You're an elegant orator, I'll say that for you," I told him.

"I'm an all-around lulu," says he. "I can talk, fight, drink, make love and raise Cain second to none and superior to most, and I've got a big heart that beats in sympathy with the downtrod and oppressed, male and female. I love my friends and I kill off my enemies as quick as I make 'em. That's me, b'iled down. Write on my tomb, 'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'"

"I'll make a point of doing that right after the Watts-Minns scrap," I promised him. "How are you on wrastling, collar 'n' elbow?" I ast him.

He said he'd wrote a book on it oncet, but it was out of print owing to the big demand, so if I wanted to learn something about it he'd be pleased to show me if I'd sign a paper saying that he wasn't to be held responsible for damages. Well, the boys cleared a space and I took and throwed him three times out of three. Next thing we boxed hats and I'd tell him when I was a-going to knock his off'n his head, and then I'd do it. I had a heap of sport with the big devil, but he took it all good-natured.

"You're pretty good for a runt," says he as he picked up his hat for the last time, "but sweet heaven help you if I ever got mad and went for you!"

I laughed at that, of course. It's always the things that he's plumb ignorant of that a man laughs at the hardest. Perry was big enough to make one and a half of me and as stout as an ox; but all the same I could handle him like he was a ten-year-old kid, and him doing his darnedest and using all the brains he'd got. It stood to reason that if he'd have got mad I could have handled him that much the easier, because he'd have quit thinking. Ain't that so? Ain't keeping ca'm and cool half the fight? Well, we was good friends anyway, and there wasn't much chance of us locking horns. Only I made up my mind that I was a-going to keep my eye peeled for any signs of unlawful assemblage with intent to tar and feather or similar. I don't hold with them doings and never have—only where it was strickly ne'ss'ry and no other good way.

But there wasn't no need for me to worry, the way it turned out. For quite a while all hands was too dog-gone busy for mischief. There was haying and a plenty of it. Grass was scarce that year, owing to a dry spring and a hot summer, and we had to cut over a heap of territory and make some long hauls to get as much as we wanted. We had to hustle all the harder account of a couple or three miles of fence that the posts had to be got out for, and a beef shipment likewise ahead. If anybody thinks a cow-puncher don't earn his money, their shirt tail's a-hanging out, as the saying is. Well, it was along to'rds the end of the haying that I come in late one night from a trip that had taken me plumb to the Little Missouri, and went into the bunk house to find everybody a-talking at once, real excited about something seemingly.

They stopped when they seen me and some of 'em begun to laugh, all of 'em looking at Perry Minns and grinning.

"Well, tell him, why don't you?" Pete Onslow says, and the others took it up. "Sure! Tell him, Perry. You're the one that's been taking the man's character away. Now tell it!"

"I ain't got nothing to tell," says Perry, grinning back at 'em, but kind of shame-faced. "I didn't see it; I'm taking Charlie's word for it. Charlie can tell it again."

"Tell what?" I ast him. "What is it, Charlie?"

"Oh, shucks, I'll tell it," says Perry. "It ain't nothing much, only that I've been a-doing one of these here foul injustices to a good man, and I've got to hunt him up and apologize to him and take back everything that I hitherto and heretofore said respecting or disrespecting him and ask him to forgive me if he'll be so kind. I got to say to him, 'Mr. Watts, I have hitherto and heretofore spoken of you as a swine, and I have thought of you as a swine every time that I've give you a thought; but circumstances has come to light which shows me that I so spoke without due consideration and that I only thought I was thinking when I thought what I did think about you; or in other words, that I was mistook and talking through my hat, and as far as I know you ain't no swine whatsoever, so I hope we will now become as good friends as we ever was.' I couldn't say no more than that, could I?"

"I wouldn't put it a-past you," I told him. "What are them circumstances that has come to light?"

"Ask Charlie," says Perry. "I find I ain't got the heart to repeat it. I wouldn't have had it happen for a million dollars."

"Well, a short horse is soon curried," says Charlie. "All there is to it, I was in Jim Bateman's store today when Mis' Watts come in and ast for a yard and a quarter of white table oilcloth, and while Jim was a-measuring it off, she staggered back and then keeled over forward and hit her head agin one of them iron stools by the counter. There was a great to-do, I want to tell you. I picked her up—she was as light as a down pillow—and laid her on the counter, and Jim run for water and bawled upstairs for his wife to come down; somebody else started after Doc Ammerman and all the rest of the population flocked in and crowded around the counter until Vic Watts come a-busting in and throwed 'em right and left. He raised his wife's head up on his arm.

"'My poor dear gal!' he says, in a voice that was plumb heartbroke. 'My pore little sweetheart!' he says.

"She opened her eyes and smiled up at Watts. 'It ain't nothing, darling,' she says. 'Just one of my dizzy spells. I ain't hurt none.'

"Well, she wasn't. She had a cut on her cheek that had bled some, but it wasn't deep and Doc fixed it up with a strip of plaster; but Watts took on like she had been a-dying and you couldn't help but feel sorry for him. She went back with Mrs. Jim to rest awhile, and while she was there she told all about them dizzy spells of hers, which wasn't near so bad as they used to be, she said, and didn't happen so often. 'And Mr. Watts is so good to me,' she says. 'Waits on me hand and foot.' The last I seen of 'em they was a-starting for home in a buggy that Watts had hired from Swanson's and he had his arm around her and was driving real careful with one hand."

"Well, I guess that's a-going to stop some of these evil-minded tongues a-wagging," says one of the boys. "Me, I sure feel sorry for that hombre with a wife like that. She cain't help it, of course, but it's tough on Watts, just the same."

"Yes," says Pete Onslow, "and it was tough on young Cass Robinson when Watts and Bernstein and that sooner, Joe Carrol, cleaned him out the other night. He'd been working hard for four months steady to get that money, and he ain't nothing but a kid anyway. I wouldn't go so far as to say they cheated out and out, but what chance would the kid have with them sharks?"

"There's another evil-minded tongue," says Charlie.

"Sure," says Perry. "It'll prob'ly turn out that them three is just a-keeping the boy's money safe for him—investing it at five per cent a month, compound interest, which they'll hand over to him a year from next Christmas. I bet Bernstein dresses up as Santa Claus and makes the presentation speech, in the course of which he'll warn Cass against gambling. Yes, I look for something of that sort now."

Well, this was certainly news. I wasn't quite sure at first how Perry reely felt about it, but he told me later on that he was in dead earnest when he said he was going to apologize to Watts.

"I don't say that I esteem him a whole lot even now," says Perry. "All said and done, I reckon it ain't no more'n decent to treat your woman decent, and it's my private opinion that there's a heap in Victor's conduct and character that would bear improving. That don't let me out, understand. Granting dark spots here and there on it, I hadn't got no right nor license to blacken his reputation all over the way I done, and my conscience is that tender and its voice is so dog-gone noisy that I won't have no rest nor peace until I've made amends. It's a-going to be right painful to do it, but it's got to be did, dog-gone my fool soul! And the sooner it's over, the quicker, before I think worse of it."

"Them's sentiments that does you credit," I told him. "Of course, you might write him a letter," I s'gests. "That way you could say what you want to him without embarrassing of yourself, and Victor could have it printed in the paper if he wanted to. Mr. Minns Backs Water, or something like that."

"I ain't no notoriety seeker," says Perry. "No, I reckon I'll meet him face to face and speak my piece like a little man."

Right then I had another bright idee. "Holly was a-saying the other day that he wanted to have them horses brought up from Van Tyne's, and it wouldn't be a heap out of the way for us to take in Watts' ranch either going or coming. What say if we go to Holly and ask him to let us go you and me—tomorrow morning? You'll want a witness. We could call and say we was desirous to know how Mis' Watts was progressing after her late accident, and then you could say whatever you wanted to Victor and have the thing over with."

Perry fell right in with the idee, and to clinch it we went and seen Holly right away.

"Sure!" says Holly. "It's the right thing to do, and I'd go right along with you myself if I wasn't so dog-gone busy. Tell you what—you explain to him how it is with me and that I thought he was just as big a swine and as low-down as what you did, and that I'm just as sorry I thought so as what you are. That ought to fill the bill. And don't you let Van Tyne slip any of them saddle-galled Oregons into the bunch. Here, step into the office with me and I'll show you what I traded for."

So next morning, bright and early, Perry and me hit the breeze, and along about nine o'clock we topped the rise overlooking the Watts ranch and stopped to let our horses breathe. It was certainly a right nice location and a pretty good house and barn. We could see some sort of running water a-flashing in the sun, as well as a windmill in the barnyard. Victor'd had better luck than us with his hay too. There was a couple of stacks that looked new up a'ready, beside an old one that hadn't been more'n jest cut into. I pointed that out to Perry and he allowed it must be timothy and got out his field glasses, that he always toted along with him, to settle the argument. While he was a-looking I seen somebody come out of the door and walk to'rds the stacks.

"There's Victor now, I guess," I says; and just as I said it, somebody else come out and follered after the first figger. It looked like a woman. "Is that Sweetheart?" I asked Perry.

"I reckon it is," says he. "What's he a-going ——"

The first figger had turned back and the second had stopped short; they come together and then it looked like there was only one of 'em. Perry jammed his glasses back into the case and throwed his leg back around his saddle horn, swearing a blue streak. Then he started down the steep trail like his neck wasn't no consequence to him whata'ever, and me right behind him. I knew he had a better horse than I had a big-boned, long-coupled bay mare with an onreliable temper and mighty dependable

(Continued on Page 84)

Settle the Car Questions

Timken developed the anti-friction bearing with tapered construction. Timken sponsored the exclusive feature of *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS.* And Timken operates its own electric furnaces to assure the most wear-resistant bearing steel ever known.

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Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering Post	Transmission
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	Six-Six	x	x	x		x
	Roosevelt	x		x		x
Chrysler	Six-Eight	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham		x	x	x	x	x
Davis		x	x	x		x
Dodge	4	x	x	x		x
	Victory 6	x	x	x		x
	Senior 6	x	x	x		x
Durant	55	x	x	x		
	65	x	x	x		x
	75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	8-82	x	x			x
	6-90	x				x
	8-92	x	x			x
Falcon		x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619	x	x			x
	625	x	x			x
	8-85	x	x			x
Hudson-Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	6	x	x	x		x
	Big 8	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	K	x	x	x		x
	JE	x	x	x	x	x
	JJ	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln						x
Locomobile	Jr. 8	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std. 6	x	x	x		x
	6	x				x
	8	x				x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x			x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Star	All	x	x	x		
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker						
and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x	x	x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	86	x	x	x	x	x
	66	x			x	x
	70	x		x	x	x

SERVEL

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

As modern as tomorrow

Graceful in Design ~ Dependable Service ~
Luxurious New Colors ~ Attractive New Prices

Only yesterday electric refrigeration was a novelty. Yet today, Servel has caught the spirit of tomorrow—the demand for gayety even in things practical—for life, color, movement in things inanimate.

Servel, tested and proven by thousands of successful installations, now offers a choice of four charming colors in all its household models—including the new H-5 illustrated opposite.

If you would be modern, and life is so much more fun in the forefront of things, you will want one of these bright new Servels. Not only for its modern standards of convenience and service, but for its ultra-modern note of color.

The kitchen, cinderella of the household, has at last come into its own. Color-in-the-kitchen is here to stay and surely no appliance offers a greater opportunity for modern colors than a 1928 Servel.

The models illustrated are now on view throughout the land. Accurate as these reproductions are, the originals are even more beautiful. Inspect them now so that you may see how well this lovely new finish—exclusive with Servel—would look in your kitchen.

The time to take up a new fashion is when it is new. More thrills, more satisfaction, more money's worth. And under the Servel purchase plan it is easier to enjoy the luxury of a Servel at once than to save and wait a year for it.

Besides, Spring offers an excellent excuse for new color in the kitchen. One of these new Servels is sure to harmonize with your pet color scheme. See suggestions on the opposite page.

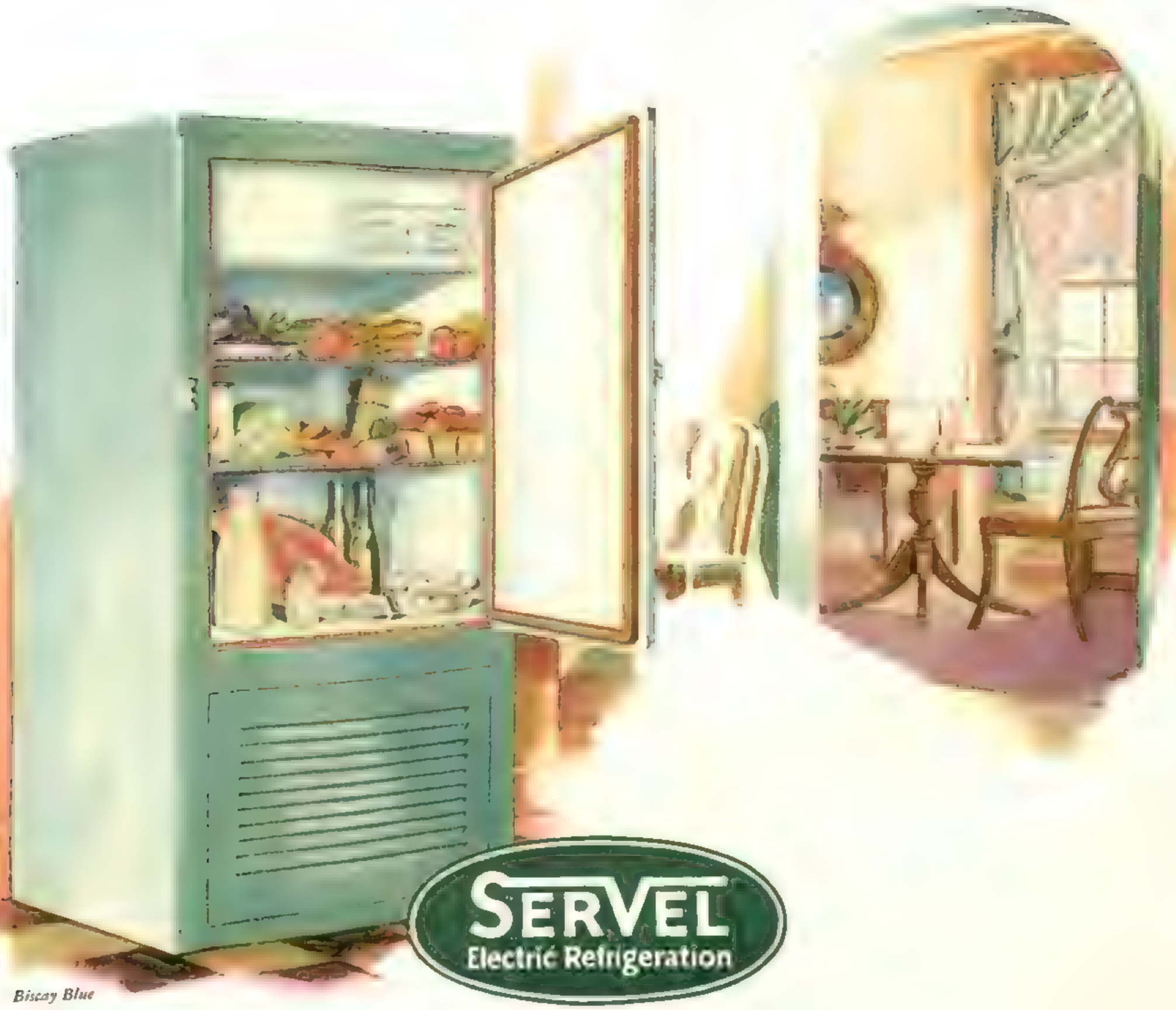
These three well-known Servel cabinet models retain in 1928 all the exclusive time-tested Servel features, plus the same wide choice of color finishes, plus materially lower prices

S-5—Deluxe model for small households or where kitchen space is limited. Food capacity 5 cu. ft **$275**

S-7—Deluxe model for the family of medium size. Food capacity 7 cu. ft Makes 96 ice cubes. **$375**

S-10—Deluxe model for the large family—the more elaborate home. Food capacity 10 cu ft. Makes 120 ice cubes **$425**

All prices F. O. B. factory, Evansville, Ind.



Biscay Blue

A modern finish modernly applied

No less modern than the new Servel finish is the method by which it is applied. Successive "veils" of color are sprayed onto the graceful steel cabinets by means of compressed air. With the application of "veils" upon "veils" an interesting and intriguing effect is built up, different in each cabinet, yet always alike in its beauty and its permanence. As you can see from the illustrations on this page, one of the new colors is sure to harmonize with your kitchen color scheme, present or planned.

H-5, crystal green finish, particularly suitable for use with lighter shades of green, cream trim, vermillion curtains

H-5, silver grey finish, goes well with white and grey, or cream and grey kitchen, cobalt blue curtains.

H-5, ivory tan finish, harmonizes with buff and brown walls or trim, greenish blue curtains.

$215

F. O. B. Factory

Model H-5: the newest Servel, for those demanding high quality of equipment at the lowest possible price. 56" high, 26⅜" wide; 19½" deep. Food capacity 5 cu. ft. 48 ice cubes at one freezing. Economical of power. Choice of white, or any of the colors pictured.

• • •

While Servel commercial refrigerators do not come in colors, they are just as up-to-date as the household models. If you use refrigeration in your business, Servel has a machine that will interest you by its sturdy construction and dependable service. Address inquiries to SERVEL SALES, Inc., Factory and General Offices, Evansville, Ind.

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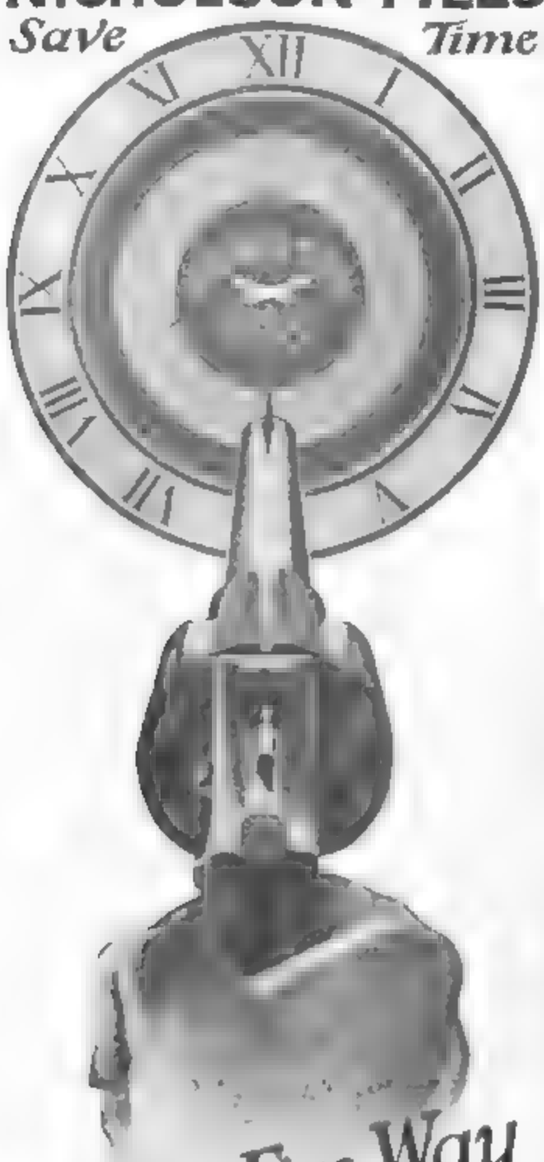

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A File for Every Purpose

(Continued from Page 80)

legs for hard, long riding—and it was a cinch that he'd get there first.

"Watch out! He's got a knife in his boot!" I shouted.

"I don't care if he's got a broadax in his vest pocket!" Perry calls back, and let the mare slide on her tail about five rods of an extry-steep pitch. He made about half of the way down a-sliding and when he struck the level he socked the spurs in and, holy Moses, how he raced! I wasn't so darned far behind him, at that. As he went he let out a couple of yells, and Brother Watts quit kicking Sweetheart and turned around to see what it was that was a-going to interfere with his sport.

I looked to see Perry stop at the picket fence that closed in the yard, but he didn't. He went part through and part over it and right on at top speed, and if Watts hadn't dodged lively he'd have been run down and tromped sure. I don't know that he'd have been much worse off, though. Before the mare had got a yard a-past him Perry yanked her back on her haunches and quit her. It looked like he'd shot himself out of the saddle with a double charge of dynamite straight at Watts, and he certainly didn't miss him.

I reelized right then that what Perry had said about him having to get mad afore he could show the best that was in him was strictly true. The double charge of dynamite was the mad sperrit that was in him. It give him a stren'th and a power and a swiftness that didn't seem human and wasn't no more to be stood against than the raging, howling hurricane that he had evened himself to. There wasn't no question of boxing, of footwork, feinting, ducking, guarding, covering nor nothing like that. A person might have just as well tried to side-step an avalanche or stop it with a straight right and left to the jaw.

Big devil as Watts was, he went back before that rush like a dry leaf before a gust of wind. Try to think of a tattoo on the kettledrum. 'Most as quick as that, Perry seemed to be hitting, and each beat with the drive of a locomotive's piston rod. The eye couldn't follow and the arm couldn't guard against that there force and fury, and what mind Watts had must have been paralyzed. He couldn't even fall, he was drove so fast for quite a spell, and when he did fall Perry jerked him up on his feet again—twice—and then knocked him down again. The third time Perry follered him to the ground, grabbed his ears and pounded his head in the dirt; then he squeezed his mouth open and filled it with what come handiest.

Right there I hollered, "Get up and run, Perry! She's a-coming!"

Mis' Watts had got up on her feet when Perry wrecked the fence, and had stood leaning against the side of the house with her mouth tight shut and her eyes wide open and a-staring, while the massacre was proceeding and Perry was punching Darling over to'rds the stacks about three foot to each jolt. When Darling fell I looked around a moment to see what she was a-doing, and she'd disappeared and now she was a-coming out of the house, lickety-split, with a big iron spider in her hand and blood in her eye.

Here the stock tender chuckled. "You might have known that would be the way of it," he said. "Perry was destroying of her property." The old bullwhacker looked at him sternly and steadily for a moment or two, to his apparent discomfiture, and then resumed:

I hollered again as Perry got up. "Quick!" I says. "You ain't got no time to lose! Climb your horse and let's light out!"

I already had my foot in the stirrup and Mis' Watts was mighty close to him. But she stopped a moment as he started to run and waved her spider at him.

"That's right!" she says. "What you don't see you won't know nothing about. I can handle him myself now, and I'm turr'ble obliged to you." And with that she run on to where Darling was a-lying, and as he was squirming to get up, I reckon she begun ministering unto him right away. All I know for certain is that along to'rds noon she rode up to Pat Shayne's hay camp and asked Pat if he wouldn't let one of his men ride into town and get Doc Ammerman for Victor.

"Sure," says Pat. "What's the matter with him?" he asks her.

Pat says she gave a queer kind of a giggle. "Nothing but what a few splints and bandages and rest and loving care will straighten out," she says. "Victor's been having one of his dizzy spells."

"Well, there's a patch that's all heart could desire," said the stock tender, holding up his repaired trousers for his friend's inspection. "A woman might have cross-stitched it and embroidered rosebuds on it, but she couldn't improve on it for all practical purposes."

"You'd better try it on and see if it stands the strain," the old bullwhacker suggested. "It won't be long before the stage comes rolling in."

The stock tender vanished into a small inside room and the old bullwhacker strolled to the outside door and surveyed the horizon. From his retirement the stock tender called to ask what this here Watts woman was a-follering her husband out of the house for, and what did she say that made him turn back? Mr. Stegg professed ignorance concerning these important points.

"The stage is a-coming," he informed the stock tender. "It looks to me like there was a woman up on the box with Red."

The stock tender emerged, fully dressed and with his few remaining hairs spread across his otherwise bare cranium and plastered down with a wet brush. By that time the coach was so near that the lady passenger on the box seat could be easily seen. She was a young lady—too young to cause the stock tender any uneasiness—seventeen at the outside, and rather pretty too. She was laughing as Red Raymond made a perfect semicircle that brought the picturesque vehicle to a standstill within a few feet of the house door, and then she asked a question of the driver and leaned across him to look down at Mr. Stegg, who was politely assisting a second passenger of the gentle sex to a landing. This was a large lady and not so young as the very young one by twenty years or so. The stock tender, busily unhooking the tugs and looping the lines of the harness, failed to see her. Mr. Stegg thought that if he had he might have been a trifle apprehensive. Still, she was not alarming. Comely enough and had a good-natured look. She smiled on Mr. Stegg and told him that he was stouter than he looked or he'd have give way under her.

"I guess you'd have been pretty well flattened out," she remarked; and then, continuing to look at him, she said, "Is your name Stegg—Samuel Stegg—of Lebanon?"

Mr. Stegg was clearly startled. "I ain't never denied that yet," he answered.

"Then you can kiss me," said the lady calmly. She offered her well-rounded cheek. The old bullwhacker was not the man to decline. He kissed it—not ardently, perhaps, but promptly enough.

"I don't believe you know me," said the lady passenger. "I'm —— Oh, here's Eileen. Kiss your Uncle Samuel, Eileen."

Eileen came, rosily glowing, and embraced him. No cheek presentation, this. In spite of the grizzled beard that might have discouraged some maidens, her fresh young lips found the old man's through the tangle, freely and frankly as a child's. Mr. Stegg seemed to enter more into the spirit of the thing that time. The stock tender

saw and gaped. Red Raymond called out, jocularly asking to have one saved for him, whereat the girl blushed deeper still and clung to the plump lady's arm.

"I don't b'lieve you know me now," said the plump lady to the old bullwhacker.

"No, ma'am," Mr. Stegg confessed. "Your face seems kind of familiar—and you said uncle. You can't be ——"

"Bessie Kane—Bessie Dutton that was. Why, Uncle Samuel, I'd have known you anywheres. Didn't you get my letter? No, I spose you didn't, because I sent it to Deadwood, which was the last address you gave. But my land, that must have been twenty years ago! I'd been married to Bill Kane two years when mother showed me your letter. I been a widow for five years now—five years come next April. Kidney trouble, it was. If he'd been willing to diet he might have been alive today. All poppycock, he told Doc Wilsie, right to his face. He was the settest man, pore Bill was; but he was a good husband and a good father and a good provider. Well, Doc Wilsie, he's gone now, pore man! Took pneumonia and wasn't sick two days. The old folks' friend, they call it, and I don't know but that's right. Have you got any good drinking water? Seems I haven't had a drink of real good-tasting water since I left Lebanon. Let's go into the house and set down, if you don't mind. I like to ride as well as anybody, but enough's a plenty on these coaches, I say."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Stegg, when he had refreshed his relatives with the best the water pail afforded. "Well, well!" he said again. "And what's brought you away out here, Bessie?"

"That's a funny question to ask!" said Mrs. Kane. "Didn't —— Oh, yes, I forgot you didn't get the letter I wrote. I might have gone on to Deadwood if Mr. Raymond hadn't told me you was here. Well, we come to make you a good long visit. I know you ain't a-staying on your ranch now, and I don't blame you for not wanting to stay there all alone. My land, if you took sick or something! I don't spose you're fixed to keep me and Eileen here overnight. Mr. Raymond said you wasn't hardly, and I can see you ain't, and I must say —— Don't you men *ever* clean up here?" Her eyes roved disapprovingly about the room.

"How many rooms is there in your house? Well, it don't matter now. I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll go on to Buffalo Gap to the hotel there, and Mr. Raymond says we can get a man name of Brooks to drive us back here in the morning and we can all go over to your ranch and see what's needed to make us comfortable. You got plenty of sheets? No, I don't spose you have. We'll bring along some soap and sal soda in case you're out.

"So you never got married in all these years! You certainly look 's if you needed somebody to see to you and do for you a little. . . . Two buttons off your coat! Eileen, run out to the coach and open up the telescope and bring me my sewing basket—and ask Mr. Raymond if there's time to eat a bite before we start, and if there is, bring the lunch with you."

When the stagecoach was well out of sight the stock tender turned a sad face on his old crony and the two solemnly shook hands.

"Don't you never think I ain't sorry for you, Sam," said the stock tender sympathetically. "Still and all, she's your niece, you say, and she can't marry you. Then again, we may have a considerable winter weather yet, and she may get good and sick of looking at the scenery and pull her freight."

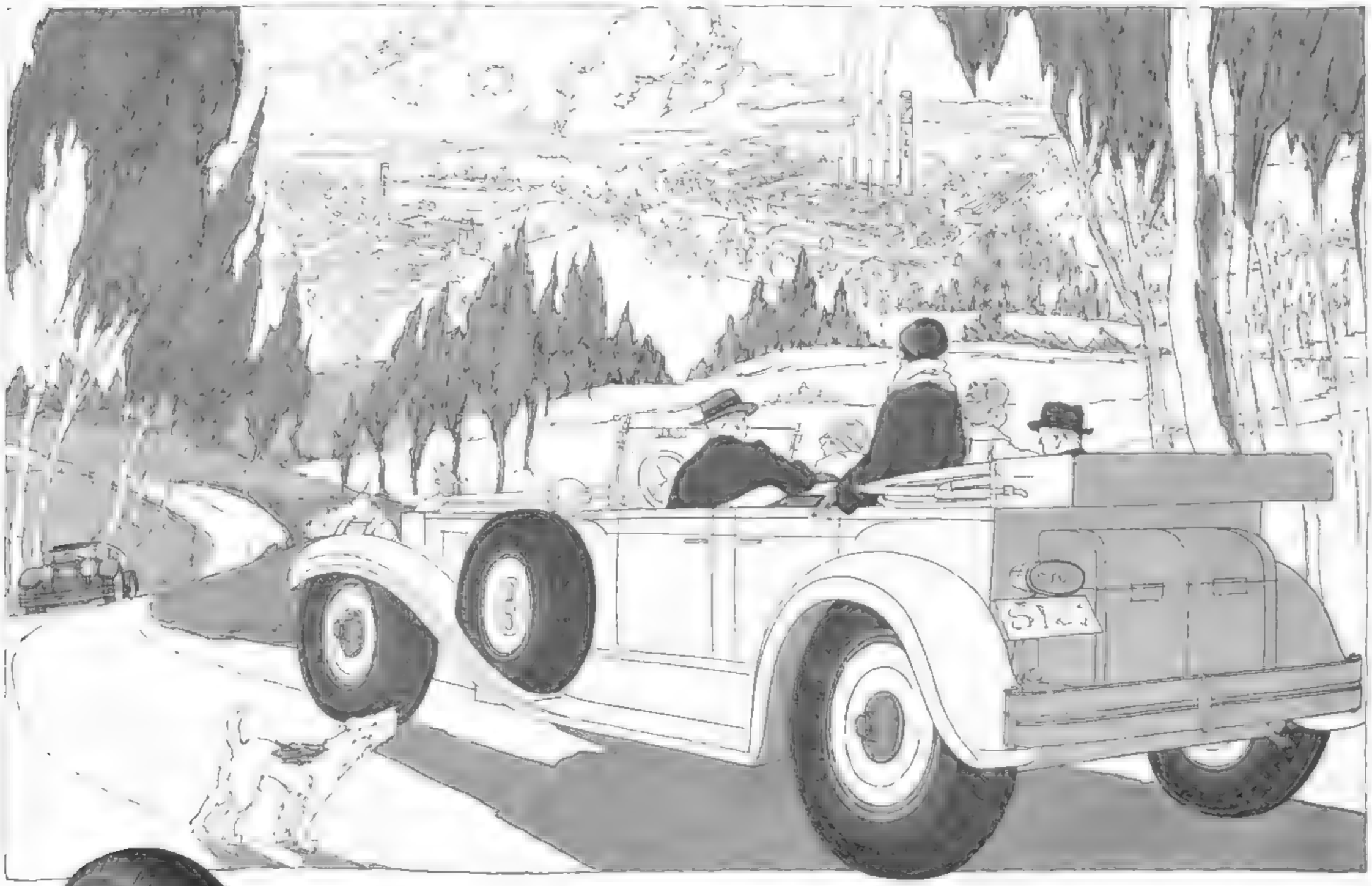
"She'll be too busy," sighed Mr. Stegg. "Hank, how did you make your get-away from them wives of yours?"

"Shucks! I never had no wives," said the stock tender. "Not a one. I was just a-fooling. If I'd have been married I'd never have got away for long. This here world is too dog-gone small, Sam."

"It certainly does look thataway," said the old bullwhacker mournfully.

APRIL ADVICE—RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken



This new 6 Ply 30x4.50—21" Lee Shoulderbilt is designed to give both new and old Fords, Chevrolets and Stars a tire of unparalleled service and dependability.

It wasn't so many years ago that a successful 50 mile trip in a "horseless carriage" at 15 miles per hour was a great accomplishment.

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Mr. J. Ellwood Lee stopped those punctures with his Puncture-Proof Tires. They were, and still are, the only pneumatic tires which laugh at nails, glass, thorns and cactus.

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Snappier, Colder, Cleaner Beverages

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Now you get the topmost quality that the makers put into these peppy, healthful liquids, preserved and served in a new, scientific way. It's just the same as if new quality-improving essences were put into the drinks themselves. Try your favorite. It has never tasted quite so good before.

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You choose your flavor. The dealer pushes a warm bottle of that flavor into a tube already filled with it. Out comes *your* bottle at the other end, ice cold, sparkling, delectable! You know it's cold, because yours is one of an *advance supply* of nine bottles in that same tube, *cooled* in advance. You never get a warm one, or one half cold.

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"Carbonated beverages are beneficial," say Medical authorities.

They contain real nourishment. "Carbonic gas invigorates the body—the whole nervous system, and organs of circulation, too," says Science.

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Your favorite drink is both good and good *for* you when charged with pure, pungent Red Diamond Gas. Ask your dispenser to use it.

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Jackson Drug Store, Jackson, Miss., writes, "Never sold soft drinks before, but now sell 7 to 10 cases a day, which means a nice profit with no extra clerk hire, and small floor space used. The Liquid Bottle Cooler attracts trade to our store and increases sales of many items."

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THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE COMEDY OF LEADERSHIP

Continued from Page 33

preamble to the charter of Harvard College, bearing the date May 31, 1650, reads:

> Whereas, through the good hand of God, many well-devoted persons have been, and daily are, moved and stirred up to give and bestow sundry gifts . . . for the advancement of all good literature, arts and sciences in Harvard College . . . and all other necessary provisions that may conduce to the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness.

Yale was founded in 1701 when the general assembly of the colony granted a charter for the foundation of a collegiate school whose purpose was to prepare young men for service "in Church & Civil State."

At William and Mary the same ends were in view. Princeton had been founded, so the old document of 1748 tells us, "For the Benefit of the Inhabitants of the said province" and because "of the great Necessity of coming into some Method for encouraging and promoting a learned Education of our Youth in New Jersey."

The Dartmouth charter of 1769 makes it plain that the founders were concerned

> For the education and instruction of youths of the Indian tribes in this land in reading, writing and all parts of learning, which shall appear necessary and expedient, for civilizing and christianizing the children of pagans, as well as in all liberal arts and sciences, and also of English youths, and any others.

It will be found that the word "leadership" is strikingly absent from these sober, old-fashioned documents; yet in those days the percentage of the population that went to the colleges was severely restricted by the conditions of pioneer life. I do not believe that the phrase will be found in the acts creating the older state universities. It is different in many of the colleges of recent foundation. All must now have a college training. The prospectus of a women's college in the South tells us:

> In order to meet the needs of the present day every young woman should, if possible, receive a thorough education.

A struggling college in the Central South prints the following statement of its educational ideals:

> We therefore favor the policy of selecting carefully all students, this selection to be made on the basis of moral character, intellectual fitness and preparation, qualities of leadership.

A statement by the president of a recently founded college in the far Northwest carries us into the heart of the new dispensation:

> The study of many catalogs will reveal the fact that certain courses and requirements are considered fundamental to the accomplishment of the task of higher education in preparing leadership.

In a Central Western college catalogue we find:

> A great educational program is necessary for any people who would contribute their part in leadership and power.

A Sound-Money Basis

In the Middle West also this rich promise is held out, and a college there not only "offers a most unique opportunity for the development of community leadership" but it conducts seminar courses in "Christian leadership" as well. It would be monotonous to multiply such quotations which would merely ring in the changes on this newfangled word now heard on all sides in academic circles.

At an educational convention not very long ago I enjoyed the privilege of sitting beside a man long recognized as a distinguished figure in higher education in this country. The word "leadership" had been used in some of the discussions. He was profoundly discouraged and I tried feebly to cheer him, but he closed the conversation with the remark: "We have inflated higher education in this country to such a point that it is an almost worthless currency. The first thing we must do is to deflate it and put it back upon a sound-money basis."

My elderly friend dated from an earlier time and he evidently had been unable to adjust himself to present conditions. It is probable that he was more pessimistic than the situation warrants. But it is only fair to him to say that he was not thinking primarily of the wastage of hard-earned dollars and cents.

The sums of money involved in higher education are, to be sure, considerable. The endowments contributed for this purpose in the United States amount to $1,000,000,000, and the physical plants of the universities are worth as much more. Outside of what is paid for board and room, the annual cost of conducting these institutions amounts to $300,000,000. It is perfectly proper therefore to ask the question: "Are we getting our money's worth?" And men in the business of education should be prepared to answer it.

Personally, I do not believe that the sums spent for higher education in this country are too large. They are not too large, for instance, if we use as a basis of comparison the sums spent annually for naval or military purposes. I believe all reasonable men, however, are convinced that all these sums are not spent as wisely as might be. However that may stand, before the process of financial deflation and readjustment can begin we must eliminate from contemporary discussion of higher education some of these bulging phrases.

The New Liberal Arts

First of all, we should recognize frankly that the percentage of our population to which we are attempting to give higher education is immensely larger than it is in the most highly civilized and educationally best organized European countries. In 1925 Great Britain, with a population of 43,000,000, had about 46,000 men enrolled in its institutions of higher learning. Germany, with 63,000,000, had 68,000 such students. France, with 40,000,000 in 1924, had 53,000 aspirants to higher education. At the same time in the United States, with 117,000,000, we had 664,266; that is, with a population twice that of Germany, which has always been keenly interested in scholarship, we in this country had ten times as many college students.

It is true that as compared with Europe we are exceedingly prosperous. Financially speaking, more of our young men and women can afford to spend four years in college. But the financial status of a young man or of his family should not be the only condition which determines his matriculation. In a democracy it should be possible for any boy to go to college no matter how poor or how rich. Whether poor or rich, he should be allowed to go, however, only in case higher education of this type will be good for him and good for the community at large.

Two years ago a distinguished European scientist and professor spent some months in our country making a survey of our colleges and universities. He was deeply impressed. Before he left he stated his conclusions on American higher education as follows:

> In your country you teach everything, even those things which involve almost no theory and are largely matters of experience and practice. In some of your colleges I found that you teach cement mixing, the packing of eggs and fruit, ice-cream making, sewing and dressmaking. You even teach teaching, and have great schools of education or pedagogy. You have the best equipped and most magnificent newspaper offices in the world. From my personal experience, I know also that you have the most enterprising newspaper men, yet you teach journalism in the colleges.

(Continued on Page 88

Is it A JOB too heavy for LEAD ALONE?

Lead and zinc are partners in the job of saving you money on house paint

THE instant the paint brush leaves its fresh bright film on your house, the great "battle of the air" begins.

Sunshine and rain and the elements of the atmosphere itself start their attack.

In fighting this silent, endless, night-and-day march of deterioration why is it that Devoe House Paint frequently lasts *fully twice as long as the ordinary paint job?*

Why is this paint guaranteed not only to cost less in the beginning—but to wear a year, or two years, or three years longer in the bargain?

First, because Devoe has combined *lead with zinc* in a famous "50-50" partnership that makes a harder paint film, preserves the purity and brilliance of the color and prevents the rapid "chalking off" that makes repainting necessary.

Second, because Devoe Lead & Zinc House Paint does not contain a single ounce of "filler." Fillers are cheap pigments with little or no hiding power. They cost less by the gallon—but they cost a lot more for every square foot of surface you paint. What is more important, they lower the resistance of paint to weather conditions. They make repainting necessary long before it should be.

Devoe House Paint is not 80% lead and zinc, or 90% lead and zinc—it is 100% pure white lead (carbonate of lead) and pure white zinc (oxide of zinc).

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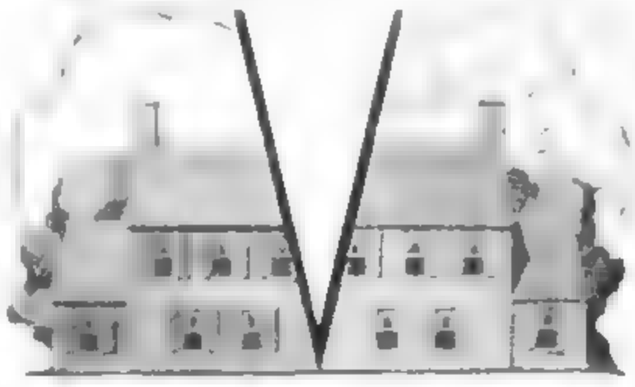
Insist that your painter use Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint. Or ask the nearest Devoe Agent to put you in touch with a painter who standardizes on Devoe.



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Paint half your house with Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint and paint the other half with any ordinary paint you choose. If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint does not take fewer gallons and cost less money per job, we will make no charge for Devoe.

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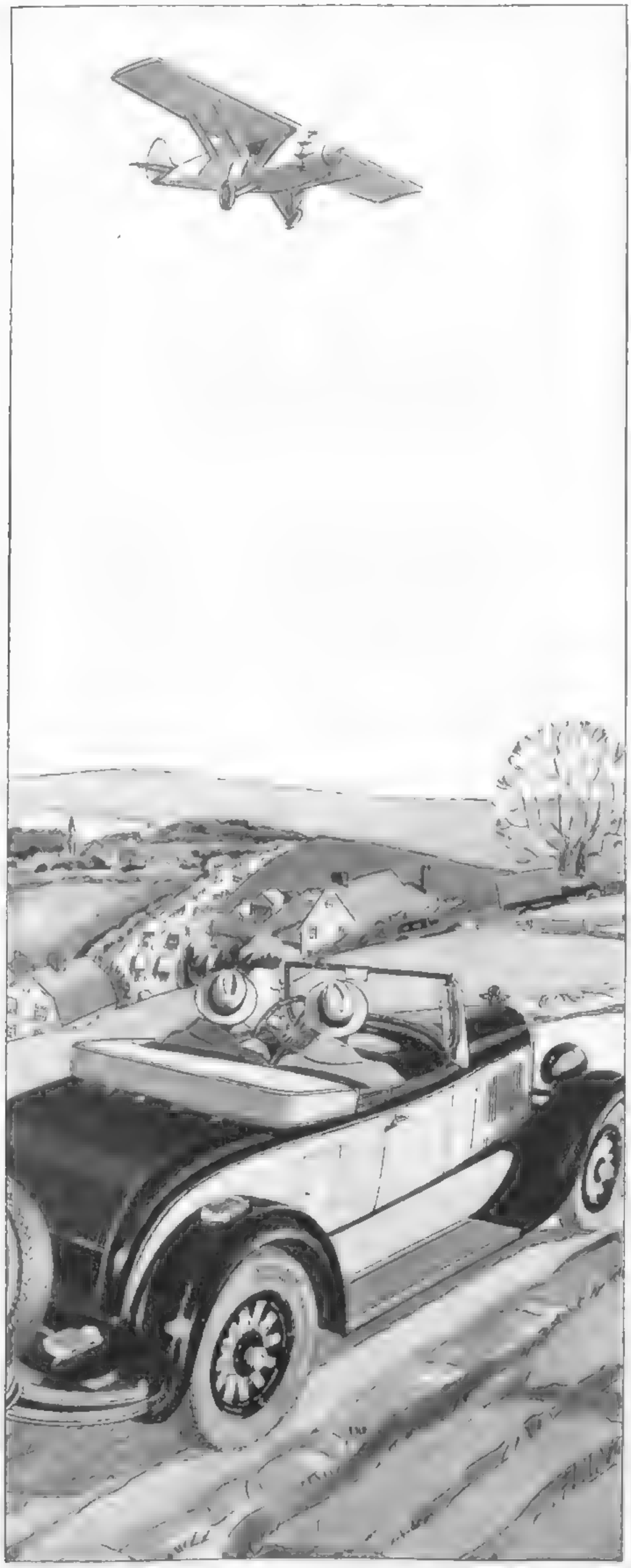

"That's the way to travel, Bob—no crowded roads, no punctures or delays of any kind."

"Yes, I suppose we'll all be traveling that way some day, but in the meantime, a good car with Kelly-Springfield tires all around is about the most comfortable and carefree way I know of."

(Continued from Page 86)

In one respect, I cannot understand the logic of your position. Here in America you had developed in the school of experience and without formal courses the ablest business men and captains of industry in the world. You were not satisfied. Now you have added to your colleges great schools of business and commerce. You are more idealistic than we are. You have a more naive faith in education than we have in Europe

For the time being let us merely note that here again a distinguished European observer has tagged us with the adjective "idealistic." He did not necessarily intend it as a compliment. Shall we take it as such?

What our European critic told us about our educating for business is probably true also of our newer notion of education for leadership. We were blessed by excellent leaders in this country before the colleges ever dreamed of making it their business to prepare them. Washington was such a leader, and so was Lincoln. The majority of our great American artists—painters like George Inness and Winslow Homer—had not enjoyed the possibly doubtful benefit, in their case, of academic training. It has been possible for men like Mark Twain, Walt Whitman and Sherwood Anderson to succeed even in literature without it, just as it has been possible for the Wright brothers, for Henry Ford and Edison to achieve a quite reasonable degree of success in invention and industry. In the days of our prosperity, however, we are trying to make an essentially difficult process easier and we enregiment our young men for leadership by enrolling them in the colleges.

"Come to us," the college says to the eager lad, "and we will make you a leader. You will have four years of college life thrown in."

Is it any wonder that more than 700,000 of them are now in the colleges and that too large a percentage are disappointed and unhappy failures? We have overdone it. We have made it all too easy and promising. President Angell, of Yale, put the case very forcibly before the superintendents of schools in his address before the National Education Association at its recent meeting in Boston:

The whole political-educational conception under which we are working is too largely that a college or university education is open at little or no cost to anyone of moderate capacity and still more moderate powers of application. There is little or no sense of privilege about it and practically no sense of obligation. Merely to multiply the number of college-trained youths who go back into the community with no vivid feeling of duty to capitalize for the benefit of the commonwealth the training they have received is quite as likely to prove a curse as a blessing for the state.

In the meantime the movement to found more and more junior colleges proceeds unabated, while the older institutions attempt to stem the tide by processes of selective admission. To ask for qualities of leadership does not, however, seem to have helped. The colleges which have tried it are beginning to develop a healthy skepticism.

The Distance From Five to Seven

Some months ago I stopped in to visit a friend who is the dean of a college which several years ago was forced to restrict its enrollment rather drastically. It, too, had insisted that its youthful applicants possess qualities of leadership. It was plain to me that I was intruding upon one of his busier days. The benches in front of his office were crowded with unhappy young men. A number of them were particularly well set up—good football or crew material. Some of them would have made excellent cowboys, ranchers or mounted policemen, but their disconsolate faces were those of the academically damned. All hope had left them.

My friend apologized for being so busy and explained that the college had just ended its mid-year examinations a week before.

"You see, I am calling in my failures. I am dismissing my leaders." He smiled sadly when he said this. I smiled too, though I believe I was not expected to, for he continued earnestly: "You know, it is no laughing matter. Some of our greatest leaders are our poorest students."

The significance of this remark will be evident to anyone who ponders the question: Who are the leaders at the age of sixteen? It will be even plainer if he will begin a little lower in the scale and ask: Who are the leaders at five and six?

One of the directors of a great educational foundation threw an unexpected light on this subject for me in a recent conversation. During the summer months he had been living in a cottage on the seashore and commuting to his office. Every morning and evening he met the daughter of his neighbor. She was a blue-eyed, bright-faced child, still so young that her hair had not yet been bobbed, but hung loose above her shoulders. One night on his return he met her with her hair plaited into two hard straw-colored, blue-ribboned little pigtails. She apparently expected some comment and he complimented her upon her grown-up appearance.

"Yes," she answered proudly, "I'm five years old. My brother's seven, and what's more, he wears suspenders."

Evidently to age five an added two years, with their necessary accouterments, mean a great deal.

A boy's perspective changes, to be sure, as he passes into his teens; but to the lad of fourteen his classmate of sixteen still possesses a very considerable advantage, particularly if he is big and strong and proficient in athletics. The older boys in school are for this reason most likely to be the leaders.

Now these oldest members of any class are very often those least proficient in their studies. That is why they have fallen behind. But in a community of American youth the boy who carries himself well, who is a good pitcher, fullback or hurdler, will be more looked up to by his fellows than the younger student who spends most of his time over his books and leads his class in Latin or algebra.

Problems of Overemphasis

I believe it is fair to say that the class officers in freshman classes in college are chosen in overwhelming majority from the members of the football squad. This is neither vicious nor unnatural, but it results often in the situation to which my unhappy colleague had called attention. Even if we did succeed in obtaining those regarded as leaders in the high schools, we should not necessarily be getting the candidates best suited to profit by higher education.

I am not attempting to lay down here what the proper qualifications for admission to college should be. I do not believe that they should be exclusively scholastic. There should be evidence, if a man is to be educated at the expense of others, that such education will redound to the benefit of his fellows. What I wish to show here is that the colleges at present are suffering from an overemphasis upon the idea of leadership and that a man of twenty-two who goes back to his community with an exaggerated confidence in his ability as a leader will be of very little use to himself and of none to the community.

I believe that some of the problems in the colleges today are the result of this overemphasis. Youth has ever been eager and enthusiastic, and therefore restless. They have always found it difficult even in the very good old times to be entirely at ease and happy under the instruction of their elders in the cage of a college. This restlessness has increased with the promulgation of the notion of leadership by the colleges themselves. Occasionally it results in unhappiness. I am sure many college officials have been nonplused by amusing if regrettable misunderstandings like one in which I became involved not many weeks ago.

An undergraduate, a junior in college, a fair but not a brilliant student, hard-working, possibly a shade too solemn for

(Continued on Page 90)

Kotex Prices Reduced

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for Kotex, so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These two exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

1 ***A new, form-fitting shape***—**may be worn under the most clinging gowns without awkward bulkiness, because corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit.**

2 ***Softer wrapping, fluffier filler*** **eliminate the discomforts of chafing and binding.**

& ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN KOTEX ARE RETAINED.

SELDOM is a manufacturer able to present a greatly improved product at a striking reduction in price. Only doubled manufacturing facilities make such a step possible.

Improved Kotex has been two years in the making; two years of research, of test, of investigation and experiment in our laboratories, and in the laboratories of women doctors.

Our enthusiasm for the perfected product has decided a new production program: because of the tremendous demand we have doubled our output. This makes possible a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

New, form-fitting Kotex

And, at the new price, you obtain a product exclusive in design—the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

A specially perfected process now turns and tapers the corners so that the pad fits snugly, securely . . . without affecting the lines of modish gowns. Appearance is considered, for the first time in the history of sanitary devices! Now, with the assurance of exquisite grooming, comes a sense of well-being and composure never before possible.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the downy filler even fluffier than before. Chafing and similar irritation is ended.

Doctors, nurses cooperated

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their endorsement carries special significance.

Features exclusive to Kotex

Kotex and Kotex only offers these exclusive new features. In no other sanitary device do you get these improvements. And all the former exclusive advantages of Kotex are retained. The remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

Nothing else is like Kotex

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. At all drug, dry goods and department stores. *Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.*

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TRUMP

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WITH ARROW COLLAR ATTACHED

$1.95

The Broadcloth in the Trump Shirt is much finer than the price suggests.

This outstanding VALUE is made possible by the largest production facilities, including bleaching and mercerizing of the fabric, of any shirt manufacturer in the world.

The TRUMP is at your dealer's.

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ARROW SHIRTS, COLLARS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

(Continued from Page 88)

one so young, used to drop in to see me in the late afternoons. He had discussed with me previously college problems in general and some of his own difficulties with his work. He came in to see me the other day and I thought this visit would be somewhat on the same order.

He threw me off completely by asking me point-blank, "Do you think a father should send his son to college?"

That was where I lost him. I did not catch his drift and so I spoiled it all by asking, "Whose son are you thinking of?"

"Of course," he answered, in a hurt but matter-of-fact way, "I was thinking of my own son—when I have one."

The Love of a Leader

My mistake lay in forgetting that nowadays, with all this pressure, a lad of eighteen is often no longer a boy. At the pace we are going he has sometimes already become an expectant parent. My young friend was really in deep trouble. Sensitive, shy, serious, he was really excellent college material, yet he was beginning to be convinced that he was a failure. With only a year and a half still to go, his rigorous honesty would not allow him to believe that he was in any sense a leader.

As is often the case with the troubles of boys in college, his difficulty came from his home. He had been made to feel his responsibilities too heavily ever to be a good fellow or popular. His mother was forever inquiring as to whether he had been elected to this or that. It was not enough for her that he was behaving himself admirably and spending more time than usual upon his work. She had wanted him to make a good club. I am sure she would have increased his allowance if he had been elected manager of the band or member of the banjo club or the Nightriders. She wanted him to be a leader. He knew he was not, and under the pressure of scant recognition from more buoyantly spirited undergraduates and the continuing disappointments and implied reproaches at home, he wished to throw up the academic sponge and hand in his resignation.

Fortunately, however, most undergraduates of the present are thicker-skinned. Upon such the everlasting talk of leadership at high-school and college commencements makes little impression. There is so much nonsense in the air nowadays that they have established a toleration to it. They can resist a good deal of it, even where it comes, as in this case, from above. They often have more common sense than their elders. They know that a leader is one who has followers. The 2000, 5000 or 10,000 men in any one college cannot all be leaders. Only the straggling faculty would be left to follow them. Even this country, which has less than 30,000 names in Who's Who, cannot make a place for the 700,000 reputed leaders now in the colleges, and where would we be if all these leaders ever started to march in different directions?

At a critical period in the history of higher education in America, when we were not quite certain of what the aim of the college should be, we invented the labor-saving but mischievous phrase "education for leadership." It is, of course, of the highest importance that in a democracy there should be men of sterling character to whom their fellows will look for guidance, but such character and such leadership are and must always be the by-products of useful and devoted lives.

Deflating Higher Education

A boy who gives himself whole-heartedly to the round of his daily duties with the idea of performing them as well as he possibly can will develop those qualities of manliness, persistence and loyalty which are the basis of character. On the other hand, a boy who is too much concerned with developing his talents for leadership often regards his humdrum work in college or later in the office as secondary, and neglects the immediate and sometimes uninviting task before him. The young man in college who, regardless of what his fellows may think of him, devotes himself to the study of chemistry with the intention of penetrating the mysteries of Nature will, after very many long years, perhaps when he is fifty, be recognized by other chemists as a leader. He may become a leader only if he forgets all about leadership and tries merely to make of himself a good chemist. So it will be with any man who earnestly studies English or mathematics or medicine, or any other subject for its own sake.

With regard to leadership, it is strikingly true that he who loses his life shall save it. We have put the cart before the horse and must unhitch and start over again. We must begin the necessary process of deflating higher education. One of our first steps, if we are to get back upon a sound-money basis, will be to get rid of this unfortunate and often pernicious nonsense about leadership.

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

(Continued from Page 27)

A Sailor Made Man and Grandma's Boy were markers on the most important boundary line in our later history. Two such longer and better pictures, coming together, gave us a mighty thrust forward that carried us out of the middle ground into the foreground of picture business. They demonstrated, too, that the public wanted what we know as feature-length comedies. Grandma's Boy was the last of the revised Pathé contract and when we signed a new one in January, 1922, it called for six pictures of five reels or more. Thus Doctor Jack, the first of this contract, was likewise the first premeditated five-reeler.

Safety Last, which followed Doctor Jack, was seven reels long. It has its partisans who hold that we never have made a better, and they are not far wrong in my judgment. It was a thrill picture, if you remember my climbing the face of the twelve-story building, and thrill pictures have an unfair advantage over straight comedies.

The old formula for comedy drama of the David Warfield school was "a laugh, a tear and a laugh." The recipe for thrill pictures is a laugh, a scream and a laugh. Combine screams of apprehension with stomach laughs of comedy and it is hard to fail.

Safety Last came of an old family. Its original progenitor was a one-reel glass character picture called Look Out Below. For it we built a frame of wooden girders, painted to likeness of steel, two and a half stories high, over the southern portal of the Hill Street tunnel, which the city conveniently had bored through the bluff on which the Bradbury mansion stands. It was our first thrill picture depending upon height for its effects, and was original with us as far as I know. Neither it nor any of its three descendants contained any doubling, double exposure or trick photography in the usual sense. The illusion lay in deceptive camera angles of drop and height

The second member of the family was a two-reeler called High and Dizzy, taken on the same scene, but presumably on the ledge of a completed ten-story hotel instead of bare girders, and having nothing in common with Look Out Below except the height theme.

The third generation of the family was Never Weaken, a three-reel *de luxe* edition of Look Out Below. The thrills came of my efforts to commit suicide in the belief that Mildred had thrown me down. This time we built our framework of girders on the roof of the Ville de Paris department store, the owner of which, Bernal Dyas, is a close friend of Roach. We used the interior of

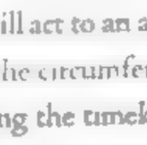
(Continued on Page 93)

DEPENDABILITY

A BUILT-IN QUALITY

Dependability in a watch is a quality built into the movement; it is not a matter of chance.

During our sixty years' association with fine watches, we have learned what features of construction a watch should have to be dependable—to be a timepiece that you can rely on under all conditions.

Knowing this, we have put these features in the Ollendorff watch so that you can have every confidence in its reliability. *The hair spring*  is genuine Breguet, correctly coiled and pinned to the stud and collet so it will act to an adjustment to isochronism. This vital adjustment prevents the changes in the circumference swing of the balance wheel, as the main spring relaxes, from affecting the timekeeping accuracy of the watch.

The escapement, which is the heart of a watch, consists of an exactly tempered, highly finished steel escape wheel and a pallet fork set with genuine ruby pallet jewels. It is shallow, safe-locked with pivots accurately fitted into its bearings. The escape wheel teeth are painstakingly ground and the faces, which act on the pallet jewels, are highly finished for the smoothest possible action. The entire escapement is exactly aligned to insure an even pulsation.

These few features illustrate the exacting, scientific care with which an Ollendorff watch is made for dependable service.* Combined with others, the fruit of our sixty years' experience, they constitute a watch you can buy with the certainty of built-in worth.

**Other built in features of merit will be given in future issues of The Saturday Evening Post*

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GIFTS FOR A LIFETIME

these are the ones that afford most pleasure to those who bestow them, because they remain, through the years, a constant reminder of the giver.

Your jeweler has a wide variety of such gifts—suitable for any occasion and his suggestions and assistance will be of value to you, if you will tell him your needs.

Experience has taught him what is most appropriate under certain conditions. This experience he is glad to place at your disposal. His knowledge of real values makes it worth your while to go to him for "gifts that last."

OSBORNE: Sturdy simplicity with extra thinness, 14K solid gold with 7 jewels $ 00 00

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IDA: The same design in 14K gold filled $27 50

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Other models from $28 50 to $3500

TIME FOR A LIFETIME

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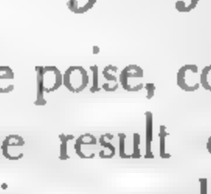
Watches

Brownbilt Shoes

Enjoy Shoe Health!

The poise, confidence and alertness of success are the result of good health. Whatever your avocation, good health is a vital asset, and the shoes you wear are a very important factor in keeping you physically fit. If they are Brownbilts, with the famous *"Shoe Health"* features of construction, your feet will be comfortably and correctly fitted—thus relieving you of one of the most common causes of nervous strain.

Brownbilt Shoes for men offer a wide choice of the smartest models for business, for dress and for sports. And Brownbilts for women have the in-built *"Shoe Health"* features plus all the season's style creations.



BUSTER BROWN
HEALTH SHOES
America's Most Popular Children's Footwear

Sold by the Better Shoe and Department Stores Everywhere

Brown Shoe Company
Manufacturers—St. Louis

Fifteen Great Specialty Factories — Daily Capacity, 70,000 Pairs

Brownbilt Shoes for MEN for WOMEN
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Correct Fitting Is Important!

This emblem identifies stores that can be depended upon to properly fit your feet in Brownbilt shoes for men and women.

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Stores with a children's department will fit your boys and girls in BUSTER BROWN HEALTH SHOES made over the renowned foot shaping health lasts which correctly shape their feet from infancy to maturity.

One of a wide choice of correctly styled BROWNbilts for Spring.

"SHOES FOR EVERYBODY FOR EVERY OCCASION"

(Continued from Page 20)

the same store for the department-store scenes in Safety Last, the next thrill picture, working from closing time until two and three o'clock the next morning.

The success of the thrill idea in one, two and three reel lengths suggested trying it at full-program distance. One afternoon in downtown Los Angeles I stopped to watch Bill Strothers, who called himself the Human Spider, scale the sheer walls of a high office building. The higher he climbed the more nervous I grew, until, when he came to a difficult ledge twelve stories up, I had to cut around a corner out of sight of him and peek back to see if he was over the ledge.

If it makes me this jumpy, what would it do to a picture audience, I asked myself. The more I thought of it the better I liked it. Once I feel like this about a story, all the staff like to work on it, for they can count upon my enthusiasm; whereas if the story is another's and doubts linger in my mind, it takes some of the zest out of my work.

When we have a story to build, the three gag men, the director and I get in the gag room and work it out. All we had to begin with here was the human-fly idea. Obviously I must not be a professional human fly in the picture; if I am an expert there is no comedy in the situation. We would hire Bill Strothers himself for that rôle, and I must be a fool boy roped, in some comedy fashion, into climbing the building in Bill's stead, which is a comedy situation. The plot gradually worked out this way: I was to be a country boy new to the city. I get a job clerking in a department store. The pompous floorwalker is my enemy. I room with Strothers. He innocently makes an enemy of a policeman. After much comedy business in the store, gags suggested by the locale, I sell the manager on the idea of having a human fly climb the building as an advertising stunt. When the time comes for Strothers to climb, his enemy, the cop, is found to be patrolling the beat in front of the store. He gives chase to Strothers. The store manager impatiently demands to know where my human fly is. The crowd is waiting, and in order to save the situation I reluctantly start the climb for Strothers, who tells me that he will take my place at the second story. But the cop pursues him to the second floor, then to the third and on. Meanwhile I have to continue, finally making the entire ascent myself, the cop having run Strothers to the roof and over an adjacent roof.

Painfully Funny

Not that we waited to start shooting until we had such a finished plot. All we ask to know when we begin is our general direction. The chinks can be filled in as we go along.

The dizzy drops in the picture were partly illusion. Although you saw the city's traffic crawling many stories below, at no time could I have fallen more than three stories; but who wants to fall three stories for that matter? I have no desire to break my neck and it would be very foolish of me from a business standpoint. All the staff, the company officers, the distributors and others have a like business interest in keeping me alive and whole. So the amount of risk I take in a thrill picture becomes a compromise between the necessity of taking some and the foolishness of taking too much.

As it was, I threw my shoulder out of joint in the scene—probably the loudest scream of the picture—where I grab frantically at the minute hand of the building clock, many stories up, and the face of the clock is pulled out and down by my weight. At Ocean Park, one night just after we had finished this sequence of Safety Last, a party of us stopped at a fortune teller's booth. The reader of the stars felt the calluses of my hands and told me that I earned my living at manual labor. She was not far wrong.

We must guard against sameness in my character. I should not be the same type of boy in two successive pictures. The original idea of Why Worry, suggested by the Coué every-day-in-every-way epidemic then raging, called for me to be a wealthy young hypochondriac, in contrast to the poor but healthy country boy of Safety Last, seeking his fortune in the city.

A rich boy is off to a poor start with any audience, and if, in addition, he goes about with a clinical thermometer under his tongue and counting his own pulse, who cares what happens to him? The idea is all right, however, for the first several reels. In these you establish the character and have fun with him. A child should be able to fill in the balance of the picture. Manifestly you must drop your young man rudely into a situation where his money counts for nothing, slam the health into him and the nonsense out of him. This done, and the audience will adopt him even if he still has his money left in the final fade-out; but if you believe in safety first, strip him of his chattels and let the heroine be riches enough for any man.

Giants by Comparison

Seeking a situation where my money would not count, the plot carried me off to a fictitious Central American country; then, having me there and in difficulties, the plot suddenly demanded a giant. So the late George Auger of the Ringling circus was engaged to giant for us. His circus engagements would keep him busy for two months more and we went ahead with the early reels. Two were completed and Auger was leaving New York for Los Angeles the next day, when he fell dead in his hotel.

In as much as we had not yet used him before the camera, there was no footage to be thrown away, and plenty of big men were to be had by calling up the casting bureau. Auger, however, had not been a big man but a giant, and the plot called for a giant, no less. We advertised widely, instructing applicants to send photographs, which they did in numbers, but the photographs proved nothing. Any man of more than six feet looks impressive alongside another of four feet and most of our applicants had sought out the smallest man in the community as a foil.

In the midst of the search someone on the staff saw a newspaper story about an extraordinary pair of shoes made by some cobbler for a giant in Minnesota. Looking up the name in our files, we found that the man had answered our advertisement, sending a photograph. The picture was worthless, for it had been taken against a background that contained nothing by which to measure his height.

Roach was going to New York and he made an appointment to meet the Minnesotan in Chicago. The man proved to be as tall as Auger had been, and much heavier framed, and Roach dispatched him to us forthwith. Auger had owned a voice that goes with a giant. When the new man opened his mouth, the anticlimax was terrific, his voice was so soft and high-pitched.

Mildred had been with us for three years and her contract would expire when Safety Last was finished. Offers of more money and dramatic rôles were coming to her from other producers. We could meet the money terms, possibly, but we could not offer her the wider opportunities of general picture work, and so could not quarrel with her decision to leave.

It needed the prospect of losing her to bring home to me the fact, apparent for months to everyone else from the increasing ardor of my devotion, that I loved her. Mildred paid me the handsome compliment of giving up a future in dramatic pictures by saying yes, and we were married in the midst of Why Worry.

The press agents rather than the clergy, it seemed to us, had been solemnizing too many of the marriages in Hollywood. That was not the marriage we wished. Aside from Mildred's mother, her bridesmaid and my brother and best man, Gaylord, we told no one. My infatuated conduct, I fear, told

You don't need to be an 80 per center

There are so many of them—these 80 per centers! Not sick, really; *just under par*. No energy to start the day, no endurance to see it through. Even the little every-day demands of ordinary living seem to "take it out of one."

. . . . What can be done?

* * *

Physicians for many years have been recommending one thing for under-par people. They are recommending it today more than ever.

It is a health-builder which science recognizes as the very richest source of certain elements that build vitality and increase resistance to colds and other infections. *Good cod-liver oil!*

Vitamins A and D—these are the factors which make cod-liver oil so valuable as a body builder. And the greater the amounts of these health-giving vitamins it contains, the more effectively it builds!

For this reason thousands of the country's leading physicians recommend Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil. They know they can depend on Squibb's because it is *guaranteed* to be exceptionally rich in the essential Vitamins A and D, and because the high vitamin content is amply protected by special processes from deterioration.

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WITHIN the valve stem of your automobile tire there is a tiny mechanism known as a "Valve Inside."

Its job is to keep the air from leaking out of the tire—*yet it is less than an inch in size.*

Such a small unit, with such an important function to perform, *must* be properly designed and properly built.

Dill accuracy in the manufacture of this little unit, Dill thoroughness in testing, Dill care in step-by-step inspection assure you of air-tight valves, no matter how high or low a pressure you prefer to carry in your tires.

Each part of a Dill Valve Inside is as finely finished and fitted as the parts of a watch. The sensitive spring is enclosed in dust-proof armor—an important Dill feature.

Many cars now come to you, factory equipped with Dill Valve Insides. If your present car does not have them you can get a set of five in a handy little box—and forever end the menace of leaky valves.

Ask your dealer for this handy little box containing a set of five Dill Valve Insides. 25 cents.

Ask any automobile accessory man, garage man or hardware dealer for Dill Valve Insides. 25 cents for a box of five.

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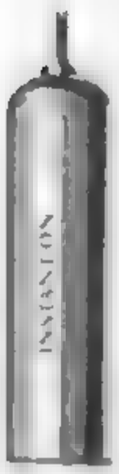

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STANDARD TIRE VALVES AND VALVE PARTS

others and, for all my threats, the possibilities for newspaper space presented by a wedding were too rich for the blood of Joe Reddy, our publicity director. His sacerdotal dignity deceived me for long, but I learned eventually that he had notified the newspapers. Reporters were on guard in front of her home when Mildred prepared to leave for the church. She hid on the floor of the car and told the chauffeur to drive her to my home, and escaped them, but when we came in sight of the church half a dozen reporters and cameramen were sitting on the steps. Turning down a side street, we drove away, to return later in the afternoon. They were still waiting. On our promise to pose as much as they liked after the ceremony, they left us alone at the altar. Earlier in the day there had been a fashionable wedding in the church and it still was banked with gorgeous flowers, to which we fell heir.

That evening we drove to San Diego and let the picture wait. San Diego left us beautifully alone. Once, in the dining room of the U. S. Grant Hotel we feared exposure. Bill Russell saw us, his eyes lighted up and he bore down upon us. We leaped to our feet and began dancing, but it turned out that Bill merely was glad to see us and knew nothing of our wedded state. After ten days we came back to Los Angeles and an Ambassador Hotel bungalow, where we were not discovered for several days more.

The Asset of Independence

Two weeks was all the honeymoon the picture could permit and I returned to work. We lived a week in the old home on Hoover Street before making the discovery, common to all young couples, that three or more are a crowd. We planned to rent, and the studio looked up half a dozen possibilities. One was a house on Irving Boulevard, Los Angeles, that we liked so well we bought it. We still live there, though we are building a new home in Beverly Hills.

When Safety Last was finished, Jobyna Ralston, who had been working in Roach one-reel comedies, came in as leading woman in Mildred's stead.

Why Worry was the last picture to be made under the Roach banner. By contract I had the exclusive use of the big stage at Culver City and first call on everything, including Hal's time. He was trying to work four or five other units on the one remaining stage and we came to a point where his own best interests, we agreed, dictated turning me loose.

It was the friendliest possible severance after nearly ten years of teamwork. Roach is, of course, an active independent producer at Culver City today. He continues to own an interest in all the glass character pictures up to Girl Shy, including the one-reelers, in which last I have no share. Reissued in recent years by Pathé, they have grossed five times their original earnings. All Lonesome Luke pictures were sold outright to Pathé, but they are small loss to us. Of the films made before Luke, I never have seen or heard of any excepting Just Nuts, which won the contract with Pathé.

As we were finishing Grandma's Boy I had brought into the organization William R. Fraser, who for years had been supervisor of the Federal Forestry Service in the Rocky Mountain district, to handle all my personal business. He is my mother's brother.

I had tried to manage my own finances, and Fraser, a trained business man, took off my shoulders a burden for which I had neither taste nor training, and which was demanding more and more time that I preferred to give to the picture and to plain enjoying myself.

When the agreement with Roach ended, Fraser directed the organization of the Harold Lloyd Corporation, with himself as secretary and general manager, my father as vice president and treasurer, and I as president. Since then he has relieved me entirely of a responsibility which I feel no actor can carry successfully. John L. Murphy, who had been associated with me for years in the Roach organization, joined us as production manager.

It is not necessary to build a studio in Hollywood in order to make pictures. There are various fully equipped and staffed picture plants which can be rented in whole or in part, with technical services if desired. We rented ground space in one of these, the Metropolitan, but built our own sets and offices, brought in our own technical equipment and technicians, and are completely independent of the studio proper.

We finance ourselves without resort, even, to bank loans. Such independence demands a large cash account, but independence always is worth more than it costs. We have nearly $750,000 tied up in Speedy, our current picture as I write this, and it is not finished. Had we had to borrow we might have been under pressure before now to complete the picture, good or bad. Good pictures have been made to specifications, time and cost sheets, like an engineering job, but they are far between and few.

Insufficient capital and credit wreck picture companies, department stores and cigar stands impartially. Two independent producers start shooting stories on $100,000 cost estimates each. Midway, each picture demands another $100,000. The first producer, his credit exhausted, completes the film within the estimate or his creditors take over his business. If the former, the picture returns a minor profit, perhaps a loss. It fails to make a valuable new star or injures the drawing power of an old one, and it damages the business or professional reputations of all concerned. The second producer can command the capital to give his story the production it requires. The picture's earnings are many times the additional $100,000 spent, it makes a new star or enhances an old one, and reflects credit on producer, director and all. But no business man needs a diagram of so everyday a problem.

Outlay and Income

Decidedly, something more than money is needed to make good pictures; ability must be assumed. However much time and money we may spend, we no longer can hope to pyramid each picture in laughs and interest as we could once. If we do make them better it will be headwork. Capital, however, protects us from any necessity of releasing a bad picture. Should we make a bloomer one of these days, no one but us will see it. However bad, it could be sold readily enough, for many exhibitors buy any standard film merchandise sight unseen. It will be burned, nevertheless, and charged off to profit and loss, that the exhibitors may continue to take our quality for granted.

Girl Shy, in eight reels, was the Harold Lloyd Corporation's first picture. When Grandma's Boy, four pictures earlier, cost more than $100,000, we were a little startled. Girl Shy cost four times that, but on the other side of the ledger it grossed nearly $2,000,000, fifteen to eighteen times the earnings of the early two-reelers.

Grandma's Boy had told much more of a story than we ever had put in a picture before. It was a pyschological study of a boy, cowardly both physically and morally, transformed by a fable invented on the spur of the moment by his despairing grandmother, and a magic charm that was, in reality, only an old umbrella handle. Before the end the boy discovers, of course, that he triumphed only because he believed in himself. The story permitted the working in of some Civil War costume sequences, a novelty in comedies. So much pyschology was rather a daring experiment at the time, but the picture was an enormous success and in Girl Shy we told a story, different in plot, but similar in method, again with great success.

Naturally both had to be funny in the bargain, but we placed less dependence upon gags than in the usual picture. These two contrasted types of comedies have

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CALL for *Middishade*--the specialized Blue Serge Suit--and there's no chance of getting a "wrong number." Call for *Middishade*--plain, stripe or unfinished--and you'll get the right blue, the rich, restrained blue, styled with smartness, and priced lower because of specialization. Look up a *Middishade* clothier and make the call that will connect you with *Middishade*--the style "central" of blue!

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TOURIST THIRD CABIN . . . surprisingly attractive and homelike . . . splendid deck space . . . lounge rooms remodelled with an eye to comfort . . . travelling companions whose economy is a matter of common sense . . .

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CARMANIA—April 27 • May 25
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CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

1840-EIGHTY-EIGHT-YEARS-OF-SERVICE-1928

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come to be known on the lot as "story pictures" and "gag pictures," respectively. The newspaper and magazine reviewers, usually kind to us, are partial to the former. That and the uniform success to date of story pictures have had their influence on my staff. "Let's make this another story picture," I hear when a new job is taken up. "I don't know about that; let's make them laugh this time," I am inclined to argue.

I like the story pictures as well as anyone, yet I am a little afraid of overdoing them and forgetting one of these days that we are makers of comedies. Critical approval is pleasant but heady stuff. A teaspoonful after meals, say, will aid the digestion. In larger doses it has been known to set up delusions of grandeur.

Girl Shy was six months in the making and except for Hot Water, the next one, we have not made a picture in less time since. Hot Water ran only five reels, and coming as it did between two longer, better films, it is little remembered. The Freshman followed it, grossing nearly $3,000,000—a figure we have not yet exceeded, though we will approximate it. A number of precincts still are missing on the Kid Brother count, but it will approach the Freshman mark.

A Handball Conference

The Freshman was a long-overdue ship. As far back as 1915, when I first began to grope about for something better than Lonesome Luke, I had a dim outline in my mind of a college-boy character, but discarded it as too limited in scope. A college picture, even a college series, would be well worth trying, I was convinced, but I did not care to go on being a freshman for life, and that would be the risk. When the glass character finally evolved, I thought of him as of an age and type that could be fitted easily into a college story and intended to make one in one reel, then in two reels. One thing and another sidetracked it; meanwhile the number of students in colleges and the public interest in college football grew tremendously, and when we did make it at last in seven reels we made it most opportunely.

Have you heard, perhaps, of the night life of Hollywood? I thought as much. Then you may as well know the rest of it. You public are a fickle, capricious lot, and it is guessing what you want that keeps Hollywood up at nights when it should be catching some sleep before the alarm goes off at seven A.M. Such an unknown quantity are you that when you show that you like a picture particularly, all Hollywood hurries to make more of the same kind before your eyes start roving again.

Jim Cruze makes the Covered Wagon for Paramount and every other producer pounds the table and demands to know why his hired help can't make something like this instead of the same old rice pudding, and more to that effect. Whereupon a wave of glorified Westerns follows in the wake of the Wagon. The conjunction of Valentino and the Sheik disturbs the peace of mind of countless husbands, and a week later every juvenile in Hollywood has his order in for a burnoose and a milk-white Arabian charger. The war was supposed to be taboo. M G M, taking a tip from the stage and fiction, prove that it is far from so with the Big Parade, and several producers are killed in the rush A German director and a German star make a striking picture, and six months later the gutters of Hollywood are running with gutturals One successful costume picture soon has everyone but Rin Tin Tin in hose and doublets So with the Freshman. It set off a whole procession of college-football pictures.

Imitation, I realize, is lowly esteemed and no one would care to have it carved on his tombstone, but it pays dividends often where originality tacks a legal notice on the door. Not, of course, that a picture following in the vogue of another necessarily is an imitation What Price Glory, for example, stands very well on its own legs.

The Freshman completed the third contract with Pathé and was the last picture of mine they distributed. Pathé had been my distributor uninterruptedly from the first Lonesome Luke. Since April, 1919, we had made twenty-one pictures of two reels or more for them, with mutual satisfaction. During the life of the third contract, the American Pathé business was sold to Merrill, Lynch & Company, New York stock brokers.

When the time came, in October, 1924, to renew, we asked for a picture-to-picture contract, an increased percentage, a special sales force and lesser concessions, our warrant being the constant and greatly increasing revenue of the pictures. The first really was not a concession, as we saw it, but a mutual advantage. We would be gambling on making a good picture, they on selling it to best advantage. If we made a poor one, they could cancel; if we found their distribution slack, we could cancel.

Merrill-Lynch objected to some of these conditions and sent officers of the company to Hollywood to discuss a compromise. The conference was amiable but arrived nowhere, and finally we played a round of handball and called it off. Paramount offering us everything we asked, we signed a picture-to-picture contract with them and now have made our third film under their banner.

It is nearly universal practice to shoot all scenes with two cameras grinding simultaneously and side by side. In stunt pictures or any scene dangerous or costly to reënact, as many as ten cameras may be used, partly as a precaution, partly to catch the action from varying angles. The second camera in routine picture work was, I suppose, a precaution against the exhaustion of the film magazine of the first camera in the midst of a scene, and like emergencies. In as much as it produced a second complete negative, it came to be customary to set this aside for foreign sales and call it the export negative—that is, all films exhibited in North America are struck from the master negative, kept in our vaults. Films sold abroad either are made here from the export negative and shipped to foreign markets or the second negative itself is sent to a European office and copied there, depending somewhat on customs tariffs.

Minding Perus and Quebecs

We have used two cameras ever since the first glass-character two reelers. The variation between the two negatives is very slight. Nowadays, when we retake every scene several times, each completed negative is a selection of the best shots, separately cut and edited, but twins that only the cutter can tell apart.

Our foreign sales were so unimportant that we gave them no thought. What small change did come in from that source was so much velvet, yet not enough velvet to impress us. When the second camera failed occasionally and we were forced to redo a scene, the command was: "Come on now; let's make a quick one for the Eskimos."

Since then, like the rest of American industry, we have discovered the export trade. Foreign sales grew steadily after the war until, with For Heaven's Sake, the first Paramount picture, their revenue began to approach the domestic earnings and we look for the foreign market to equal and pass the home market one of these years.

Not only do we no longer slight the second camera but we mind our Perus and Quebecs. If any character is to be held up to scorn or ridicule, let him be unmistakably a citizen of the U. S A., preferably of old native stock, or else a resident of Mars, where we do not yet sell pictures. The National Association of Police Chiefs makes no protest about the Keystone cops, but the army of Graustark brooks no horseplay with its uniform. Knowing that the pictures are our very own, we rarely read a racial, national or professional slur into the accidents of narrative and characterization. Very broad-minded of us, but suppose, just for the sake of supposing, that London made the world's pictures. Suppose again that a British company should make a good British version of Hoyt's good old American farce, A Milk White Flag, which made fun of our politics and our militia. There would be rioting in the armories and hot words in the legislatures, or I don't know my human nature. I can take a joke on myself, perhaps, but I prefer to do the telling of it.

The double L Welsh name of Lloyd bites the foreign tongue that tries to say it, and local substitutes once were common. This, however, fails to explain why, up to a few years ago, I was known in Great Britain as Winkle. It appears to have had something to do with the glasses, but just what never has been successfully explained to me. Lonesome Luke was translated as Lui in France, as Lucas and Cinema Lucas in Latin America, and both names carried over to some extent to the glass-character picures. Although my own name now, apparently, has replaced all others, in Germany and Austria I used to be billed with magnificent simplicity as Er, meaning He, third person, singular number, masculine gender. But there is even less in a name than Juliet argued. The glasses are the common denominator.

Bless Grandma and Harold Lloyd

When the fan mail was not so heavy as now dad used to save an occasional letter for the scrapbooks. Most of them are from Japan and the Philippines, which is easily explained. Letters from other non-English speaking countries usually have to be translated. In Japan and the Islands, English has come to be the secondary language and literate Japanese and Filipinos scorn to address an American in any tongue but his own. Their mastery of grammar and vocabulary is admirable, but book taught; their idiom frequently is all their own. As one who speaks no language but mine own, and that indifferently well, my grins are in poor taste when I read a letter from a clerk of Cebú, P. I. He writes:

> Will you please send me a picture of Mr. Harold Lloyd, the man who tickles me sometimes breathlessly at the cine show? I had never remembered a comedy act of Mr. Lloyd at the screen which kept me still in my seat, but instead it shook me helplessly with my mouth wide open in laughing. When his name appears in the program I always go to the show one hour ahead of time, for I know the Cebu community will surely break the accommodation or building.

Mr. N of Ozaka writes on February 22, 1920:

> *My Dear Optimumic Mr. Harold Lloyd:* Allow me to send my sincere greeting on the Wothington Birthday to my dear modern Wothington of the Comedy Land and to congratulate with your constant success after pleasant recovery of your wound.
>
> It is, indeed, so long time since I found you in Keystone after Universal and Edison, that I have enjoyed appreciating many of your Rolin Productions from Take a Chance with a big promiss. Your characterizing humor manliness is unique which never can find in any other Comedians and, moreover, your versatile creative talent is absolute compare with that of Mr. Chaplin, I think. I am fond of that as well as your splendid personality.
>
> In Japan I am now managing editor of the Cinema Taste and if you favor me your autographed photograph in token of remembrance, though it is too impudent to beg you. I am very much happy and pleased to able to adorn our magazine thanks to your favor.

I am afraid Mr. N is pulling my honorable leg. Neither he nor any one else remembers me in Keystone and Universal, let alone Edison, but with true Oriental courtesy he feels that he should have remembered me, and declines to permit rude facts to intrude on amenity.

My preference, however, is for a letter that came five years ago from the dean of the Idaho School of Mines at Moscow, Idaho, who wrote that his young son, Richard Thomson, had been to see Grandma's Boy. That night Richard closed his evening prayer with "Please, God, bless grandma and Harold Lloyd, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Lloyd and Mr Stout. The last will appear next week

A Cream Cheese that has maintained its leadership for nearly fifty years.

PHILADELPHIA BRAND PASTEURIZED CREAM CHEESE

PHENIX CHEESE CORPORATION

NET WEIGHT 3 OUNCES

. . . For this and other choice recipes write our Home Economics Department, 406 Rush Street, Chicago.

Novel and New

HERE is an attractive, appetizing way to serve Kay, originated in our Experimental Kitchen. It has the virtue when served of being as good as it is beautiful—a delight to the palate as well as the eye. And it's so easily prepared; just a loaf of bread, all crusts removed, sliced lengthwise into three slices, each slice spread thickly with Kay, the whole spread liberally with fluffy, white Philadelphia Cream Cheese. It will be new to all, the food surprise of your party.

Kay is the tasty new spread for sandwiches—by Kraft; a cream cheese product with only relish and choice spices (no meat or oils) added. If you have not yet tried Kay, do so now, for Kay has a piquancy of flavor so individual, so all its own that until you try it you'll never know what a rare treat Kay can make of a sandwich.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co[illegible]y

FUR BRIGADE

(Continued from Page 5)

various posts operated by the powerful and far-flung Northwest Company, on beyond Lake Winnipeg to where the streams that flowed north to the Assiniboine, Saskatchewan and Athabasca rivers were separated from those that flowed south to the Missouri by no more than a gentle swell of the prairies.

It was evident to Hunter that there was little love lost between the two Frenchmen and the fifth member of the party. The latter, a big fellow named Leroux, was of ferocious cast of countenance, his facial contours resembling those of a baboon. His mouth was his most prominent feature, protruding even beyond the powerful shovel nose, the lips thrust out in that fashion by protruding buck teeth which gave him a peculiarly wolfish expression. From this outthrust misshapen mouth his whole countenance seemed to recede sharply to the crown of his head. A dozen or more human scalps, well smoked and dried, hung at his belt by way of ornament, evenly spaced and lending the effect of a fringed girdle.

This last touch was in accord with the fashion of the day. All the *voyageurs* of the fur brigades and the majority of the settlers had adopted the Indian custom of scalping enemies that were slain in battle. The man was McKenzie's assistant, Hunter gathered. The McKenzies and Leroux had traveled southwest to the upper Missouri and had there pooled forces with the two Frenchmen for mutual protection on the two-thousand-mile journey down river to St. Louis.

Hunt Breckenridge, however, acquired this information more by absorption than by active interest in the conversation. His eyes were trained steadily upon the tawny girl as if he would drink in every detail of this glorious vision while he might.

Dubois, the amiable Frenchman, smiled as he observed this intent regard. It was natural enough that a boy of Hunt's years should admire Nepanamo, he thought. But throughout the trip he had observed another fact at which he had not smiled. The little black eyes of Leroux had hovered hungrily about the girl with an ominous persistence. McKenzie, considering her a mere child, had failed to notice it. Dubois was not sure that the girl herself had been conscious of the man's regard, or, if conscious of it, whether she was aware of its portent.

The conversation turned upon the increasing hostility of the Western tribes. More and more they resented the presence of the trappers that encroached upon their domain. Parties of whites were set upon and murdered by prowling bands of almost any tribe one cared to name.

McKenzie, who had seemed to withdraw into his own thoughts, finally contributed a comment. The Minnetarees and Assiniboins, the Chippewayans and other tribes of the Canadian Northwest were under better control than those of the Upper Louisiana country that was claimed by the United States, he said. One seldom heard of Canadian fur brigades being annihilated or of the sacking of Canadian trading posts. The Northwest Company understood how to deal with savages and keep them under control.

Dubois replied to the effect that the Minnetarees and Assiniboins were the worst of the lot. They might respect the lives and property rights of Canadian traders, but they were persistent enough in their attempts against American traders on the Missouri and perpetually at war with the tribes that traded with them.

Leroux inquired what could be said for the Crows. Hadn't a war party of Crows swooped north into Assiniboin country only the year before, killing some three hundred Assiniboins, capturing almost an equal number of women and children and stealing two thousand head of horses?

That, said Dubois, was ever the way of Indians. It had nothing to do with the way in which they dealt with the whites. The Crows, in all their history, had never killed a white man. On the contrary, they protected all whites against the depredations of other tribes. So steadfastly did they cling to that rule that even during the war they had refrained from slaying the Canadians, who had marshaled the Assiniboins against the Crows.

The war to which he referred was that of 1812. While the navies of Great Britain and the United States had come to grips on the Great Lakes and at sea, a no less bitterly contested war, though of lesser proportions, had been waged between fur traders of the rival nations all along the vaguely defined and debatable boundary lines the length of the far Northwestern prairies.

The Indians had been armed and incited to make war upon tribes that traded at posts of the enemy nation. Naturally the enmities thus fanned to flame between Indian tribes had not been abandoned at the cessation of hostilities between the whites of the two principal nations.

The conversation turned to recitals of various operations of the Indians against the settlers of the two contending countries. Dubois cited the harrying of the settlers on the upper Mississippi by Indians under the leadership of an unknown white man known as Wolf-strike.

These depredations were fresh in Hunter's mind. Terror-stricken survivors had come down the Mississippi to St. Louis with harrowing reports of atrocities, of whole families put to death horribly and without mercy by the fiendish Wolf-strike. Dubois gave it as his opinion that it was well for the renegade leader in those outrages that his identity was unknown; that he would be shot down on sight by any American settler.

"He's no renegade," Leroux insisted. "It was wartime, Frenchy, and he led his men against the enemy."

"Wartam, shees no excuse for burn women and enfant," Dubois objected. He also asserted that it was by no means certain that the unknown white leader of the Indians had operated under the sanction of the enemy commanders. It was well-nigh certain that he had been actuated not by patriotism but from a personal desire to pillage.

Hunter had heard all that threshed out before. The war had come to an end but two or three years back. He absorbed the conversation absently, his regard seldom wavering from the girl Nepanamo. Dubois smiled as he observed the fact that Leroux was nettled at the boy's steadfast regard of the girl.

The argument grew more emphatic as Dubois remarked that some of the British traders did not seem to know that the war was over and insisted upon invading American territory in the Northwest and establishing posts.

"Heal, Frenchy," Leroux snarled, "American traders, including all the French and Spanish scum on the Mississippi, are territory thieves and fur thieves too. The Northwest Company established posts clear past Lake Winnipeg to the Athabasca twenty years ago, and laid claim to all that country in the name of England. When the French sold Upper Louisiana to the colonies they sold something they didn't own. The English will get the trade of the whole country in the end, clean to every creek head that flows to the Missouri and own the country too!"

Hunter Breckenridge, springing from a line of patriots that had instilled into him a profound Americanism and pride of race, now contributed his first remark.

"I reckon you're mistaken, mister," he said in his soft Southern drawl. "First off, you referred to the United States as the colonies, which they ain't no longer colonies and won't ever be again. Furthermo', the very ground you're setting on right now is in the United States and it's not becomin' of you to speak ary word of disparagement."

Technically his statement was correct; but even now, more than a dozen years after the consummation of the Louisiana Purchase, those who roamed in the uncharted regions to the west of the Mississippi were wont to compare its geology, flora, fauna, the customs of the natives and the topographical features of the landscape with "those of the United States"—namely, with the country to the eastward of the Mississippi.

"There won't be ary hostile Britisher hoist the English flag the length of the Missouri," the youth confidently concluded.

Leroux turned on his malignant, wolfish grin. "If they do, and it's dead sartin they will, clean down to St. Looey on the big river, I s'pose as how you'd go up and throw them out, my fine young cockerel," he said with heavy sarcasm.

"I would that," Hunter told him quietly. "There was Breckenridges helped to throw the Redcoats out in '76. There was Breckenridges quit Virginia with Dan'l Boone and helped to settle up Kentucky. There was Breckenridges come from Kentucky with Dan'l Boone to settle Missouri fo' the Union. My pap was one, a few years after I was bo'n. And there'll be Breckenridges to help kick the Britishers off the length of this here river any time there's need fo' it."

Dubois, knowing the deadly temper of Leroux, and knowing also what prompted the man to enter into an altercation with young Breckenridge, feared for the boy and hastened to interpose a few words of his own.

"Yes. Missouri, hees soon be a state now, sure enoff," he said.

Hunter Breckenridge, having settled the argument to his entire satisfaction, lapsed again into the far more absorbing occupation of feasting his eyes upon the golden-haired Nepanamo. For the next half hour he contributed not so much as a syllable to the conversation and his gaze seldom wavered from the girl. Apparently unaware of this intent regard, and glancing at him but infrequently, it was nevertheless evident that the girl was acutely conscious of his steadfast gaze and of the manifest if silent homage thus accorded her; also that she was not ill pleased by it.

Leroux was becoming increasingly irritated by the girl's awareness of Hunter's inspection of her. He rose to put fresh wood upon the fire and in resuming his seat moved close to her.

"Our young cockerel holds his tongue while he thinks up more ancestors," he remarked in an undertone, as if to convey the impression that he intended the words for her ears alone. "It's big odds that he don't own an ancestor that he knows of—a wood colt manufacturing himself a family tree."

He chuckled softly, as if sharing with her some confidential joke known only to the two of them, pretending to believe that his words had not been clearly audible to the others. In what purported to be a friendly gesture, he placed his arm across her shoulders. Instantly, with almost pantherish swiftness, the girl moved to elude his touch. Then she did know, Dubois decided. And the Frenchman observed the one brief glance of positive aversion with which she favored Leroux in moving. Then, as if instinctively, her eyes sought those of Hunter Breckenridge. Dubois, detecting the sudden look of astonishment that crossed her face, followed the direction of her gaze as an ominous click sounded in his ears.

Hunter, resenting this impeachment of his veracity, filled with fierce pride of family and deeming himself and his illustrious ancestors insulted by the intimation that he was a wood colt, the nameless offspring of some illicit union and deserted at birth to conceal the guilt of his unknown parents, had shifted his long rifle until it rested across his knees with muzzle trained upon Leroux.

With a strangled snort of rage, Leroux stretched a swift hand to his own gun that stood against a black-walnut tree within easy reach. Dubois, his gaze riveted upon Hunter, observed a barely perceptible tightening of his lips coincident with a slight contraction of the hand that caressed the lock of his rifle.

Then McKenzie, with an agility remarkable in one of his bulk, attained his feet with a bellowing admonition to Leroux. Roused from his abstraction, he had observed only Leroux's move to drape his arm across Ann's shoulders and the girl's brief glance of aversion as she avoided his touch. He had not observed the rôle that Hunter Breckenridge played in the tableau and believed that Leroux's snarl was an expression of anger toward the girl.

"We'll have none o' that!" he rumbled at Leroux. "Keep yer hands to yerself, ye scum! No man lays his hands on Big Mack's girl. Bear it well in mind that it'll be an ill day for ye when next ye lay a finger to Nepanamo."

As if that settled the entire matter, he resumed his seat with a few wordless rumblings such as might emanate from the throat of a grouchy bear.

"That's all o' that!"

"Not quite all," Hunt Breckenridge declared, his eyes resting steadily on Leroux.

"What's that? What's that?" McKenzie demanded testily, observing the rifle that menaced Leroux from its position across their visitor's knees. "Not quite all of what?"

"He," Hunt answered, not removing his eyes from Leroux, "remarked that I had lied about my family and that likely I was a wood colt. He's about to explain that he was misinfo'med."

Leroux grunted savagely and seemed upon the point of reaching again for his rifle, but was deterred by a sharp admonition from Big Mack.

"Because if he don't—and sudden," said Hunter, "I'll be fo'ced to shoot his black heart out where he sits." This was uttered without a trace of heat or bluster and it someway impressed every person round the fire as being a simple statement of fact.

"Whatever possessed ye to malign his parentage?" McKenzie demanded of Leroux. "Devil take us! He's only a boy. It's small business ye're in, a-hounding a young un. Take back what ye said, numskull!"

Leroux knew that this was in the nature of an edict. He did not lack courage. On the contrary, his was the courage of a wild beast. But he was also endowed with a wild beast's cunning. He could not afford an open break with Big Mack at this stage of his affairs. The mettle of this upstart youth was such that if prompt retraction were not forthcoming it would result inevitably in the death of one of them. Leroux felt that he could put an end to Hunter with no little pleasure; but under the circumstances it would be a foolish thing to do. His mouth expanded in what was intended as an amiable grin.

"I was having a mite of fun with the lad," he said to Big Mack. Then, to Hunter: "Sartin, sonny, I was mistook. Far as I'm concerned, England can lay all o' her reverses in America to the fightin' clan of Breckenridge. And I doubt not that the proudest entry in the family Bible was wrote there the day you was whelped."

"Handsome enough," Hunter said, dismissing the incident as closed. He rose to take his departure.

"Hah!" Dubois exclaimed, pointing to two tufts of hair suspended from Hunter's belt. "Where you find thees scalps?"

"I taken them myself," the boy informed him. Then, silently as he had come, he faded into the timber.

(Continued on Page 102)

New Spark Plugs Save Their Cost

Greater economy in oil and gas pays for new spark plugs in a few months' driving

It is easy to understand why you should install new spark plugs once a year. They quickly save their cost in gas and oil, and improve car performance. Here is how your engine operates—

The gaseous mixture from the carburetor is drawn into each cylinder by the downward stroke of the piston, then compressed by the upward stroke and ignited by the spark plug.

The compressed gas burns with great rapidity—it does not "explode"—and expands to many times its former volume, forcing down the piston and developing the power.

The full, efficient spark, delivered at the firing points of the spark plug, assures rapid and complete burning of the gas, with maximum expansion, and full power.

But if the spark is weak the burning is much slower and only partially complete.

Unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust. Some is condensed and works by the pistons to dilute the oil in the crankcase. Power is lost. Engine performance is seriously impaired.

For these reasons it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles, or once a year.

No matter how well a spark plug is made it is bound to deteriorate under the tremendous stress imposed by modern engines.

The higher compression actually delivers hammer-like blows. The excessive heat imposes terrific strains. Destroying chemical reactions take place.

That spark plugs continue to function under the extreme conditions to which they are subjected is a tribute to the great advance in spark plug design and manufacture.

And in this advancement Champion has always played the major part—always pioneered and anticipated the requirements of engine designers.

Champion—in the Blue Box—for all cars other than Model T Ford, and for trucks, tractors and stationary engines—75c.

Bring back the *Performance*

Your car had when new by installing

New Champions

When you bought your car, it is very probable that the determining factor was its performance—its agility in acceleration, its spurting power on the hills and its continued speed without labor.

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While you may not know it, if your car has been driven 10,000 miles, there has been a distinct loss in engine efficiency because your spark plugs have deteriorated, no matter how well made they were.

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Note the illustrations. Here are suggested just a few of the things you can do this spring *at trifling cost.* There are hundreds more both inside and outside the house.

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ASK ABOUT THE NEW ROGERS VOGUE FINISHES

(Continued from Page 98)

"Yes. Now I come to think, me, I hear about zat fight myself," Dubois said, recalling that the Breckenridge family had beaten off a Sac war party that had attacked the cabin. "Zat was one beeg battle, sure enoff. Leroux, my bucko, if you had make bold to lif' zat gun, he mos' certainly do what he promise—shoot your black heart out where you sit."

Leroux grunted scornfully. But Dubois knew that if the man's hand had lifted his rifle from where it rested the boy would have killed him as unerringly as he would have potted a gobbler. He knew the breed of American that had migrated from Kentucky to the shores of the Missouri. They were a shooting people. A boy might be young in years, but if he could shoot the head off a squirrel at sixty yards, which most of these Kentuckians could, and if possessed of the will to match that skill against a human foe, the size or age of his antagonist would be but a trivial detail.

II

THE elder Breckenridge, having disposed of his furs to advantage in St. Louis, returned with the necessary supplies that he had purchased—various cloths, from some of which warm underwear would be fashioned for the entire family; dresses for the female members; from others, shirts for the males; the balance to be used for trading purposes; bars of iron of assorted thickness, from which hoes, trade axes and other implements would be forged; tea, coffee, salt, tobacco, a quantity of powder and lead; also sundry trinkets dear to the savage heart. Every settler's cabin on the Missouri was a trading post of sorts.

Summer merged into autumn. The crops were gathered and stored. The first stiff frosts touched the hardwood hills with magic wand, transforming them from uniform green to a riotous blaze of color, brilliant yellows contrasting with purples that shaded into mauve, scarlet competing with blazing orange. Out in the open hills, where the grass still showed green, startling pools of crimson revealed the location of sumac thickets, as if Nature had spilled the lifeblood of the waning summer to enhance the last-minute splendor of its passing—the brief glorification of a landscape that all too soon would assume the bleak and barren garb of winter.

As spring, once winter has relaxed its grip, is not in itself bountiful but merely blossoms forth in lovely promise of future plenty, so autumn is the season of promise fulfilled—the most bountiful period of all the year, as Nature brings all creation to lavish fruition just prior to the lean days that are soon to come.

It was evident to Hunter Breckenridge that the least of Nature's creatures were aware of the portent of present plenty. The northern migrants winged their way south in whistling flocks. The deer and elk were feasting heartily and putting on tallow against the winter months when feed would be scarce and covered with snow. The bears were gorging on ripened fruit and storing up sufficient fat to nourish them through the long winter sleep of hibernation. Squirrels were busily storing nuts and acorns in the timber and the beavers were sinking their food caches of succulent willow and cottonwood to the floors of the beaver ponds before the day when the ice should take. Bees feverishly buzzed among the late fall flowers on warm days in their efforts to store up a few additional drops of honey before winter should shut down.

And as with these lesser creatures, so it was with man. Savage and settler alike, each in the measure of his need or foresight, engaged in harvesting the treasures that Nature spread before him. The Breckenridge family thriftily gathered and stored huge quantities of the season's delicacies. Great baskets of wild grapes and elderberries were collected by the youngsters and made into wine by the mother and the elder sister. Luscious papaws, larger than the average potato, had been ripened to dull yellow, verging upon black. There were red haws and black, and an occasional tree of wild persimmons, now ripened by the frost. Two score bushels of nuts—black walnuts and hickory nuts in the timber and hazelnuts in the brush thickets of the more open country—were collected and stored for winter use. Currants, gooseberries, raspberries and wild plums were gathered and transformed into jams and jellies. Three bee trees, located earlier in the season, were cut and the great store of honey harvested. And throughout these excursions, wherever the younger members roamed in search of such delicacies, Hunt and his father were ever close at hand, either helping with the work or hunting in the adjacent forest.

In mid-autumn the elder Breckenridge dropped off downstream to visit a neighbor named Garrison, intending to help the man to round up and butcher some of his hogs that ranged half wild in the forest. His intention was to bring back upriver with him a quantity of pork and ten gallons of white corn whisky.

Hunter pursued the routine of his days, felling trees at the far edge of the clearing, parts of which would be used for firewood, some split for rails and the rest piled round the stumps and burned. Then, as the meat supply was running low, he and Tod hunted for two days upriver, bagging five deer, two black bears and several turkeys, bringing the meat by boat down the current of the Missouri and up Breckenridge Creek to the clearing.

The day following his return he set forth to work as usual, felled a big walnut tree and piled it round the stump to be burned when sufficiently dry. Then he sized up the next, a big oak, but on this day he felt a vast disinclination to put forth further effort. Since his visit to the camp where the members of the raft's crew had put ashore on that night some months before, he had gone about his work at times with an air of preoccupation. New and untried impulses were stirring in him. His periods of restlessness and vague longings seemed now of more frequent recurrence. And when restless, it was ever his habit to resort to the river.

He returned to the cabin, to find Tod engaged in stretching the two bearskins on the north side of the cabin, where the sun would not strike them. His elder sister, over an open fire in the dooryard, was trying out the fat of the bears and rendering it into lard for family use. Hunter tentatively investigated a vat in which a number of deer hides had been put down in wood ashes for the purpose of leaching the hair from them, then absently estimated the weight of a bricklike fortification composed of many large brownish-yellow cakes of the most recently manufactured batch of homemade soap. Then he motioned to Tod.

"We'd better run the throw lines and rebait them now, I reckon."

They repaired to the river. Tod seized a heavy cord that was tied to a sapling on the bank and hauled it in hand over hand. A weighty but sluggish tugging apprised him of the fact that there was prey at the end. He extracted a ten-pound Missouri catfish, rebaited the six hooks that were attached by staging to the main line at intervals, then heaved the sizable rock at the end of the throw line out into the river.

Two canoes, each occupied by three savages, came moving upstream.

"Sacs," Hunter pronounced, frowning.

He knew that it was but a question of time before marauding war parties of these or allied miscreants, on their way to or from raiding expeditions in the Osage country to the southward, would consider the moment opportune to ravage the countryside. Then that sound which every pioneer family had cause to dread above all others—the shrill gobbling yelps of the war whoop—would sound again on the shores of the Missouri. Columns of smoke would mark the location of burning cabins and one would visit a neighbor's home only to find the members of the household, rigid in death, sprawled in the dooryard. Hunter had viewed such scenes. The savages were loud-voiced and vociferous, their gesticulations expansive and violent. Hunter observed a small keg in each canoe.

"Drunk," he asserted. "They stopped at Garrison's to trade for some corn licker. Likely they'll get stiff drunk and put ashore to sleep it off. Then some Missouri Injun will lift six sets of hair."

The two brothers progressed downstream until they reached the spot where the occupants of the fur raft had camped.

"You go on and run the rest of the throw lines, Tod," Hunter instructed. "I'll loiter round here till you come back and maybe shoot me a passel of squirrels to while away the time."

He hunted no squirrels, however. Instead, he sat on a log and gazed across the dead ashes of the camp fire, endeavoring to conjure up again the vision of the girl as she had sat there across from him with the firelight in her hair.

"Nepanamo—Hair-that-shines," he said. "Injuns have the knack of handing out names that have the correct meaning."

Tod rejoined him and they angled through the forest toward the clearing. On entering it they saw a cluster of savages before the cabin. The six Sacs had put ashore, probably for no good purpose. Mrs. Breckenridge and the elder daughter, each armed with a rifle, stood in the open doorway, firmly declining to grant the Sacs' insistent demand that they be permitted to enter and partake of food.

The instant that his eyes rested upon the scene, Hunter lifted his voice in a long-drawn hail. The startled savages, thus taken in the rear, whirled to confront the newcomers. The two boys advanced steadily but without haste. Upon nearing the door, Hunter motioned the savages to stand from his path, and so commanding was the gesture that the Sacs instinctively obeyed.

"Inside, Tod," Hunter ordered, and the younger brother replaced his sister, taking his place at his mother's side just far enough within the doorway so the muzzles of their weapons were flush with it. Hunter, his back to the cabin, some three feet to one side of the door, faced the Sacs.

"What do you want here?" he demanded in their native tongue.

The spokesman for the Sacs explained that they came in peace. The Sacs had buried the hatchet and were now the sworn brothers of the whites. But what sort of treatment was this, to be refused the hospitality of those whom they viewed as friends and brothers? Was the white man's lodge closed to the Sacs when they were hungry?

"Yes, it is closed to the Sacs," Hunter informed him quietly. "You cannot go in."

The spokesman launched into a vindictive tirade. "Who are you to speak of friendship for the Sacs?" he demanded. "Only two short years ago this clearing run red with the blood of our warriors. Two of these men that you see before you wore their hair short in mourning for relatives who fell before your guns."

"And one year before that we wore our hair short in mourning for the little girl, our baby sister, that Sac warriors shot down as she played," Hunter replied. "The little one's grave is yonder. When your warriors returned another year, they found men, not women and children, to make war upon, and left seven of their dead behind."

The towering savage, with a scornful glance at the two brothers, demanded to be informed if they considered themselves men. Hunter shrugged carelessly.

"Did I not just say that the Sacs left seven dead behind? Decide for yourself whether we are men or boys. Do children so easily slay your best warriors?"

The Indian was foaming, but Hunter's gun was trained upon him. He was similarly menaced by the muzzles of the two guns held by Tod and Mrs. Breckenridge. Behind them were other children, he knew not how many. And the young of these white people fought like devils.

"We grieve for our dead of two summers ago," he said. "Give us presents and we will forget and will tell our people that you are friends of the Sacs. Give us many presents to prove your friendship."

"I will give you nothing. You may tell your people that we have no friendship for the Sacs," Hunter informed him. "We have only hot lead to give to those who slay children and boast that they are warriors. We have plenty of that. If you do not leave I will give you your share now and your scalp shall hang at my belt."

There was a moment's tense silence as all parties awaited the outcome of this clash of wills, both factions poised at hair-trigger tension to follow the first move of their respective spokesmen.

The tall savage worked himself into an undignified frenzy, delivering a violent harangue, calling upon his tribal gods to witness his oath that some day in the not distant future he would avenge this insult and wipe it out in blood and fire. The mere fact that his threats were couched in the future tense informed Hunter, who knew Indian nature to the core, that the danger of immediate hostilities had passed. The spokesman was engaging in a frenzy of vituperation and threats of future vengeance to save his face with his followers for his failure to engage in immediate action.

Tod, standing within the doorway and unable to see Hunter, understood but few words of the Sac tongue. He recognized a few epithets and the threat of tone and manner, interpreting the savage's attitude as of immediate menace to his brother. The Sac, in the course of his violent gesturing, accidentally discharged his musket. Tod, believing that the shot had been fired at his brother, instantly shot the Indian dead. The Sac pitched on his face as the heavy charge of buckshot riddled his chest. Reaching a swift hand behind him, Tod exchanged the discharged piece for a rifle which his elder sister thrust into his outstretched hand. Its muzzle swung in line with the remaining Sacs before they had recovered from their astonishment. Tod was clearly upon the point of duplicating his performance of two seconds past—would have save for the fact that Hunt's voice, cool and collected, reached his ears from outside the door, apprising him of the fact that his brother was unhurt.

"Take him with you and be getting out of here," Hunter ordered.

The Sacs obeyed, carrying their fallen leader down the creek. Tod joined his brother outside the cabin and they stood looking after the retreating savages.

"Wisht I could have snatched off his scalp," Tod said regretfully.

Hunter nodded. "But one day, if you don't change your shootin' tactics, some red miscreant will have your scalp instead," he predicted.

"Why so?" Tod demanded aggrievedly. "I shot as stiddy as if gunning for a rabbit. The varmint was cold dead before he was halfway to the ground."

"It was only that you shot the wrong Injun, Tod," Hunter explained. "That one had done fired his gun and it was empty. You'd ought to have shot down one whose musket was still loaded. Pap has told you that and so have I. Just narrow it down some. Supposing you're a-sauntering along and two Injuns spring up in your trail and gobble at you, and one shoots at you and misses. Which of the pair do you shoot?"

"The one that didn't shoot at me," Tod confessed; "the one whose gun is still unfired. But I thought that critter had downed you, Hunt, and I went so black mad that I drapped him without thinking."

"You done all right, Tod," Hunter said. "I ain't a-finding fault, but just reminding you not to do it thataway another time. It's thinking quick and keeping little things like that in mind that enables some folks to retain their hair longer than them that fails to think. Pap was expecting to draw in home today sometime sho't of nightfall I'll saunter after those Sacs and see where they head to. It wouldn't do for pap to run foul of them unexpected, the way they're feeling now. You stay here and see

(Continued on Page 106)

THE KITCHEN ARISES TO NEW HEIGHTS

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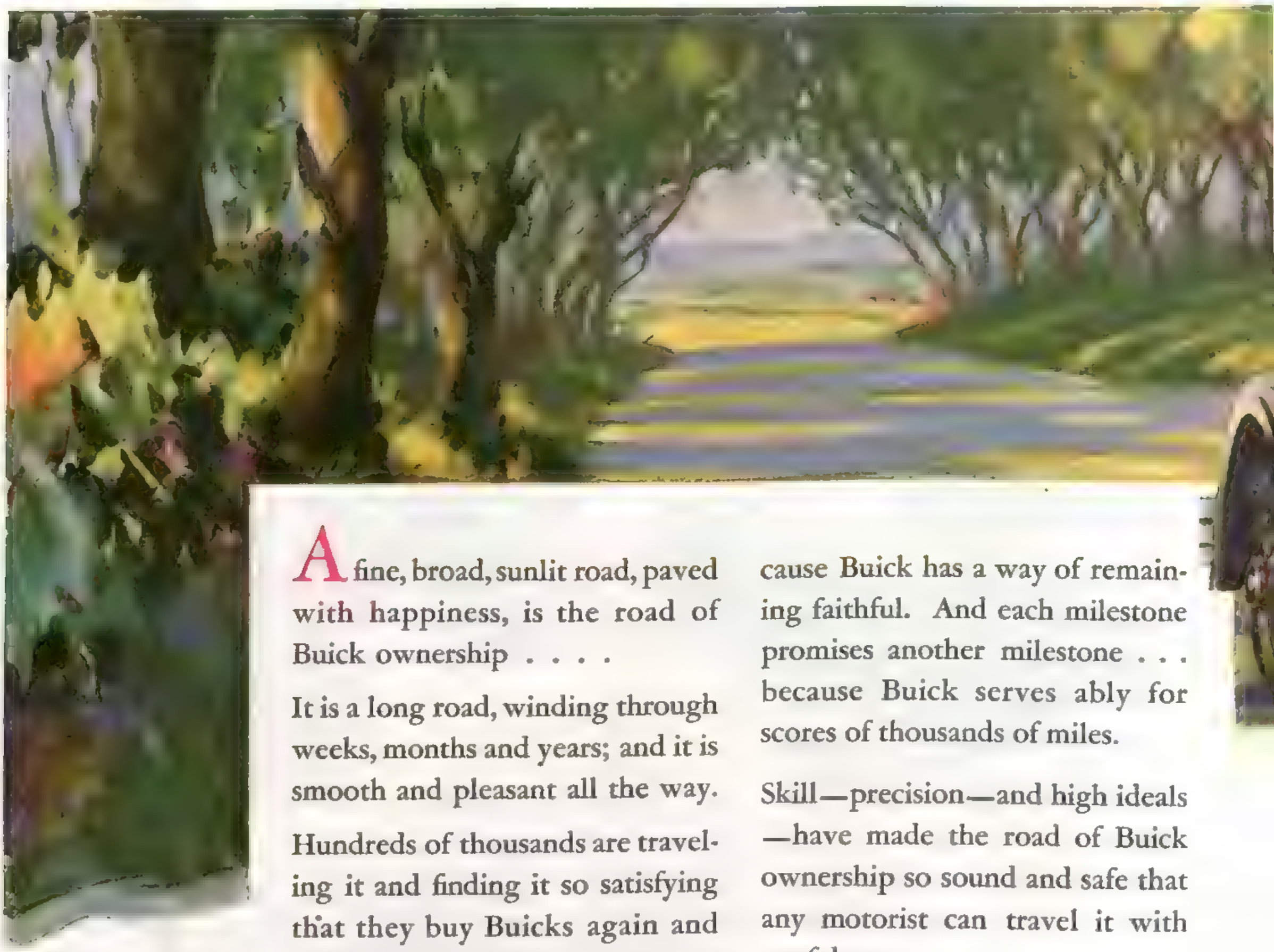

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BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 102)

to things. Don't let ary young un stray outside the cabin till me or pap gets home."

He took the trail of the five marauders. They took to their canoes and headed upriver. After following them for some five miles Hunter halted, satisfied that they intended to keep going.

The sun was dropping behind the western horizon. Hunter leaned on his long rifle and looked out across the foam-flecked Missouri, on whose roily waters the shadows were deepening with approaching night. As always, it sang its siren song to him. There was seductive invitation in the sucking gurgle of the current as it lapped the banks. The many swirling little eddies seemed to him a thousand eyes, winking wisely at him, as if wishing to convey the knowledge of the things that they had witnessed at the headwaters of distant creeks two thousand miles away. The droning undertone of its waters was muttering and deep-chested, its accents guttural, as if in imitation of the speech of the savages who dwelt upon its tributaries.

Fancifully he imagined that these sounds had been absorbed far upstream and carried, as the water carried sediment, to be released now as messages for his eager ears. The varying notes that rose above the booming throb of the river's song could be interpreted, he thought. There was the gobble of the war whoop, the wailing of Indian villages mourning for warriors slain in battle, the triumphant clamor of the scalp dance after a successful foray, the rhythmic chant and shuffling feet of ceremonial and war dance; the slow sucking of the pipe passed from hand to hand round the council fires, the rumbling hoofs of a stampeded herd of buffalo or the drumming vibration of thousands of ponies charging across the sagebrush plains. All these things were related to Hunter by the deep-throated song of the river. Its voice as a whole was a symphonic chant, the saga of the great Northwest.

He stood watching the play of the muddy current until night shut down and the prowlers of darkness came on shift. A screech owl gave vent to its quavering falsetto overhead. A great horned owl, as if to silence this runt of the species, hooted gruffly from the forest on the farther shore. Then all notes ceased as a timber wolf threw full volume of its lungs into the tribal call of its clan. From far and near other big gray hunters gave tongue in answer.

He headed homeward through the darkened forest and he knew that the potent call of the Missouri could not much longer be ignored. Its boiling waters were attuned to the restless blood that surged through his pioneer veins.

"She's done laid her spell on me," he said. "She's got me, I reckon—the river has."

III

FIVE years later the singing river owned him in reality as in the past it had claimed him in his fanciful imagining. Hunter joyously bucked the muddy tide of the Missouri on the first lap of his journey, the third that he had made to its headwaters. He was off for a two-year trapping expedition, having joined the brigade that General Ashley, head of the Rocky Mountain Company, was conducting up the river. The brigade was to ascend the distant Yellowstone and scatter along its two chief southern tributaries, the Powder River and the Big Horn, and trap their creeks. The following summer they would collect in small bands or travel singly and make their way to the appointed rendezvous. There they would meet other mountain men who were trapping for the company from the Sweetwater to the Musselshell; from the Niobrara to the Snake River and the shores of Great Salt Lake, west of the Great Divide.

The six heavily loaded bateaux took advantage of a fair wind and hoisted sail. The forests on either shore of the river were still drab and colorless, composed of gaunt and tangled skeletons that had not yet sent forth the first budding green shoots of spring. The bateaux put ashore at the big flat, where the waters of the Kansas River emptied into the Missouri. The flat was graced by the log structures of Ely's Fort, a trading post operated in the interests of the Rocky Mountain Company. Not many years thereafter this spot was to become known as Westport Landing, destined eventually to be the jumping-off place for the overland stampeders of the California gold rush; for the wagon trains of the Oregon emigrants that were to settle Oregon and claim it for the Union; for the tremendous bull-train trade that was to spring up with New Mexico by way of the Santa Fé Trail; for many of the disciples of Joseph Smith, exiled from Nauvoo, Illinois, and joining the great Mormon migration that was to result in the settlement of Utah; for the Free-Staters who would pass through the slave state of Missouri to settle the Kansas prairies; and for the members of many another historic movement that was to play a part in the shaping of the West. But now it was well beyond the jumping-off place itself, a mere outpost of civilization on the flat, where, a scant half dozen years before, there had been only the lodges of the Kaw, or Kansas, Indians.

The thirty-odd men who had just ascended from St. Louis were joined by almost as many more at Ely's Fort. Some of these last had been left here the preceding fall to guard the horses and to procure more from the Indians. A great quantity of white corn liquor had been distilled for the Indian trade and the reunited *voyageurs* kindled a huge fire and broached a keg of whisky preparatory to an all-night spree. As the revelry progressed the trappers, in imitation of Indian practice, weaved round the camp fire with the hop, shuffle and chant of the scalp dance and the war dance.

Dubois, the Frenchman from St. Louis, was a member of the party that had remained in charge of the horses. Hunter, after drinking throughout the night with his companions, withdrew to one side at dawn, in company with Ashley, Dubois and another *voyageur*, and proceeded to cook breakfast.

A weird figure rode across the flat. At first glance the four men at the fire mistook him for an Indian. He was hatless, his skull shaved except for a scalp lock. So diminutive of size was the stranger that he might have been mistaken for a half-grown lad except for his wrinkled countenance. He addressed the quartet in English, identifying himself as a white man who had gone Injun. His case was not unusual. The great majority of the fur brigade took Indian wives. Many, for the purpose of furthering trade or for greater safety when trapping, lived in various Indian villages. Some few, discarding all civilized customs, went over to the savages in every particular. It was from the latter element that the renegade was to spring; for the renegade was destined, in the not distant future, to play his bloody part west of the Mississippi as in the immediate past he had left his hideous trail east of it. Not all white men who went Indian, however, were renegades save in the sense that they had deserted their own race to adopt the ways of the savages. Some of them exerted constructive and beneficial influence upon the tribes with which they affiliated.

Kentuckians, however, had been treated to too many frightful examples of the ways of the renegade to view any man who had gone Indian without acute suspicion. Fresh in every Kentuckian's mind was the record of the monstrous Simon Girty, who for thirty years had led the Indians against the settlers of Ohio and Kentucky and built up a total of more massacres, torturings and atrocities than could be ascribed to any half dozen Indian chiefs that America had produced. And the fiendish Girty had only recently met his just deserts.

The newcomer gave his name as Haddock and stated that he was now a subchief of the Loup Pawnees. His Indian name was Little Bull Buffalo, which, he assured them, had been bestowed upon him from the fact that, though small in stature, he was mighty in battle. His undersized frame seemed charged with compact energy and he was endowed with the agility of an ape. He had left his own tribe and had wandered widely, he explained, and now wished to accompany the brigade upriver as a protection against the Sioux, with whom his own nation—the five allied tribes of the Pawnees—was at war.

Breckenridge, questioning Haddock about the unexplored regions, found that the little man virtually had a map of the stream lines from the Canadian River in the Southwest to the Green River west of the Rocky Mountains etched upon his brain. Hunter, his Kentucky-bred suspicion of white Indians waning, began to feel a curious friendship for Little Bull Buffalo of the Loup Pawnees.

There was great bustle of preparation, as the brigade was to set forth at dawn of the following day. Toward nightfall a group of trappers stood watching a distant bateau move up the river toward Ely's Fort.

"Big Mack's outfit," one of them stated.

Hunter straightened suddenly to attention. Where went McKenzie, there also went Big Mack's daughter, Nepanamo—Hair-that-shines. Hunter had seen the girl but twice since the night of that first meeting on the Missouri—once in St. Louis and once on the Osage River. He stood watching the approach of the bateau, listening meanwhile to the comments of the trappers.

McKenzie, a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher at heart, made no effort to conceal the fact that he considered all American colonists as traitors who had deserted the mother country. Some day, he was quite certain, the rebellious colonies would be soundly chastised and brought back under the British flag. The open expression of such sentiments, coupled with the fact of his long association with the Northwest Fur Company, chief competitor of the two big rival companies, the Rocky Mountain and the Great American, that operated under the American flag in the West, had not smoothed the way for Big Mack to procure any very responsible position with either of the two latter companies. He had served both of them on occasion, but only at posts well removed from regions where the Northwest Company operated.

The heads of the two American fur companies were not above suspecting that a former henchman of the great Northwest Company might be tempted to divert to it the trade of the Indian tribes of his vicinity instead of striving to retain it for some American concern. Big Mack, still further embittered against Americans by this attitude, was now heading back to his old range in the far Northwest. Not one among the trappers knew his plans. It seemed not so much that there was any intentional secrecy veiling McKenzie's destination, they said, as that the old man himself seemed rather vague upon that score. He spoke hazily of setting up for himself as a free trader in some indefinite locality.

Hunt Breckenridge watched the bateau effect a landing. That night he sat again at the McKenzie camp fire.

"You remember him, father—Hunter Breckenridge?" the girl said when Big Mack accorded their visitor a mere absent-minded nod.

McKenzie peered more closely at their guest. His stubborn old eyes lightened with brief amusement.

"Sure enough, Hair-that-shines," he said, dropping an affectionate hand upon his daughter's shoulder. "Sure enough. If 'tain't our young firebrand that brang us the turkey five year back—and threatened Leroux with his gun; growed up now to six foot and more."

Thereafter, according to his usual custom, he retired to the shelter of his own brooding thoughts and sucked comfortably at his pipe, paying little heed to what happened about him. He had aged noticeably, Hunter thought. The girl Nepanamo had developed into a tall powerful woman, lithe as a panther and with the strength of a man. The girl herself knew little of her father's plans beyond the fact that Leroux was to meet them on the Upper Missouri and that they were to travel north to the prairies of Saskatchewan before settling the details of his project.

"If you're anywheres in the Northwest I'll be finding you there," Hunter said in parting. "Till then, Hair-that-shines——"

"I'll be expecting you," she said. But she knew that Big Mack would not tolerate any save the most casual acquaintance between his daughter and any rebel American. "Be sure to come," she, nevertheless, called after him.

Hunter learned from General Ashley that the McKenzie bateau was to accompany the Rocky Mountain brigade upriver for protection against savages. In the same breath he detailed Breckenridge as one of the hunters of the party. Thus it happened that when the brigade got under way at dawn Ann McKenzie's eyes roved over the throng of men in vain as she sought for a glimpse of the tall Kentuckian. The bateaux were loaded out with trade goods and supplies and launched upon the current of the Missouri. Fifty horses were packed and headed upriver under the care of a score or more of mounted men. With this latter contingent rode the squaws of such *voyageurs* as had Indian wives with them.

Ashley had detailed eight men, four to each shore of the river, to ride a day in advance of the brigade. These were the hunters who were to kill the meat for the party. Since the brigade would live almost entirely off the country as it progressed, whenever the hunters should fail in their appointed task the main party would go hungry. Because of their peculiar expertness as hunters and their resourcefulness in coping with savages, Hunt Breckenridge, Dubois and a trapper named Brady had been detailed to one shore of the river. With them, largely for the reason that Hunter was friendly to him while the other Kentuckians in the brigade eyed askance his shaved skull and his scalp lock, rode Haddock, Little Bull Buffalo of the Loup Pawnees.

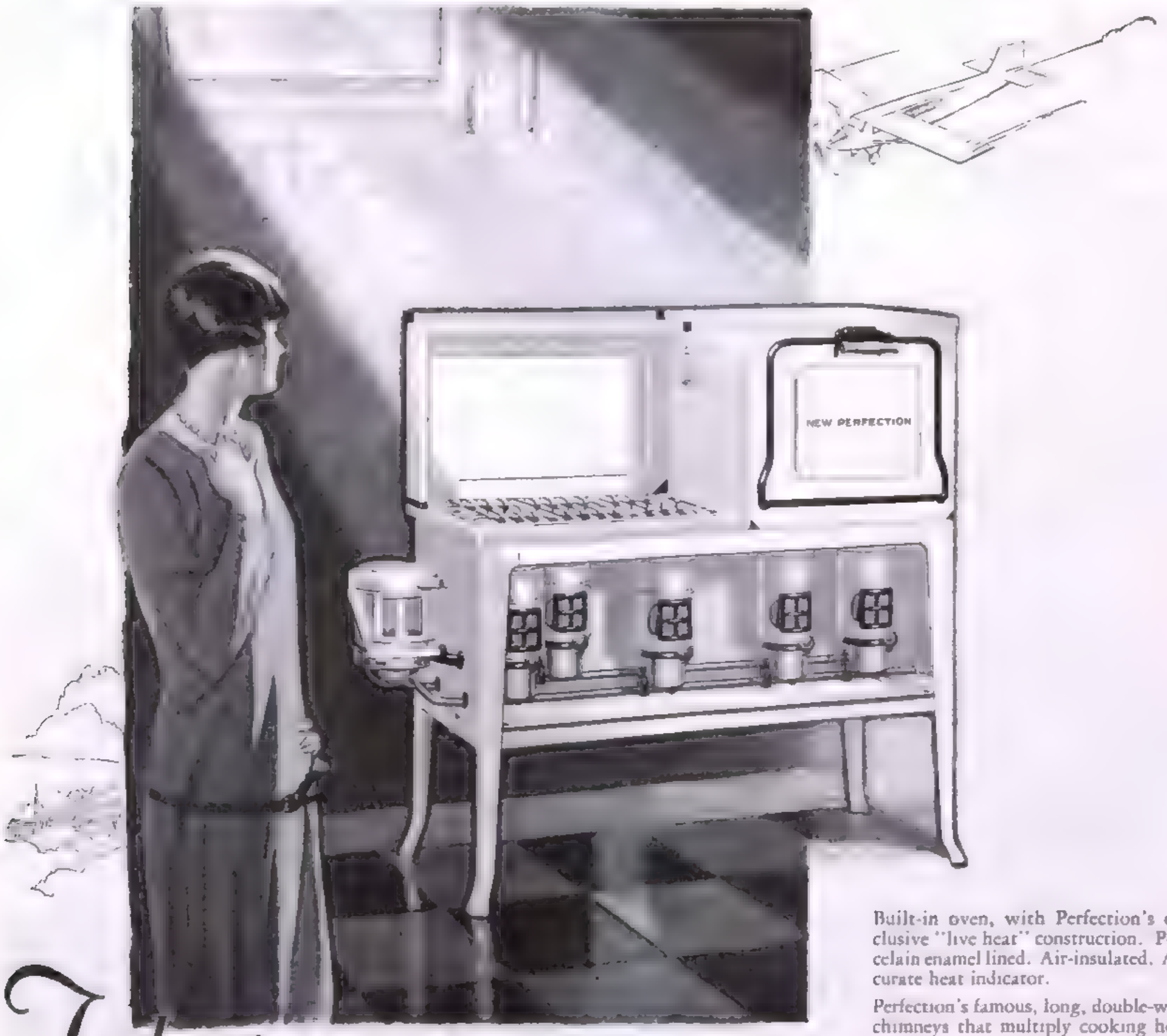
The quartet left Ely's Fort three hours before dawn. From the outset, game abounded in unbelievable profusion; but they did no shooting until shortly after noon, as they neared the spot which Ashley had designated as the point where the brigade would camp on the first night out from the mouth of the Kansas. The hunters scattered through a timbered bottom. Breckenridge, observing tawny bodies ahead of him among the trees, dismounted and advanced on foot. He drew within sixty yards of a band of elk, drew a bead behind one's shoulder and the animal went down. Before stirring from his tracks, he reloaded and carefully primed his piece. This was the inevitable custom of the pioneer. While dressing the elk he heard the scattered reports of his companions' guns. Two black bears raced past him, but the distance was too great for accurate shooting. A band of deer drew near and halted to look back. Again he fired and felled a buck, reloaded and advanced to dress it. While so engaged he observed several flocks of turkeys moving toward him and presently he potted a big gobbler. He packed half the elk upon his horse, took the deer intact upon his own shoulders and advanced to the point which had been designated by Ashley. Then he returned for the turkey and the rest of the elk meat.

Big red fox squirrels were numerous in the timber and coveys of quail flushed from every thicket. Flocks of ducks and geese winged up and down the river or bobbed on the surface of the water. Upon his return to the river it was to find that his companions had brought in their first load of meat and had gone back for more. He waited there, seated on a down log and smoking his pipe as he gazed contentedly out across the sinuous flow of the Missouri. The hunters returned with their second load. The kill consisted of two elk, five deer, four turkeys, a raccoon and a small black bear.

Then the hunters resumed their way up the river, not halting to make camp until

(Continued on Page 110)

. . . . MODERN AS THE SWIFT-WINGED LINERS OF THE AIR



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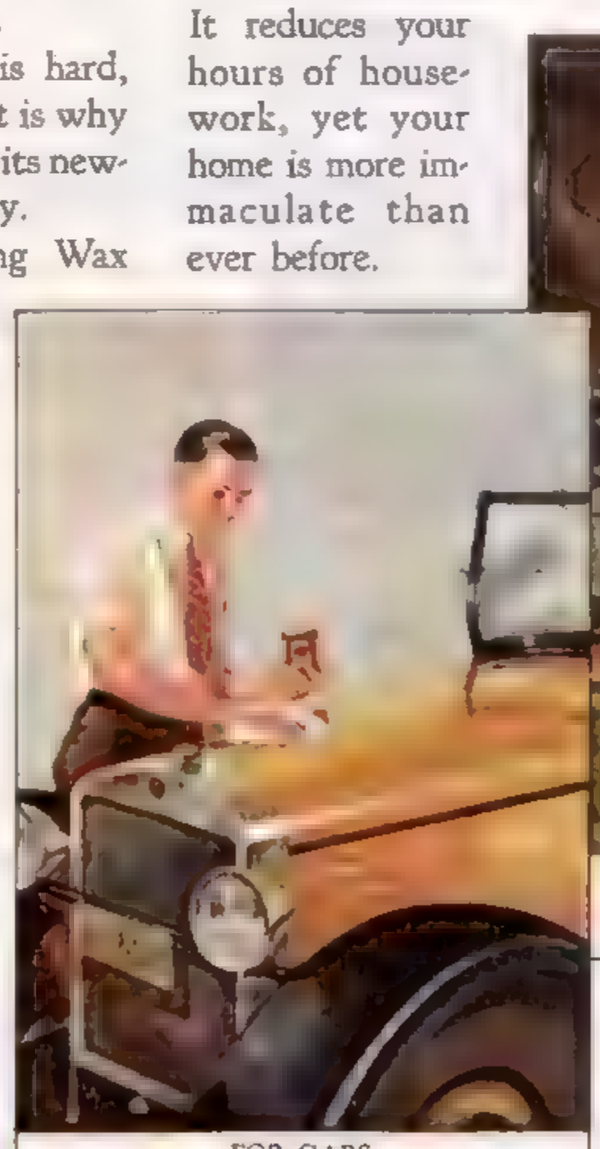
You can buy Johnson's Polishing Wax—Liquid or Paste—at a grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store near you. Order some today.



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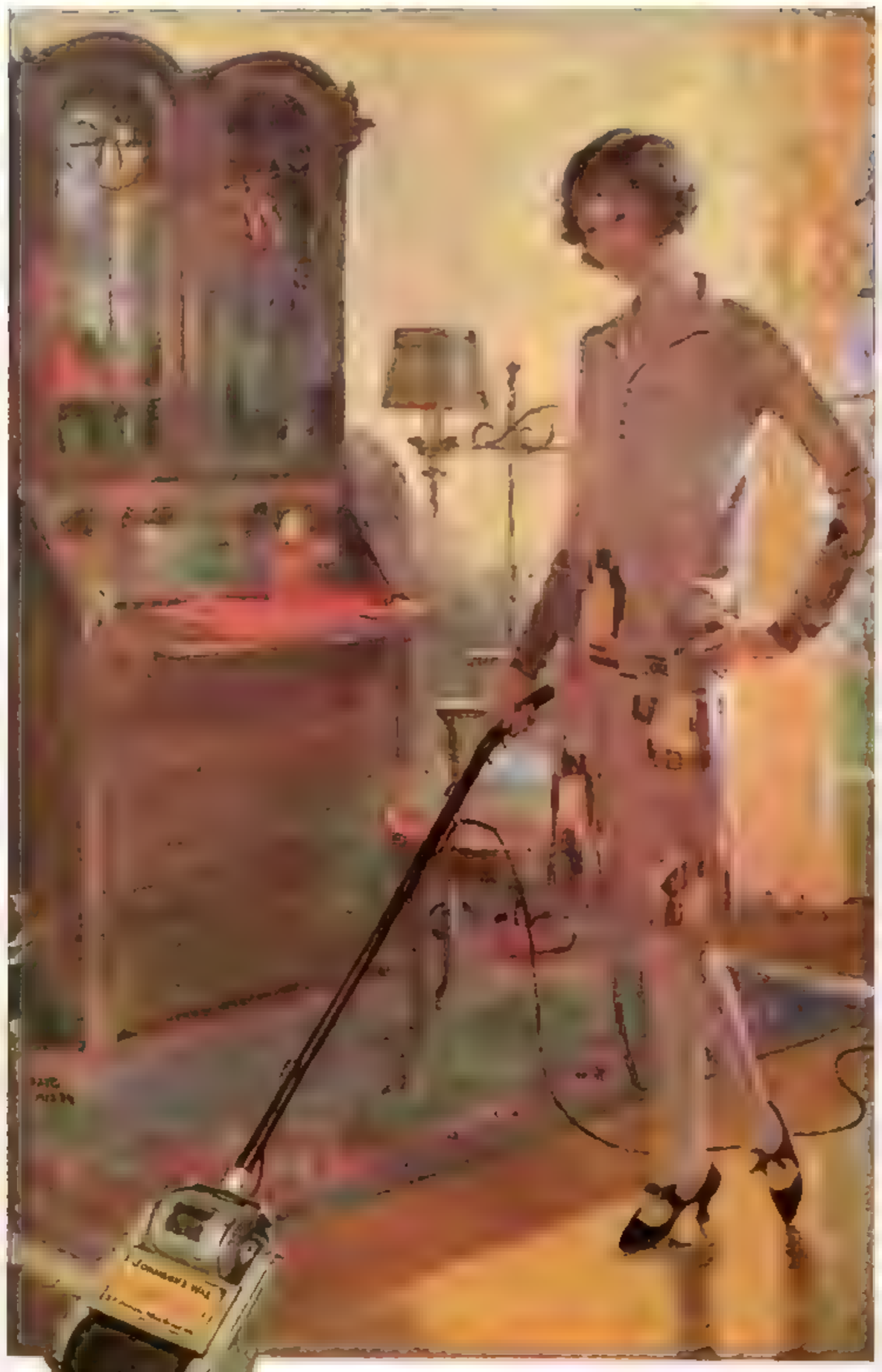

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rent a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher by the day or half-day from your nearest grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or dept. store. Or, it's a good investment to buy one for your own home. The price has recently been reduced from $42.50 to $29.50.

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EXIT— The "Lost and Stolen" Shovel Bugaboo

ONCE upon a time there was a manager of a large seed company down in the Blue Grass Country, who was much perturbed over the rate at which his shovels melted away.

"Try using Red Edge," suggested a Red Edge representative, "and you will find that your men will like the shovels so much that they won't get lost—or stolen either."

The manager was willing to be shown and bought a dozen. A year later the Red Edge man called again. "You're a fine oil can," the manager spoke with great feeling. "Since we put in Red Edge we've lost more shovels than ever. We'll just take a little inventory and show you where Red Edge gets off."

They did. In the course of the inventory every last one of those Red Edges turned up smiling. But there were many sad gaps in the ranks of the other shovels the company had been using. Evidently the men, having discovered that Red Edge made digging easier, had quietly done away with the other shovels.

If you are faced with the "lost and stolen" shovel problem there is one unfailing remedy—Red Edge.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS

WYOMING, PA.

We Spent 50 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

(Continued from Page 106)

nightfall. Thereafter they would have no way of knowing at what point the brigade would camp. It would depend wholly upon the nature of the going encountered by the packers and their horses, upon the difficulties of wind and current encountered by the boatmen. There would be long stretches where a line could be attached to the prow of each bateau and its upstream progress aided by horses that traveled unobstructed shore lines; other days when the nature of the terrain would prohibit such means of assistance from ashore. At times the land party would cut off across big bends of the river and gain a half day's march on the boats. There would be periods when, with a fair wind, sails would be hoisted on the bateaux and the boats would leave the packers a day's march behind.

The hunters therefore shot game at various points along the river and left the meat on the banks where it could be located by the boatmen as they passed. On the second day's march the hunters encountered vast herds of buffalo that grazed on the prairies. Scores of wolves were hanging about the buffalo herds. Wolf hides were just coming into demand by the fur companies, and as a consequence the great campaign of wolf poisoning that was soon to begin and that would last for half a century was not yet under way; the wolves therefore were plentiful, and it was not unusual for Breckenridge to see upward of a hundred of the big gray killers of the prairies in the course of one day's ride.

The buffalo were now quite thin, as the first faint trace of green was only now beginning to tint the tawny prairies as the new spring grass pushed through. Their meat was tough and stringy, almost unfit for consumption. Then, too, except when coming to the river to drink or to swim the stream, the buffalo herds fed back on the open prairies some little distance from the river. The deer and elk were in somewhat better shape, and these animals haunted the timber along the stream and the meat had to be packed but a short distance. Thus there was a double reason why the hunters chose them instead of the buffalo.

Hunter selected a spot where a creek emptied into the river and the hunters made camp an hour before sundown on the third night out. The horses were hobbled and turned out to graze on a tongue of prairie between the timber that flanked the courses of creek and river. Dubois killed an elk within two hundred yards of camp. Breckenridge set forth to prospect up the creek for beaver sign. He encountered two bands of elk that grazed near the edge of the timber. Deer bounced away on every hand and big flocks of turkeys were numerous.

Even at that early date, the first thousand or more miles of the Lower Missouri and the mouths of its tributary streams had been heavily trapped by the members of the fur brigades that passed up and down its course. The beaver, once to be found in such vast numbers, were already disappearing from its waters. There were no signs of flourishing colonies on the creek, but beaver cuttings were sufficiently in evidence to indicate the presence of a few of those animals. Breckenridge discovered an old dam that had been repaired. It backed up the water, transforming a willow slough into a beaver pond. He examined the signs round the pond; only one stray pair had taken up residence there, he judged.

He stiffened suddenly to attention. Five sleek heads marred the surface of the water, each leaving a furrow in its wake. The otters emerged from the pond and played along the dam. The watching man did not make a move until one of the animals ventured ashore. Then he shot it dead in its tracks and the remaining four disappeared on the instant. He heard Dubois shoot again as he returned to camp. The Frenchman had killed a large, almost white wolf, one of four that had crossed through the strip of prairie near the camp.

The two men selected the choice cuts of the elk, skinned out the wolf and the otter and returned to camp. They dined on elk steaks and strong tea, then sat for a space round the fire.

Dubois, with a reminiscent chuckle, mentioned that Leroux, Big Mack's former chief assistant, was again to join out under the leadership of his old chief. Hunter nodded. He held no grudge against Leroux. To one who, from infancy, had viewed warfare as part of the day's affairs, there was little of malice expended upon former adversaries. Most of the *voyageurs* of the West viewed the matter in that light, cherishing no particular enmity against any tribe of Indians with which they might have had a brush.

The Blackfeet proved the exception to this one more or less general rule. The Blackfeet hunted trappers ceaselessly, and by way of retaliation, the trappers, whenever the odds against them were not too great, hunted Blackfeet as they hunted wolves and cherished a sincere loathing for that tribe. Hunter, despite the fact that he and Brady had had two sanguinary encounters with Blackfeet on the Flathead River two years before, took the matter impersonally and had not yet developed any particular antipathy toward the Blackfeet such as he had felt for the Sacs in his youth. And so far as treasuring malice against Leroux on account of their one exchange of words, it was far from his thoughts—foreign, indeed, to his whole philosophy of life. With active warfare ever looming as the prospect for the immediate future, life was too short to waste in cherishing resentment over hostilities that had occurred in the past.

"Hees one bad rascal, thees Leroux," Dubois declared.

Little Bull glanced up quickly at the name. "Leroux? What Leroux? The one whose Indian name is Loup?"

"Never heard his Injun name," Breckenridge replied. "Is he one of your Loup Pawnees? Loup means wolf in the Pawnee tongue, don't it, Little Bull? Your branch of the tribe is the one I've heard trappers call the Wolf Pawnees."

"Yes, it means wolf," Little Bull agreed. "But Leroux ain't no Loup Pawnee."

"He sure enough looks like a wolf in the face," Hunter said. "Likely the Indians do call him that. Every mountain man has got from one to a dozen Injun titles." Breckenridge himself, in fact, was known the length of the Missouri by a many-syllabled Indian name of peculiar meaning. Many in the brigade addressed him by his Indian title, frequently in a spirit of good-natured raillery. "Is this Leroux a former mate of yours, Little Bull?"

"No, by gar!" Haddock denied. "I've heered strange rumors among the Pawnees about a man named Leroux. Likely it's a different party. The name ain't noways uncommon." He declined to go into detail as to the nature of the rumors he had heard.

The seventh day out from the mouth of the Kansas the four hunters decided to wait for the arrival of the brigade in order to make sure that they were not traveling too far in advance of it. Hunter shot an elk at the edge of the timber and there the quartet made camp. Round noon he glanced up, to see a mounted warrior on a rise of ground a half mile away. The Indian signaled and was presently joined by others. They continued to pop up on the sky line until fifty or more mounted savages were clustered there.

"Iowas," Breckenridge said, and Haddock nodded confirmation of the pronouncement. "Hunting party, likely," Hunter amplified. "Their village is along the river somewheres close, I reckon. Maybe they've moved it down a hundred miles or so from where they were a-holding out last year."

The smoke of the hunters' fire had attracted the Indians. Presently the Iowas raced their ponies furiously across the prairies. When within a few yards of the fire they pulled their horses back upon their haunches and slid to the ground. The four hunters were surrounded by fifty-odd Iowa bucks, hungry as usual. Breckenridge invited them to eat. They devoured the generous roasts of elk meat that had been placed over the fire, then fell upon the remains of the elk. With knives and war hatchets, the carcass was hacked to shreds and devoured to the last morsel. The offal, which had been removed and cast to one side by the whites in dressing the animal, was likewise apportioned and consumed. Entrails of fresh-killed game were considered a special delicacy by all savage tribes of the West.

The head man of the party explained that his followers had set out to kill buffalo for the village, but that the herds had moved back some fifteen miles from the river. Ever ready to alter their plans at a moment's notice, it was suggested that the whites accompany them back to the Iowa village instead, killing such elk and deer as were available along the river en route, and call off the buffalo hunt until a later date.

The four white hunters rode ahead, their weapons being far superior to the bows, arrows, lances and smooth-bore muskets of the Indians. Hunter, jumping a black bear in the timber, dropped the animal with a single shot through the shoulder. He reloaded and rode on without even pausing to dress the animal, leaving that task to the Iowas, who came on behind. Off to the right, riverward, he heard the report of Brady's rifle and that of Dubois, the heavy boom of Haddock's off to the left. A half mile farther on he rode among a band of elk in a thicket and dropped the nearest animal in its tracks. Game was abundant and very tame in the timbered bottoms. Every few hundred feet some creature—deer, elk or turkey—fell to Hunter's fire. The reports of his companions' rifles testified by their frequency that the kill would be of generous proportions.

The party entered the Iowa village in jubilant spirits. The squaws and children were dispatched to retrieve such meat as had not been brought in by the hunting party. Lashing travois poles to half-wild ponies, the squaws set forth.

Hunt Breckenridge repaired to the chief's lodge, made him a present of tobacco and a bright cotton handkerchief, presented each of his three squaws with a few beads, and settled down to listen to the inevitable complaint. It was not long in coming, deferred only until Breckenridge and the Iowa chief had passed the red stone pipe—charged with a mixture of trade tobacco and the dried inner bark of the red willow—from one to the other perhaps a half dozen times and partaking of a few brief whiffs on each occasion.

"Things must change," the Iowa then asserted. "This cannot go on. Already the beaver is gone from the land of the Iowas. The first traders to come urged my people to secure many beaver pelts, which they did, and the white men gave trade goods for them. They lived in peace, as brothers. Then more white men came and trapped the beaver themselves, giving nothing in exchange. They trapped too well. The beaver has gone. Still the white traders urge us to collect many beaver pelts. But how can my young men take beaver pelts when the beaver is no more? And without beaver pelts, how are my warriors to procure the guns and other weapons necessary to protect our lodges and our women against enemies that have armed themselves by trading with the whites?

"The white man traps too well. The Indians have lived here always, yet the beaver numbered more than the hairs in a buffalo robe when the first white men came to the Missouri. My life was more than half spent before the first white came up the river. Yet in that short time the beaver has gone from the country of the Iowas. It is not good."

Breckenridge, in reply to this lengthy harangue, declared that the Iowa chief spoke straight words. There was no doubt but that the beaver had disappeared from the Lower Missouri, he said, but that was only a temporary state of affairs. They would come in from other regions and repopulate the streams until once again the

(Continued on Page 114)

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(Continued from Page 110)

Iowas could listen at night to the whack of the beaver's tail upon the waters throughout the land. This was by way of being somewhat of a formula by which the white traders answered the general complaint that was prevalent among the tribes of the Lower Missouri.

In common with all *voyageurs*, Hunter believed that the vast uncharted areas of Upper Louisiana held an inexhaustible supply of fur. In any event, it was the business of the men employed by the Rocky Mountain Company to search out spots where beaver were plentiful, not to concern themselves about districts where fur was scarce.

Toward nightfall of the following day the land contingent of the brigade came into view and the flotilla of bateaux was discernible far down the river. Hunter had told the Iowas that the brigade would trade for forty bushels or more of Indian corn, which amount had been unearthed by the squaws. The village was thrown into a state of high excitement. Squaws and children hurried to the banks of the river. When the boats were still a quarter of a mile distant Hunter could distinguish the uncovered yellow hair of Ann McKenzie among the fur-capped heads in Big Mack's bateau.

As the boats prepared to make a landing the girl's glance roved over the weaving throng on shore until her eyes came to rest upon a tall, rangy figure. She watched the man who stood motionless among the restless ones, the long rifle resting in the crook of his arm, and averted her gaze only when the bateau drew in to shore.

Hunter had small desire to attend the council that would be held that night. It would be but a repetition of the colloquy in which he and the Iowa chief had indulged the night before. A strong guard was detailed to watch the equipment and supplies. The horses were not only hobbled but were placed under the protection of a strong detail that was to ride herd on them throughout the night. Pilfering, and particularly horse stealing, was so much a part of Indian custom, even among those whom they hailed as friends, that no chances could be taken. Hunter sat with Ann McKenzie at the separate fire that had been kindled by the members of Big Mack's bateau. When he believed it so late that she might wish to retire, Breckenridge moved over to the nearest of the three fires round which the men of the brigade were grouped.

The girl did not immediately seek her robes, but instead sat gazing into her fire. There was a strip of darkness between her and the fire where Hunter sat. She did not face him, but could almost feel his regard spanning that bridge of obscurity and resting upon her with almost the touch of a caressing hand. She was inured to the stares of male humanity—the invitational glances of the men in the towns that she had visited; the curious appraising stares of the bucks in many an Indian village; the gaze—admiring, respectful, inflamed or predatory and all shades in between—accorded her by the half-wild rivermen and *voyageurs* of the fur brigades.

Some way, however, the quiet, unobtrusive regard of this tall Kentuckian seemed subtly different. She recalled the night of their first meeting, when, as a boy, he had appeared unannounced at their camp fire on the Lower Missouri and had riveted his spellbound gaze upon her throughout his visit; and, a shade less openly, on the occasion of their few subsequent meetings. There was some quality in his regard that seemed to set it apart from that of all other men. She sensed in it something almost of devoteeism, as if he came to worship at her shrine. Some primitive spark deep within her warmed in response to it. Presently she retired to the darkness beyond the light shed by her fire and spread her blankets and buffalo robes.

The Iowas, as was customary with many Western tribes, offered the hospitality of their respective lodges to such of the white visitors as roused their individual regard. This hospitality, once extended, was understood to encompass the sharing of all family privileges, including the society of the wives and sisters of the particular buck who offered to open his lodge to some particular white man. To the *voyageurs* of the fur brigade, this was commonplace enough—merely the customary thing in entertainment.

However, to the few among the *voyageurs* who did not avail themselves of these opportunities, such an invitation became an actual embarrassment. The Indian who extended it considered that his honor was at stake. If the white man declined, the savage mind ascribed it to one of two reasons—either that he scorned the Indian who made the offer or that the woman found no favor in the white man's eyes. In nearly every instance the Indian's self-respect was bolstered by ascribing it to the latter cause, with the consequence that, since the woman found no favor with the white man, she was forthwith viewed with less favor by her spouse. The result was that a wife so declined by a white visitor was all too frequently sold to any party who would purchase her. Often, in his shame, the husband would beat most severely the luckless one whose favors had been spurned.

Indians moved among the groups round the fires, inviting those of the whites who took their fancy to reside for the night in their respective lodges. More frequently than not the female who was deemed the most attractive of the household accompanied the lord and master in order that the prospective guest might succumb the quicker.

Ann McKenzie had cruised with the fur brigades since infancy and this custom was an old tale to her. Indeed, she had become so inured to it that she gave it little thought except for an occasional moment of thankfulness that the way of the white man with his women was the profound opposite of that which obtained among the Indians of the West.

She became conscious of a sudden hush among the group round the fire next to that of her own party and propped herself upon one elbow to determine what had stilled their tongues. A subchief of the Iowas stood there among the seated figures of the *voyageurs*, and with him stood an Indian woman, young and comely and adorned in the finery that bespoke a well-to-do warrior for a husband. She could not be more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. The Iowa buck had come with his youngest and most attractive wife for the purpose of inviting some trapper to share the hospitality of his tepee for the duration of his stay in the Iowa village.

The white girl was about to return to her pillow with unassumed indifference when a sudden cold ache struck at her very heart. The Iowa was accosting Hunter Breckenridge. Without the least warning the white girl was assailed by a blazing hatred for the tall Kentuckian, for the Iowa buck and for the comely Indian girl, who smiled her shy invitation to Breckenridge.

Out in the darkness the lips of the girl who watched this tableau at the fire seemed to dry and parch, the constriction of her throat akin to physical pain. She herself was at a loss to account for the intensity of the emotion which assailed her. She had seen this thing occur a thousand times before, so commonplace a thing that she had given it scarcely a thought. Some way it had seemed a custom that did not touch her own life in the least, something with which she was no more concerned than with the customs of birds and beasts. Why then should this one occurrence affect her so strangely? She could not answer her own bewildered query.

The soft drawling tones of the tall Kentuckian, always seeming to play strange and alluring tunes upon her heartstrings, now seemed to sear that same heart with living fire as he smiled and addressed the young Iowa woman and her brave. His words reached her, but she did not know the Iowa tongue. Presently he would rise

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 114)

and accompany the pair to the warrior's lodge. A savage desire to kill both Breckenridge and the young Iowa woman swept through Ann McKenzie with such intensity as to leave her weak and shaken.

The Iowa had drawn himself into a pose that was pregnant with offended dignity. The Indian girl lowered her head as if in shame, her eyes upon her moccasins as one of them traced a restless pattern on the ground. Then the old trapper, Brady, addressed the Iowa. The watching girl saw Brady gesture toward Hunter Breckenridge, making use of the many-syllabled Indian name by which she had heard many of the men refer to Breckenridge. The meaning of the name she did not know. The Indian seemed to drop his mantle of offended dignity and to regard Hunter with fresh interest. The downcast eyes of the Indian girl were now lifted. She asked Hunter a question, giggling as she spoke, and at his reply there was a roar of laughter from the Mountain men. The Iowa joined heartily in the general merriment and Ann McKenzie's grief and rage reached a pitch that seemed unbearable agony.

Then Dubois spoke to the Iowa. The two conversed jerkily, apparently in amicable argument, for a space of two minutes. Then the Indian departed with a new trade gun, a war ax, three pieces of bright cloth and a pound measure of powder. The Iowa girl settled herself down contentedly beside Dubois. The watching white woman did not know the language in which the deal had been transacted, but she had witnessed so many similar transactions that she was well aware of its portent. Dubois had purchased the Iowa woman from the warrior and she would now proceed upriver with the brigade as the Frenchman's wife. But just where had Hunter Breckenridge come in on this transaction?

A youth who was making his first trip up the Missouri made inquiry as to the substance of the conversation and as to the meaning of Hunter's Indian name, which apparently had affected the Iowa buck so pleasantly. Brady, the old trapper, explained·

"That there name is in the Snake dialect. They give it to Hunt first. But he's knowed by it the length of the Missouri—a natural cur'osity. It means Man-takes-no-woman. Soon as I called him by name it healed the ruffled dignity of that savage. It ain't any disgrace for any one woman to be spurned by a party who's notorious for scorning all women. See? That's what it was all about."

"What was it she asked and Hunter answered that struck you as so all-fired humorous?" the lad inquired.

"Sh-h, sonny!" Brady waggishly admonished. "Injun ladies discuss matters with menfolks that ain't spoke above a whisper in proper circles. It ain't fitten for youngsters' ears."

Ann McKenzie, gazing up at the sky, was equally bewildered at the sudden peace of soul that had superseded her unaccountable fit of rage and pain. What ailed her anyhow? She felt suddenly protective toward the new young wife of Dubois and decided that she would befriend the girl during the trip upriver. Two warm drops splashed down her cheeks. But it was not raining, for the stars were shining bright in the sky above her bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LOVELY GRAVY

(Continued from Page 17)

"You're crazy," Gus growled. "Why, that highbrow has been panning the Third Ward Club ever since I can remember. We're going to nominate Jimmy Farrell and you know it. You're sore at Butch, Weaver. Don't take it out on Jimmy. We've promised him the job. What's wrong between you and Butch?"

"Nothing so far as I know," Butch hastened to assert. "If I have given offense, it has certainly been unintentional."

"Your being here at all is offensive to me," Weaver stated, "and when you make nominating speeches for one of our candidates I don't like it. You seem to be the official spokesman around here lately. I'm leaving. Good night and good-by." Suiting the action to the word, Weaver walked out.

"Well, I'll be ——" growled Gus.

"If I did a thing out of the way ——" Butch began.

"Aw, you talk too much," grunted Perkins, who represented at present the opposition to a certain pending proposal for widening and straightening a street at heavy cost to the property owners affected.

"I'm very sorry about what has happened tonight," Butch said, as he rose. "I'm still for Farrell, and you can count on me. Now I'm going home. If there is anything I can do, let me know."

Gus digested the last sentence critically, smiled and nodded approvingly. Perkins considered the matter and then he also nodded approval. When Butch stopped a moment in the doorway there was a good-natured chorus of "Good night, Butch."

Then they put their heads closer together and talked things over. Their conclusion was that they should go ahead with the program as already outlined. Farrell would be their candidate. Butch must kick in with more cash and less talk. Old-Tree-Full-o'-Owls probably had some scheme under his hat and would follow his own counsel anyway, so they'd let him alone; hoping, of course, that he would come back into the fold. It was unfortunate to lose him just at this time, because Farrell would need a platform and Weaver always wrote the platforms. Surely he'd be back in time for that service. No one else had had much practice. Weaver had never acted this way before; in fact, he was always the peacemaker. But if the worst came to the worst Farrell could probably write his own platform. He was a lawyer.

III

WEAVER proceeded directly from the Third Ward Club to the home of Herbert Dixon, who had promised to wait up for him. Dixon was the executive director and principal owner of a large wholesale drug business. He was also a director of several other local corporations, including the Second National Bank. Five years previously he had organized the Citizens' Committee for the Study of Municipal Government, an organization which had several times annoyed city administrations exceedingly by employing auditors and sending them at most inconvenient times as unwelcome visitors to the city hall. Weaver, himself, however, had always applauded the work of this organization, openly praised its founder and maintained cordial relations with him. Weaver's theory of practical politics, though never expressed explicitly, was that no one should ever do anything at which he could be caught. Therefore he ought to have no fear of such a man as Herbert Dixon. On the contrary he ought to look forward to using him. It was this theory which formed the basis of Weaver's opposition to Butch. Bootleggers were lawbreakers and any sort of alliance with them was therefore silly. Politics had been profitable for Weaver long before national prohibition. He deplored the sloppy technic of the present-day practitioners of this ancient art and mystery.

"Well, I crossed the Rubicon tonight," Weaver announced on being admitted to the drawing-room.

"I'm more than delighted," Herbert Dixon said fervently. He was a vigorous, pinkish, firm-jawed man with bright blue eyes that smiled. Weaver's five feet and eight inches appeared diminutive beside this man's bulk. But Weaver nearly always

THE WALLOPS

[No. 16 of a series. No. 17 will appear Apr. 28]

Why cooks leave home

"Good-by, Mrs. Wallop. Good-by, sorr. It's laving I am!"

"Why, Norah! What's the matter?"

"I'm through, ma'am. I won't be livin' where there's no water at all."

"No water? Why, Norah, what do you mean? There's a bathroom on the third floor right opposite your bedroom."

"Bathroom there is, ma'am, but water there ain't! Sure, ivry time I go to wash me face an' han's someone ilse in th' house turns on the water downstairs and niver a drop do I get."

Clara Wallop turned a significant look on her husband.

"There!" she exclaimed. "You hear that, George? It's just as I've told you. Our water pipes are choked *full* of rust, and so little water gets through them that Norah doesn't get a bit on the third floor if anyone downstairs is using it at the same time. We've *got* to do something about our pipes. We've had leaks and busted pipes. The water is red and flaky with rust and now you hear what Norah says. You know she's right."

"I wish to heaven we'd put in brass pipes to start with," said George Wallop. "It only would have cost us about a hundred dollars more* and we'd have avoided all these troubles."

Yes, "put in brass pipes to start with," but if it's already too late in your case, replace with brass pipe little by little.

But all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively *cannot rust*, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

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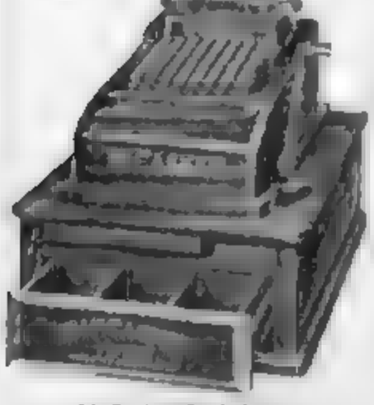

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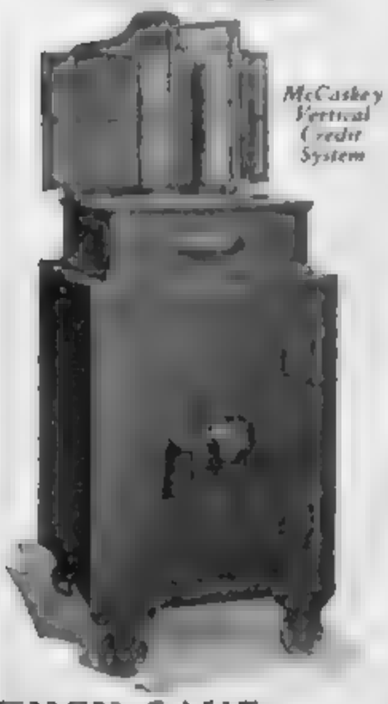

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Are you conducting a retail business? By all means learn how the McCaskey Cash Register Systems and McCaskey "One Writing" Credit Systems are saving money for merchants in every known line of business. Let us tell you specifically what McCaskey Systems can do for you.

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Portland Dallas Atlanta Galt, Canada Watford, England

THEY SAVE .. THEY COLLECT .. THEY EARN

appeared diminutive. His very manner of speech, a drawl, and the lazy movement of his eyes made him seem smaller than he was.

"I kicked up a row," he continued.

"Yes?"

"I denounced the representative of our local bootleggers, who happens to be an influential member of the club's council. They were rather up in the air when I left."

"I'll bet they were!"

"Well, the net result, Mr. Dixon, will be confusion in the club's campaign management. Farrell himself is a fine man, but I'm not the only one in the organization who thinks its governing council could stand some fumigating. Quite a few of the members will follow me. I won over Mayor Danny today; he'll support you."

"You don't say, Mr. Weaver! Why, that is astounding!"

"No, they're not all bad, Mr. Dixon. We're going to do notable things in this campaign and come out of it with new alignments in local politics. I know the sheep from the goats."

"It does look promising."

"How much money have we got now?"

"About five thousand dollars."

"Well, we'll need more than that."

"Yes, Mr. Weaver, I figured we might need even as much as fifteen thousand."

Weaver suppressed a grin. Fifteen thousand was about the sum he had figured on as a reward for his own services. Therefore this start was not propitious. However, he had gone through the process of initiating other public-spirited men into the excitements of political campaigns. Once they got their feet wet they were generally ready to wade in farther. Still, fifteen thousand was a deplorably low estimate.

"I've rented campaign headquarters," Weaver said, "and I'm drafting the newspaper advertisement to go with your formal announcement. It ought to be ready for your O. K. in a few days."

"That's excellent, Weaver. I can see that the details of this adventure had better be left largely in your experienced hands."

"Thank you, Mr. Dixon. And now good night."

"Good night, Weaver."

IV

FIFTEEN thousand. Why, that wouldn't last two weeks. And only five thousand in hand. Of course when the Third Ward Club began turning loose its war chest Dixon would revise his estimates. But he ought to have estimated at least $25,000 to start. Plenty of money available in that crowd; they'd soon get right. Still, one never ought to wait if a plan could be devised to bring immediate results. Weaver was strolling aimlessly through the balmy night air. He liked to walk through the city streets at night when he was formulating plans, especially the meaner streets inclosed by grimy walls. These had been his battlefield for more than twenty years. The feel of their nearness helped to clarify an understanding of the jumble of ambitions, prejudices, loyalties and fears that sway men on their way to the ballot box.

A familiar light loomed up ahead, a dim light in a small show window where bundles of tobacco leaf were on exhibition. This was the humble workshop of Adolph Richter, who turned out tailor-made cigars for a small clientele of particular smokers. Adolph and some of his cronies would be sitting in the workshop at this hour talking—probably talking socialism. Adolph was a pleasant, gentle, erudite dreamer of fifty years who should have been a school-teacher or possibly a research worker. He was the guiding genius of the local Socialists and proud of his record of having been defeated for mayor in twelve successive campaigns. But Adolph was no firebrand. Each defeat found him with a few more friends and many more admirers. Weaver stopped at the door and looked in. Adolph was alone, sitting at his workbench, reading a book. Weaver entered.

"Well, well," said Adolph, "if it isn't my perennial enemy, Old-Tree-Full-o'-Owls. I will bet that he has come here to beg me not to run for mayor, because if I do his candidate will not have a chance." Adolph laughed heartily at his joke.

"Are you going to run again this time?" Weaver asked, smiling.

"I certainly am going to run."

"That's too bad, Adolph. I wish you'd cut it out. You can't spare either the time or the money. And both are wasted."

"Ah, how many, many men have been told that? But if they had acted on the advice where would the human race be today?"

"Honestly, Adolph, do you think this country or even this city will ever go Socialist?"

"Success I leave to fate. Duty is what impels an honest man, friend Weaver. We must do our best and leave the outcome to destiny. If you knew more about socialism you would have more faith, but you will not read. Even when I offered you ——"

"Adolph," Weaver interrupted, "Karl Marx is the sorriest reading I ever struck in my life. Compared to him even Blackstone is thrilling. I don't see how anybody ever wades through it, aside from the fact that the fellow doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Now, there you go again. Instead of saying such silly things why don't you manage my campaign? Everybody knows you are the best campaign manager in the world, but you will never win immortality for putting into office the funny little zeros you elect—like that clown of a Danny—while if you were to elect me, no history of the great revolution in government would be complete without your name."

"That sounds well, Adolph, but you fellows don't know anything about a campaign. You talk mass action, but you are even more determined individualists than the rest of us. I couldn't manage a Socialist campaign—even assuming that I wanted to—any more than I could herd five hundred squirrels. That's why you fellows never get anywhere. I could tell you in fifteen minutes how to put on a blazing campaign, but you and your gang would never do it."

"Well, what would you tell us? Leave it to me to say whether we would do it or not. That's the only way you can prove your point."

"Do you really want to know how to put on a campaign?"

"Most certainly I do. I am a candidate right now."

"All right; some day I'm going to tell you—some day when I don't mind your putting on a real campaign. You'd get beat anyway, so naturally I'm not going to let you mess up one of my own campaigns."

"Are you going to manage the Farrell campaign?"

"No, Adolph; the Dixon campaign this time."

"What! You have broken with the Third Ward Club?"

"Yes. Don't you approve?"

"No, I think not. Neither is any good from my point of view, but the Third Ward Club at least represents mostly poor people, while Herbert Dixon is a capitalist—a born capitalist."

Weaver smoked thoughtfully and said nothing. Finally he rose and picked up his hat.

"I'm coming soon again," he said.

"To advise me about my campaign?"

"No, Adolph, to tell you that Karl Marx is at least a quarter of a century out of date, also to tell you that we've got more sound, practical socialism in operation in this country right now than Karl Marx ever dreamed of. I'm going to explain to you how and why an honest corporation is one of the greatest inventions of mankind, equal to constitutional government."

"Good!" Adolph exclaimed, smiling. "Come soon. I will enjoy that. It will make me laugh. But I wish you would tell me something about campaigns. I don't even get two-thirds of the known Socialist strength and yet I am so popular that they will have no one else for a candidate."

Weaver uttered a thoughtful "Hu-u-um. We'll have to talk that over. Good night, Adolph."

"Good night, my friend."

V

MAYOR DANNY and Forrest Weaver were alone in the mayor's private office. The hour was half-past ten at night. Only one light was switched on and the curtains were drawn. They had been listening all evening to the various speeches incident to the formal opening of James Peter Farrell's campaign for mayor of Commerce, as these speeches came over the radio. A small receiving set had been installed for this purpose. The rousing mass meeting in Memorial Hall had just closed and Forrest Weaver summed up his impressions of it as follows:

"Of the many thousands of boneheads who now disgrace the profession of politics I nominate Jimmy Farrell and that fool manager of his, Buck Cooper, for the All-American team. They've simply taken the platform I fixed up for Herbert Dixon and rewritten it. How on earth am I going to get a hot campaign out of any such mess as that? Dixon is for a seven-million-dollar bond issue—so is Jimmy. Dixon wants a new city hospital to be the best in the state—so does little Jimmy. Dixon wants two new high-school buildings—so does little Jimmy. Dixon says the seven-million bond issue will not increase taxes—so does little Jimmy. What he ought to do, logically, is indorse Dixon's candidacy and go fishing.

"People like that ought not to be running at large, Danny. They ought to be locked up in some safe place where they can cut out paper dolls without annoying the neighbors. I thought Jimmy and Buck would at least have sense enough to denounce Dixon for having made a good living all his life and being the son of a man who owned bank stock. Now, there's a real issue, speaking politically. Farrell is a youngster with just a little job as city attorney, and you can stir up a lot of sympathy for a nice, honest, clean-cut boy like him bucking the Second National Bank and a wholesale drug company. They're dead from the neck up, that Third Ward outfit. I've got to do something about this right away or there won't be ham-and-egg money in the campaign, much less a new automobile."

"What are you going to do?" the mayor asked.

"I don't know, Danny, but my head renders more service than a knob for a hat, and I'll probably think of something. Meanwhile, let's call it a day and go to bed."

"I see what their game is," Danny remarked as he rose and switched off the radio. "They know they can't beat you at making issues, so they just lifted your platform bodily, and now they're going to try to beat you on organization. They've got one and you haven't. They might get away with it."

"Yes," Weaver agreed. "That's right. They might get away with it. I thought we had a cinch for a red-hot campaign. Dixon gave them a frightful lashing in his opening speech, but they didn't even answer. It looks bad to me for the wife's new automobile. What's more, I've got to win now, after walking out the way I did."

"Yes, partner Weaver," said the mayor as he closed the door behind them, "we've both got to win."

VI

THE campaign was two weeks old. Sitting at his desk in campaign headquarters, Forrest Weaver examined the bookkeeper's statement which showed receipts and disbursements. The former totaled $15,350; the latter $10,150. During the preceding three days not a cent had been received. With a wry grimace he tossed the sheet of paper into a desk drawer, closed and locked the desk, rose and put on his hat.

"Telephone," said his secretary, and handed him the receiver. "Your wife," she added.

"The man is here with the automobile," Mrs. Weaver announced.

"Tell him," Weaver said sternly, "to turn right around and go away from there real quick. Tell him to stop in at a toy store and send us a little red tin one; tell him not to forget the key for winding it because we can't afford gasoline."

"Aw, darling."

"I'm broke, mother. And business is rotten." He hung up the receiver.

"Mr. Dixon has just come in," said his secretary. Weaver removed his hat and sat down wearily as Dixon entered the private office.

"Things are going somewhat slowly, aren't they?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Dixon, terribly slowly; I don't like it; looks bad. But I can't put on much of a campaign without money."

"Are we short of money again?"

"Practically broke."

"Well, I'll write you a check for ten thousand dollars at once." He did so while Weaver marveled at the man's innocence. Ten thousand dollars! What could you do with that?

"Now you can stir things up a bit," he said cheerily.

"Yes," Weaver agreed, "I'll get busy now and stir things up." Dixon clapped on his hat and hastened away. Weaver waited one minute, then he, too, went out. He went directly to the bank, deposited the check, wrote a check against it for $5000 and carried away that sum in twenty-dollar bills.

VII

"HELLO, Adolph," Weaver said as he drew up a chair.

Adolph's flying fingers continued to caress the strands of tobacco leaf while he looked up and exclaimed cordially: "My friend and customer, Old-Tree-Full-o'-Owls! You are going to tell me about corporations! That is fine, because I have worked hard today and now I would like to be amused. Go ahead!"

"I'm going to tell you how to put on a campaign," Weaver announced.

"Ah! Then I listen with both ears." The flying fingers came to rest.

"First, Adolph, you must bring in famous Socialist orators from other cities and give them a grand ballyhoo."

"That costs money, which we have not got."

"Well, you can take up a collection; you always do anyway."

"But the expenses would come ahead of the collection."

"I thought of that, so I am going to underwrite your campaign to the extent of five thousand dollars. Here's the money."

"What are we doing here?" Adolph exclaimed.

"I am lending you five thousand dollars." Weaver spoke as calmly as though the sum were five cents. "The money will all come back," he continued, "and, anyway, if it doesn't the loss is mine. I underwrite the campaign and take the risk. Is that fair?"

"It sounds fair. What else?"

"Well, first bring in distinguished speakers and pay their expenses. Next rent Memorial Hall for the remainder of the campaign."

"Will the five thousand cover that?"

"Easily. You fellows have never had a good hall, and it's essential. You can't get crowds without Memorial Hall."

"All right. What else?"

"Hire Reggiardo's band for the remainder of the campaign."

"But that costs money!"

"The five thousand will cover it and you'll certainly get some money in the collections."

"Yes, now that I think of it that is not impossible. What else?"

"Have a big mass meeting next Saturday night and call upon all the loyal Socialists to pledge themselves to eat nothing but soup and bread between now and election day and contribute all the money they save to the campaign. You take the first pledge."

"But that would be no hardship, friend Weaver. I would do that willingly. As for the others, they would probably pledge, but

(Continued on Page 122)

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IT IS a pleasure either to look or drive down this wide clean street stretching away between broad lawns. And what an attractive street to live on—even-surfaced, uncongested, safe and beautiful!

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HERE five Presidents were born. Four of the houses still stand. Here Paul Revere made his midnight ride and the tea was tossed into Boston Harbor. Here lived Emerson and Longfellow, Whittier and Hawthorne. Stand in the rooms where their great works were produced. Toss a stone on the ever-growing pile which pilgrims have built on the site of Thoreau's cabin.

Follow the trail to the white farmhouse where Calvin Coolidge took the oath by the light of a kerosene lamp. Stand by the bridge where the Minute Men drove back the redcoats, and "fired the shot heard round the world." Visit Bunker Hill. Sit in Daniel Webster's study, and the Wayside Inn. See where Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Take a trip to Plymouth Rock. See the Great Stone Face in the White Mountains. Go down to the harbors where the whalers of New England found respite from the sea.

And, while you are making history live again, visit the industries of modern New England. Their products go all over the civilized world. The men who make them are friendly and glad to welcome visitors.

It is an interesting country, a friendly country—good roads, good people, and clean, inexpensive inns. New England invites you and the children. Come!

The HARTMANN *means much in a little room*

THE modern apartment hotel has created a new need for the Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk.

In limited quarters, the Hartmann becomes a necessity.

You can "live in a Hartmann" as far as clothing is concerned and always be certain of fresh, immaculate wearing apparel.

More and more people every year, residing in modern apartments, look to their Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk for safe, efficient care and an instantly accessible wardrobe.

To the retailer who is authorized to handle the Hartmann, your needs are paramount. He will serve you well.

NOTE: The Hartmann line, on display at local, authorized Hartmann dealers, includes the trunk you want, at the price you want to pay—$39.50 to $400.00.

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Licensed Distributors for Great Britain

HARTMANN TRUNKS

BE SURE THE RED HARTMANN IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 119

I don't know whether they would keep the pledge or not."

"That doesn't make any difference, Adolph. It's good politics. Spectacular and sensational! Understand?"

"Yes, I think I understand what you mean. It sounds good. What else?"

"Place advertisements in the daily newspapers setting forth your cause."

"But that would cost terribly"

"Don't worry; the money will come in. If it doesn't you'll have to stop; but at least start."

"All right. Anything more?"

"Yes, bear down heavy on municipal ownership of everything you can think of. Don't stop with the street cars. Why not the laundries too?"

"I have often thought of that, friend Weaver," Adolph said. "Yes, why not the laundries too?"

"You have a sort of Sunday school for the children, haven't you," Weaver continued—"a sort of instruction school to teach them Socialist doctrine?"

"That's right."

"And they learn to sing Socialist songs?"

"Right."

"Have them come on the stage at the beginning of every meeting and sing Socialist songs. Bring in kids from other towns around here, too, and fill the stage. Announce where the visitors are from. Make a big fuss about them."

"That sounds good, friend Weaver. The boys and girls would like that. It would cost money though. Do you think we could do all this and ever repay the loan you are making?"

"Frankly, Adolph, I don't give a hoot whether you ever repay that loan, and if the program I've outlined calls for another thousand or so, I'll find it somewhere, provided this remains strictly confidential between you and me. Is that a fair proposition?"

"Have you turned Socialist, friend Weaver?"

"No! But I like you and I want your gang to have the time of their lives. That's all. You'll get beat this time just as surely as you were beaten the last twelve times. It's all in fun, Adolph. Herbert Dixon will be the next mayor of Commerce. Go right ahead and denounce him to your heart's content. Don't spare a word. In fact, I ask you as a favor, in order that our relations shall remain clear and aboveboard, that you center your attack upon Dixon. If I asked you to denounce Farrell I should not feel comfortable, because Farrell is the opposing candidate. Give my man all the hell you can think of. You like him the least of the two; all right, say so. There are no strings to my underwriting. Is that fair, Adolph?"

"It sounds fair to me. However, what I suspect is that you really want me to denounce Dixon because you think it will help rather than hurt him. Is that right?"

"Even if your guess is correct I submit that my proposition would still be fair, Adolph. All I ask you to do is represent your own cause."

"But suppose I went further and said that between the two I would vote for Farrell?"

"I agree to that also, but you ought not to do it, because no candidate should say such a thing. He ought to predict his own victory. Anything else is a political error. However, if you say a kind word for Farrell, it is all right with me. There is not a string of any kind whatsoever attaching to what I offer."

"Suppose I praised Dixon."

"I don't restrict you there, either. In short, I restrict you nowhere."

"Then I accept the money, friend Weaver."

"That's right, Adolph. Now get busy."

"Believe me, that is what I am going to do, because I am convinced that the people—the plain people—would do well to vote a Socialist ticket. There is something back of your offer, but it is a fair challenge and I accept it."

"That's right, Adolph. There is something back of my offer, but it is a fair and sporting challenge. I'm not cheating you."

"No, I don't believe you would."

"Thank you, Adolph. You're right. I wouldn't. I'm Old-Tree-Full-o'-Owls and I play politics, but I don't cheat. Good night."

"Good night, friend Weaver."

VIII

TWENTY-FIVE solemn and alarmed business men had gathered in one of the smaller banquet rooms of the principal hotel of Commerce. The hour was three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Herbert Dixon presided.

"I apologize," he said, "for summoning you gentlemen on Sunday, but it appears that we confront an alarming situation. You must have read in your morning newspapers of the amazing mass meeting held last night in Memorial Hall. It was packed to the doors and hundreds were turned away. More than three thousand men and women pledged themselves with fanatical zeal to eat nothing but soup and bread during the remainder of this campaign in order that they may aid the Socialist candidate financially. There was one speaker from faraway New York City, another from Chicago

"This city has not seen such fervor and enthusiasm in a political meeting for, I should say, ten years. I had no idea that the Socialist strength in the city of Commerce even approximated what that meeting disclosed. While I have been endeavoring to arouse our people against the corruption of machine politics—and with only indifferent success—it appears that a campaign of vituperation against myself as a business man can stir up a great deal more popular interest. If they had attacked me as an individual I should not feel that it concerned you, but I am attacked as typical of all of you—which, I believe, I am. We are all business men, conducting our affairs according to American traditions. These are now assailed with a show of strength that, frankly, alarms me. Why, they even cheered a demand for municipal ownership of laundries. Think of it! Laundries!

"I had determined upon a very economical campaign, as my friend and manager, Forrest Weaver, can testify. The books are here for your inspection. We have spent scarcely twenty thousand dollars, and even that sum is more than I had intended we should spend. Now I think that the cause is more important than the man. With your full knowledge and advice I am in favor of spending a much larger sum. I do not think we can afford to lose a campaign in which such issues as were presented last night mark the line of battle."

Mr. Dixon paused and surveyed his audience.

"How much ought we to raise?" asked a voice.

"I don't know," Dixon replied. "I want advice as well as money."

"Well," said the voice, "there are twenty-five of us here. Suppose we each put up four thousand dollars. Mr. Weaver can tell you whether that would be enough."

All eyes turned toward Weaver.

"I think it would be enough," he said. "We're not going to do anything unusual, but the way matters stand now, all of the usual things will cost a great deal more. The Socialists have the best band and the best hall for the whole campaign. We'll have to start at once organizing ward and precinct meetings to take the place of central mass meetings. That piles up expense. I think we'll have to canvass the whole town right away to determine as nearly as possible what the situation really is. The Third Ward Club can do that without expense, through their organization, but we'll have to pay most of our workers. On the whole, though, I think we can get through on one hundred thousand dollars."

"And win?" asked the voice

"Yes," Weaver answered, smiling. "When I say get through I always mean to victory." Knowing him, the crowd laughed heartily. Fountain pens and check books

were produced. Weaver strolled out into the lobby and telephoned his wife.

"You can have the car tomorrow," he informed her.

IX

THE election was five days off. The guiding geniuses of the Third Ward Club sat in secret session to receive a visit and a proposal from Forrest Weaver. Mayor Danny and Gus, the impresario of the rock crushers, had acted as intermediaries, and now the familiar back room, draped in cigar smoke, was ready for the occasion. Only one familiar face was missing. Butch was absent by request.

"Evening, gentlemen," Weaver said, as calmly as though cordial relations had never been broken. The council nodded; Jimmy Farrell nodded; several of the lesser candidates did not.

"I suppose you know that you're licked," he continued. No answer. "My canvass shows Dixon by about twenty-seven thousand. What does yours show?" Still no answer.

"What's your proposition?" Gus finally demanded.

"That Farrell withdraw at once in favor of Dixon. My candidate hasn't seen the canvass figures yet. My people are scared stiff about old Adolph's picnic and they'll appreciate Farrell's withdrawal. If he withdraws I'll throw away the canvass figures and fix new ones to set the stage for him. Let him make a red-hot patriotic speech and withdraw with a flourish. It'll take all the sting out of this campaign and Farrell will be sitting pretty for some future occasion. As it stands he's licked and in the discard. What I propose is the only way out to assure his political future.

"There's going to be a big bond issue and Dixon is going to be mayor. Do you want to fight him, Gus, or do you want to be friends with him? This is your last chance; it's the last chance for any of you. I'm all right, myself; I'm sitting where you usually find me; I'd like to have some friends along—fellows that I've worked with before. It's going to be a busy administration. I can't do everything and be everywhere. There's room for deserving patriots. Anybody care to come along?"

Farrell withdrew—eloquently.

X

THE hour was midnight and election returns were nearly complete. Tired men and women bent over adding machines in campaign headquarters.

"This is an inspiring victory," Dixon declared, and grasped Jimmy Farrell's hand. "My boy, I believe you saved the day, and I shall not soon forget your patriotic sacrifice. You must introduce me to your friend, Gus, too. He is evidently a far better man than I had pictured. The way he faced this issue was gallant and glorious. We'll remember Gus in due time with something more substantial than words."

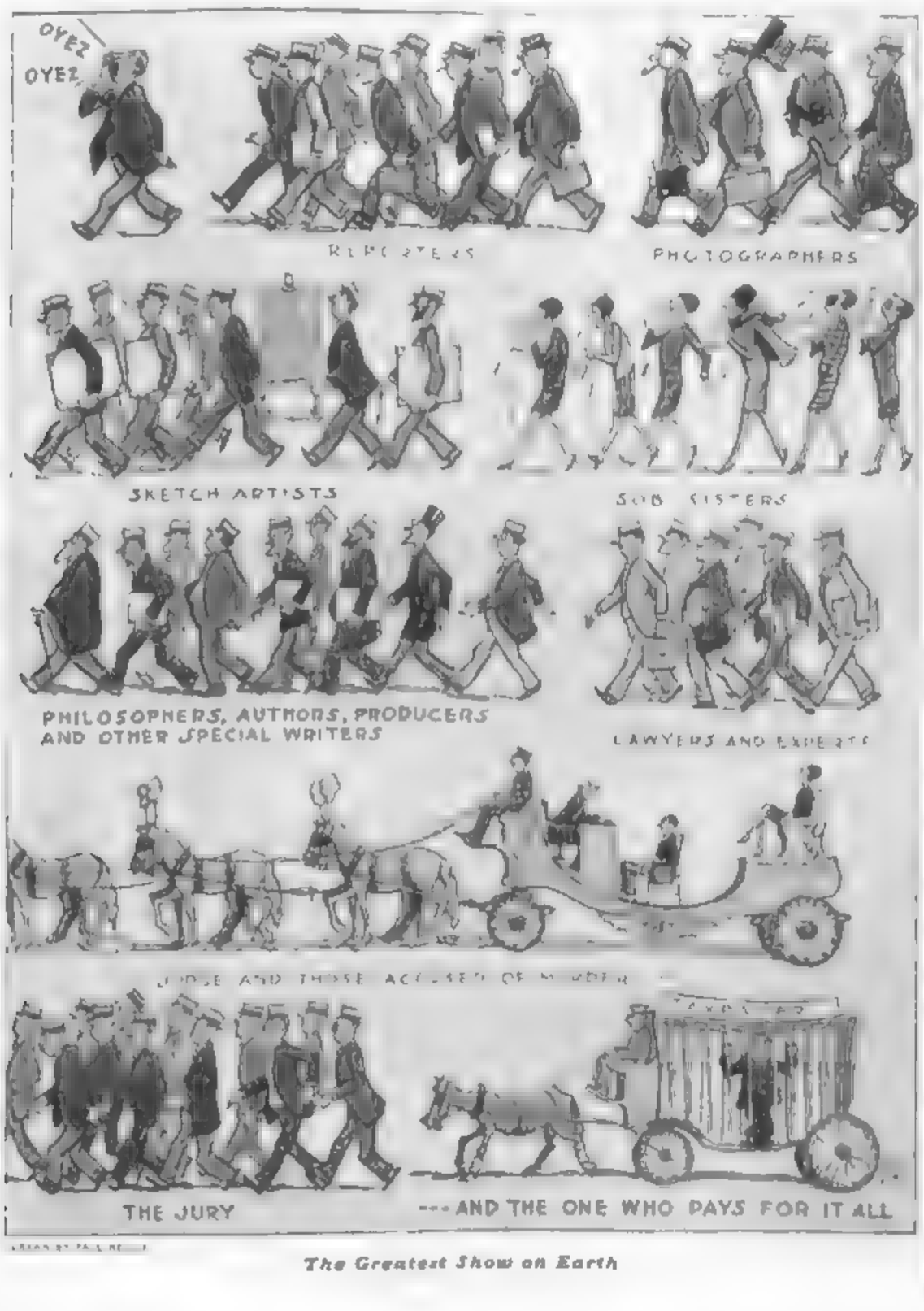
In a corner of the room Mayor Danny and Forrest Weaver, with heads together, studied totals as they rolled out of the adding machines.

"Listen to him," said Danny. "By jingoes, when we get in this game we're all alike! If he and his gang paid one-tenth as much attention to politics in any ordinary year as they're paying now, they wouldn't get the livers and lungs scared out of them so easily."

"Let's hope they don't," Weaver whispered. "Where would you and I be, Danny, if they waked up?"

"In the soup," Danny replied. "What's Adolph's total?"

"A little less than ten thousand, poor devil. And he got more than six thousand four years ago on a campaign fund of thirty cents. I'm going out and telephone him to forget that loan."



The Greatest Show on Earth

The wind that comes from Europe

AS THE hot, humid air above the equator rises, cool air sweeps in—a steady rush of it that moves downward from northern Europe across the vast, open stretches of the Atlantic These are the trade winds that are never still—that blow always from the north and east. Crossing the broad, level table-land of Florida. Bringing with them the cool, salt crispness of the sea. And Florida, although it lies farther south than any other state in the Union, *is cooler during the summer than many states farther north*

Washed on three sides by water, Florida is America's largest peninsula. It has no mountains—not even any high hills that can cut off the mild, tempering breezes that sweep ceaselessly across it. The same tempering breezes that keep it warm during winter keep it cool in summer. Its climate is pleasant even in midsummer.

Outdoor sports have no seasons here. Yachting, fresh and salt water fishing, horseback riding, tennis, motoring over thousands of miles of broad paved roads—these are reasons why the wealthiest and most exacting people in America, with all the world to choose from, choose Florida year after year.

Florida's *summer* population is today far greater than the total number of people who were living here, a few years ago, at the height of the winter season. Evidence of the permanent character of this new influx of people is found in the astonishing increase in Florida's bank deposits . . . in its manufacturing concerns, and their volumes of business. The water-borne traffic in and out of Jacksonville alone, which amounted to $22,119,000 in 1900, had reached a value of more than one-half billion dollars in 1925!

Jacksonville, the industrial and commercial capital of Florida and the new Southeast, offers unusual opportunities for business or investment. Its hotels and apartments compare favorably with those of the largest cities of the North. Through Florida's system of highways, it has quick access to the entire state. It is a logical city from which to see Florida. Plan *now* to join the thousands of people who will visit Jacksonville this year! Spend your vacation here—this summer—and bring your family with you! For more specific information, write to Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in
Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

"Machine Oil?" she asks
—and he answers
"Yes and No"

3-in-One *is* a "machine" oil because it oils sewing machines and all other light mechanisms perfectly; but 3-in-One is *not* a "machine" oil in the ordinary sense, because it is so different—and so much better than ordinary "machine" oils that there really is no comparison.

3-in-One
Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

This wonderful oil is not merely a light mineral oil, like most so-called "machine" oils; nor is it a "fish" oil that can turn rancid. Instead, it consists of several high quality oils, each having different properties. These oils are scientifically compounded in steam-jacketed kettles—not just mixed.

The result is a blending of virtues; a product that is very different from ordinary oils—in lubricating; in preventing rust; in cleaning and polishing. Worth a lot more; costs only a little more.

Use regularly and freely on all light mechanisms about home, office, factory. They'll work better; last longer; need fewer repairs. Quality tells.

[*Sold everywhere by hardware, drug, grocery, notion and general stores. 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles*]

Manufactured since 1894

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Don't neglect the motor of your sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, washing machine, electric refrigerator, ventilators and fans. They all *need* 3-in-One regularly.

FREE SAMPLE
Generous sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.

WHY I AM FOR HOOVER

(Continued from Page 7)

to welcome the new era, which will not alone solve our present problems but abolish them utterly.

It was very nice to be a politician and officeholder fifty or even twenty years ago, when so much could be done by a deft speech or a skillful bit of legislation. Those were the good old days when legal enactment could soothe almost any hurt. But that day is past. The political day is past. The day of speeches on the stump and bills in the legislature is past. Those charms will no longer work.

The tragedy of present-day politics is that, with the most desperate need of party salvation on all sides, the party men cannot see what they must do to be saved, and could they see it they would not do it. The old era has them in too firm a grip.

This is already in evidence in the very values which Congress puts on its actions. We have had a number of congressional investigations through several years which have shown up some very bad conditions. But the people have always known that a certain number of rascals got into politics and that they are about equally distributed among the parties. The public has no tendency to excuse or to whitewash crime in high places. But they are beginning to wonder what sort of system it is that does not prevent these things from happening. Why do not these investigations lead to the devising of ways and means to prevent?

Politics as it is Played

Neglect of the important business costs the public more than it would be possible for anyone to steal. Dishonesty is never more than a detail and can be handled as such. If a man in business gave up two-thirds of his time to seeing that no one stole from him, he would soon have nothing worth stealing. And the public, knowing all this, declines to get interested.

Politics as played by the politicians is mostly fault-finding, and that is just a sign of an inability to grasp what is going on. Fault-finding is the most elementary reaction to the sense of wrong conditions. It is the first crude reaction to the pressure. It is amazing to note how large a percentage of our intelligent classes remains in the region of fault-finding simply because effort is required to rise into the region of analysis.

Lazy-mindedness is a disease which drives the mind to lean on any convenient defect that may serve as an excuse for reason. To express and nurse a grievance, instead of diagnosing it, is the first tendency of human nature. This discovers nothing, solves nothing, improves nothing. It is emotional rather than reasonable, whimpering rather than self-reliant, and it encourages moral cowardice. The habit of looking around for someone to take the blame is parent to the habit of looking around for someone to help us instead of looking to ourselves. False leaders always promise to coddle

We need analysis more than fault-finding, for then we face conditions, and not merely people who are caught in the very conditions which we charge them with creating. Only after an analysis can we go on to criticism. Criticism has come to mean mere fault-finding. Actually it has to do with values. When a situation is analyzed, then its elements are laid bare, as when the symptoms of a disease are tabulated and the history of the patient is taken, or as when a machine is taken apart to repair a defect.

A Man of the New Era

We have any amount of fault-finding with public affairs but little real analysis. All the facts are never laid bare. The critic distinguishes between the good and the bad, the wise and the selfish, the permanent and the transient. Progress in social welfare is not a matter of one group's getting the better of another by any method such as getting laws passed or parties elected or programs accepted. The forcing of one set of facts into control of another set of facts does not mend a wrong, for the wrong remains. True criticism, which connotes fairness and detachment of mind, requires the presenting of all the facts. Then we can eliminate the causes of the trouble; we can know what hurts men and prevents social progress.

This may seem to be getting far afield from Herbert Hoover. Not at all. It is just getting a perspective on him in relation to the presidency. He is not only as widely separated from uncleanliness in politics as are the poles but he has shown a keenness as an administrator which would make such happenings impossible—he could not be so easily hoodwinked.

But that is an elementary qualification. The big thing is that he has the grasp not only of this country but of the world, and hence of this country's relations with the world. He is a young man; he belongs to the new era. He has the ideas of the new era and the proved ability to put them into practice.

That is why I am for him.

A Sunset Near Port Angeles, Washington

Can You Tell the Difference between a cheap fence and a good one?

FENCES that look much alike 50 feet away are often found to be radically different on close inspection. The practised eye takes in these differences at a glance. The high-grade fence has full-size posts and wire, posts set at proper depth in solid concrete, gradually formed links, uniform barbing, secure bracing and trussing, perfect alignment—many identifying marks of substantial construction.

The cheap fence, likewise is easily recognized. It betrays its weaknesses the day of its erection and proves its false economy by an untimely end. There's only one way to make a real saving on fence — buy on the basis of per-year cost.

Call a Cyclone Representative

Make a study of fence and learn the difference between a cheap fence and a good one. Consult a Cyclone-trained representative. He knows fence from every angle. He has helped to manufacture it in Cyclone plants, and has helped to erect it on the job. He comes equipped with long experience and a fund of knowledge that will enable him to grasp your fence problems quickly and advise you intelligently.

Without obligation, write, phone or wire nearest offices and have a Cyclone representative call.

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Fencing for residences, estates, schools, playgrounds, factories, property of all kinds.

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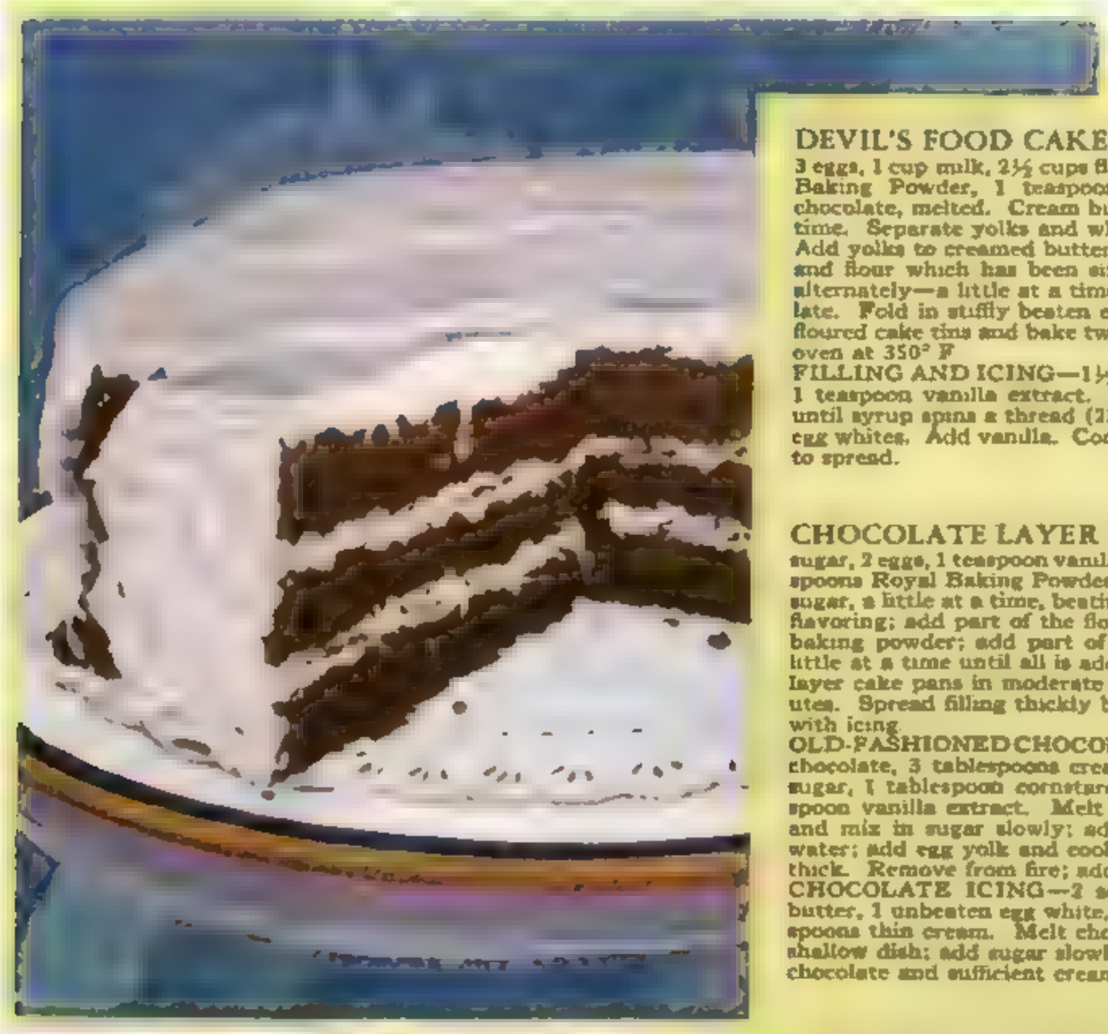
The 4

THESE ARE THE 4 CAKES *which received the largest number of votes when 38,240 women of America named the cakes their families like best*



DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE (*left*)—½ cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2½ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, 3 oz. unsweetened chocolate, melted. Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar a little at a time. Separate yolks and whites of eggs. Beat yolks until creamy. Add yolks to creamed butter and sugar, mix thoroughly. Add milk and flour which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt, alternately—a little at a time. Then add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into three greased and floured cake tins and bake twenty-five to thirty minutes in moderate oven at 350° F.

FILLING AND ICING—1½ cups sugar, ½ cup water, 2 egg whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread (238° F.). Pour syrup slowly over beaten egg whites. Add vanilla. Continue beating until of right consistency to spread.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE (*right*)—½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¾ cup milk, 2 cups pastry flour, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ¼ teaspoon salt. Cream butter; add sugar, a little at a time, beating until very light; add beaten eggs and flavoring; add part of the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add part of milk and remaining flour and milk a little at a time until all is added. Bake in three greased and floured layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. fifteen to twenty minutes. Spread filling thickly between layers and cover top and sides with icing.

OLD-FASHIONED CHOCOLATE FILLING—2½ squares (2½ oz.) chocolate, 3 tablespoons cream, ½ cup confectioner's or powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1 egg yolk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Melt chocolate in double boiler; add cream and mix in sugar slowly; add cornstarch mixed with a little cold water; add egg yolk and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Remove from fire; add salt and vanilla.

CHOCOLATE ICING—2 squares (2 oz.) chocolate, 2 teaspoons butter, 1 unbeaten egg white, 1¾ cups confectioner's sugar, 2 tablespoons thin cream. Melt chocolate with butter; put egg white into shallow dish; add sugar slowly, beating until light and smooth; add chocolate and sufficient cream to make right consistency to spread.

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW CAKE (*left*) ½ cup butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, ⅔ cup milk, 2 cups pastry flour, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ¼ teaspoon salt. Reserve two egg whites for the icing. Cream the shortening; add sugar and yolks of eggs and flavoring; mix well and add half the milk, add half the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour and mix well after each addition. Add white of one egg beaten stiff. Bake in three greased and floured layer cake tins in moderate oven at 400° F. fifteen to twenty minutes. Put together with Cocoanut Marshmallow Filling.

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW FILLING—1½ cups granulated sugar, ½ cup water, 6 marshmallows—large size, whites of 2 eggs, 1 cup fresh grated cocoanut, 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Boil sugar and water until syrup spins a thread at 238° F. Add marshmallows which have been cut into very small pieces, but do not stir into syrup. Pour very slowly onto stiffly beaten whites of eggs and beat until smooth. Add lemon juice. Spread between layers. Sprinkle with cocoanut and small pieces of marshmallows. Cover top of cake with icing, sprinkle thickly with cocoanut and decorate top with pieces of marshmallow.

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE (*right*)—½ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, whites of 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract or ½ teaspoon almond extract, 1¾ cups pastry flour, 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Cream shortening; add sugar and unbeaten white of one egg; add milk very slowly, beating between each addition; add flavoring; add flour which has been sifted with baking powder, lastly fold in beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in two square greased and floured layer tins in moderate oven at 375° F. about 15 minutes. Use following filling and cover top and sides of cake with white icing.

FILLING—1½ cups sugar, ½ cup water, whites of 2 eggs, ½ cup chopped seeded raisins, ½ cup chopped figs, 1 cup chopped blanched almonds or pecan nuts, ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread. Pour syrup slowly over beaten eggs, beating continually. Mix in fruit, nuts and flavoring. Spread between layers of cake.

WHITE ICING—1½ cups confectioner's sugar, 2 tablespoons hot milk, ½ teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Add butter to hot milk; add sugar slowly to make right consistency to spread; add vanilla. Spread on cake.

The Royal Baking Powder Co.,
1 Pershing Square, New York City
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FREE!

this famous ROYAL COOK BOOK. *Contains 350 favorite, tested recipes. Mail the coupon today*

most popular cakes in America

Are you one of the lucky men whose wife makes them often?

ALL of these cakes are easy to make with the right baking powder.

In the Royal popularity contest, 38,240 women wrote about the kinds of cake their families like best. The cakes they mentioned most often are shown, with their recipes, on the opposite page.

All these women told in detail how they mix and bake their cakes. On one point all their directions agreed—

If you want to be sure of success, use Royal Baking Powder.

For Royal is the standard—the baking powder which for more than fifty years housewives have depended on for success in baking.

Royal is made of the costliest ingredient a baking powder can contain—Cream of Tartar, the wholesome, pure fruit product of ripe grapes. Your mother's grandmother used Cream of Tartar, with soda, to make her cakes light and tender long before ready-prepared baking powders were on the market.

For wholesomeness, flavor and time-after-time success, there is no substitute for this Cream of Tartar baking powder. It leaves no bitter taste. And its leavening strength is so dependable that a very little goes a long way.

It takes only 2¢ worth of Royal to give a large layer cake the luscious texture that "just melts in your mouth."

You will find that experts everywhere prefer Cream of Tartar baking powder. Doctors in New England were asked what kind of baking powder they consider most healthful and 81% of those who answered specified "Cream of Tartar." From doctors in New York State, 83% of the answers were "Cream of Tartar." 82% of answers from Hospital Dietitians throughout the country again said emphatically—"Cream of Tartar baking powder is the most healthful."

Authors of 39 authoritative cook books say, "I prefer Cream of Tartar baking powder."

Mary Lyles Wilson, who bakes the President's Thanksgiving cake, bakes it with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. The managers of 76 famous tea rooms, who cannot risk baking failures, say, "We use Royal Baking Powder."

So it goes. Health and food specialists everywhere agree that "Royal Baking Powder gives best results."

Contains no alum—
Leaves no bitter taste

ROYAL *The Cream of Tartar* BAKING POWDER

Enter *another member of the Royal family*

A second red package knocking at your door, asking to come into your kitchen—

Royal fruit-flavored Gelatin, which comes to you from the makers of Royal Baking Powder and carries on its tradition of quality.

As soon as you open the package of this new dessert you know it is different from anything you've ever had before. The delicious fragrance tells you.

All the flavors come from fresh fruits! The actual juice of 35 luscious raspberries flavors each package of Royal Raspberry; 25 juicy cherries were squeezed for each package of Royal Cherry.

Strawberry, orange, and lemon, too—taste the Royal desserts and see if you can tell them from the kind flavored at home with the fresh fruit juices.

And the gelatin itself is the very purest and best.

So wholesome for the children—a dessert of Royal fruit-flavored Gelatin. And mighty welcome for the grown-up meal—lovely to look at, true in flavor to the fresh fruits. Even the men, wives write us, mention enthusiastically its fresh fruit taste. And that's a triumph, as every woman knows. Ask for Royal fruit-flavored Gelatin at your grocer's—in the red package like the Royal Baking Powder can.

A complete dessert. Just add water and chill and it's soon ready to serve.

What YOUR BOY OR GIRL WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU

about the graduation watch

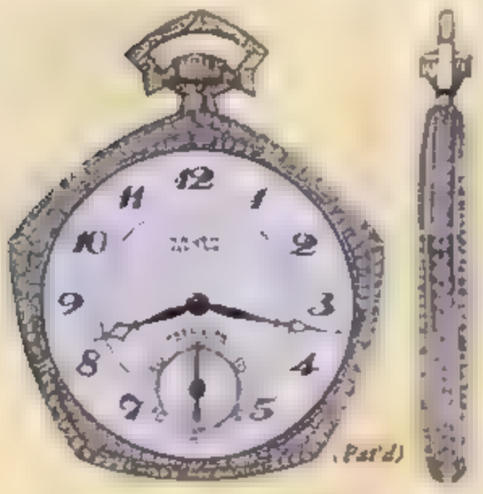
This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

GOOD breeding, of course, prevents your own young graduate from discussing this with you personally. One just can't go about telling people how to choose a gift for oneself. We therefore take the liberty of speaking in the name of the class of '28, hoping thereby to save thousands of disappointments.

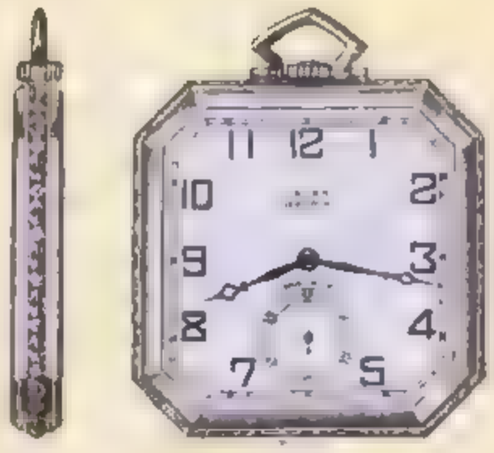
Certain things about the graduation gift you already know. Wisely, you will select a good watch. That has always been the favored gift for graduation.

If it is a young man who is graduating, you will probably select a pocket watch as giving the greater assurance of permanence.

Gruen Cartouche, $35 and $37.50
14 kt. solid gold case, $40 and $42.50



Gruen Pentagon, $75
Other Pentagons, $500 to $75



THE NEW GRUEN OXFORD SQUARE

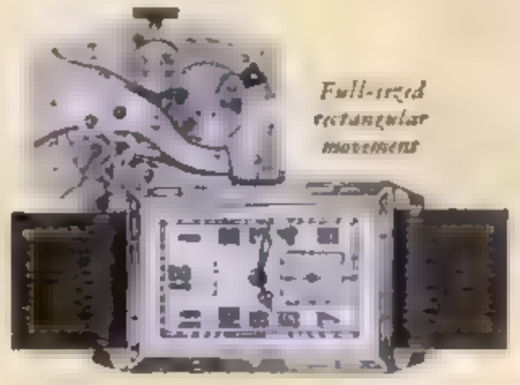
17-Jewel VeriThin PRECISION *movement, $65*
Other pocket watches, $500 to $27.50

If it is a young woman, naturally you will consider her taste for the dainty, not forgetting, however, the importance of a good movement and general durability.

And you will give much thought to style, too, remembering that the person who is to receive the watch is young.

But what is the style in watches?

For men, the trend is decidedly away from the round watch—toward other shapes. For a watch that reflects the wearer's individuality will always be preferred.



Gruen Quadrum, $50
Other strap watches, $250 to $27.50

The woman's preference is now for the rectangular wristlet. For maximum service from a watch in this shape, it should be of the Gruen Cartouche type of construction—embodying an oblong movement, to take advantage of all possible space for greater size and strength of parts.

Representative of the present styles in fine timepieces are the Gruen Watches pictured here.

Your Gruen jeweler, one of the very best in your community, can show you these watches, together with many other exquisite Guild creations, priced from $25.00 to $27.50. His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
Branches in various parts of the world
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

Gruen Cartouche, $50
14 kt. solid gold, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $75*

Gruen Cartouche, 14 kt. solid gold case, $60
Set with 2 diamonds, $75
Other diamond-set designs, $250 to $60

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

Gruen Guild Watches

OVER THE HUMP

(Continued from Page 21)

thought he knew that voice, but he made no accusations. Switchmen are clannish.

After the investigation Mugs said to Charlie Long, at his first opportunity: "You stay offa my cuts after this, see?"

"What you talkin' about?" hissed Charlie.

"You try to frame me again," snarled Mugs, "an' I'll have your black heart out!"

The robbery had one result which reacted directly on the courtship of Maybelle. A husky individual by the name of William McNulty O'Rourke arrived at Harbor. William had come to Harbor on a mission. When the contents of four box cars mysteriously disappear overnight the claim department pays off to the consignee or the shipper like a slot machine, investigates the forbears of the boy that called the switch-engine crew, makes carbon copies in quadruplicate of the age, stripped weight and unfortunate baldness of the shipper, gets the Dun and Bradstreet rating of the consignee, and after three weeks of mean declarations as to how high the thief shall be hanged, they come to the conclusion that they've been foiled. Later that day, if they remember it, they notify the chief special agent, the lord of all the flatfeet, that the railroad has been robbed.

Which resulted in Mr. O'Rourke being sent on a mission. Bill said he was going down to Harbor to make a pinch.

At any rate, Bill O'Rourke arrived at Harbor, and he found out more in two hours than his anchors in the claim department would have found out in five years. He realized he had a long row to hoe, that if he clapped anyone in the local bastile it would be accomplished only after a good many days of labor. He notified his chief of this and in due course of time received instructions to bring the offenders to justice if it took ten thousand horse power and the wisdom of Solomon—but hold down the expenses!

So Bill took up permanent residence in Harbor, and for reasons of his own and because of certain connections, he had no trouble landing a job as rider on the hump, and even less trouble in discharging his duties satisfactorily. Also, rather strange to relate, the Widow Delaney, the mother of Maybelle, took him in as roomer and boarder. Bill had more recommendations than a hog has bristles. The widow was glad to get such a nice young man. Of course, Maybelle annexed him.

The characters have all appeared. The scenes are painted and assembled. The back curtain is the Harbor hump yard. The stage is set for almost anything except a marriage.

The men in the switch shanty know everything. Hence it wasn't particularly astonishing that Bill was marked down as a flatfoot before he'd been on duty five hours. It was rumored about among the men that if Bill was run off the job, whoever did it would get no more pay checks. The fractious Mugs yearned mightily for a good healthy smack at this new arrival, but Mugs got a quiet little tip that if he started anything it meant not only his job but also arrest. Not that Mr. O'Cluskey cared about going to jail. But the loss of his job meant the loss of his girl, and getting arrested wouldn't help his cause any. So Mugs restrained himself.

Bill O'Rourke let it be known, as he sat on the porch with the amiable Mrs. Delaney, the adorable Maybelle and the hostile Mugs, that he was not the kind of a man to worry over a little job as rider. He was well enough fixed, so that jobs meant little to him. He was only working so as to keep in practice and wear his old clothes out, as it were. He was not a lazy man—not Bill O'Rourke—always on the go, was Bill. All this, according to Bill, for the benefit of Maybelle. Mugs had to sit and listen to it.

Mugs would have liked nothing better than to punch the head off this home wrecker who worked under the protection of the brass helmets. O'Rourke was a fair hand with apple sauce and an expert with old-fashioned blarney. The green eyes of Mr. O'Cluskey gave the illusion that the hawkshaw was making serious inroads in private territory. Who knows the mind of a female? Particularly of a black-haired, blue-eyed, altogether lovely Irish girl! Not Mugs O'Cluskey, for one.

"Listen, woman," said Mugs, during one of the few dates Maybelle let him have; "they don't allow you to take scalps no more, or some night I'd show you the hair off that flatfoot's head. Say, if I ever get an even break with that big flat-footed slob, I'll—I'll ——"

"What'll you do?" demanded Maybelle scornfully.

Mugs hunted for words to great deeds. "I'll knock that big cow right out of his shoes," he declared angrily.

"Yeah," said Maybelle.

"Listen, kid!" snarled Mugs. "You think I can't?"

"Don't spoil his nose," said Maybelle. "I like his nose so much."

"He'll think a switch engine bumped into his pretty nose," promised Mugs.

"When you're man enough to bust Mr. O'Rourke's nose," said Maybelle, "instead of talkin' about doin' it, you come and give me the details. Or maybe Mr. O'Rourke will give me the details."

"That settles it," declared Mugs furiously. "Job or no job, jail or no jail, I'll smear that big pavement pounder so hard that he'll come out of the Number 11's he walks in."

"When you do," suggested Maybelle smartly, "come tell me. And bring the shoes with you."

"Baby," said Mugs with deadly intonance, "when you see me comin' up the steps with Mr. Hawkshaw's puppies in my hands, it's your best bet to run an' slip one of mamma's pie plates under your dress. I don't deliver 'em in no pink ribbon an' tishy paper. When I get those shoes, you get somethin' you been needin' for a long time!"

Maybelle was thrilled. "Listen, hard guy," she said; "when you're man enough to take those puppies off Mr. O'Rourke without stealin' 'em at night, I might go get a pie plate." And off marched Maybelle, leaving Mugs to figure out the latent possibilities inherent in the shoes of a certain flatfoot.

You can enter any switch shanty in the country and hear the tale of how a lone rider—a certain Mugs O'Cluskey—not only subdued and well-nigh annihilated a gang of box-car thieves, simultaneously and in rotation, but also committed every manner of hurt upon a minion of the law. There are any number of variations to this story, but the true facts are contained herein. Some say that Mugs double-crossed his confederates and haled them to justice for mercenary reasons. Some say that Mugs was working under cover, that he was a bull. Still others will tell you that Mugs was half boiled with corn whisky and ran into the thieves by accident—that he was looking for a fight and the thieves obliged him. That the flatfoot came along about that time and tried to preserve peace and got licked for butting in. None of these tales are correct. The following is correct.

Charlie Long and Kingpin Doyle were afraid of the flatfoot, O'Rourke; they were fearful that O'Rourke had the dope on them from the robbery of the first four cars. They decided to pull one more job and clear out. And before they shook the dust of Harbor from their feet they intended to give Mr. O'Cluskey something to remember them by. And thereby they dug the pit that trapped them both.

O'Rourke was watching closely every move made by Mugs and he was watching with equal interest anything that was related to Mugs. When he saw the chalk marks on the cut that preceded Mugs—marked out by a figure that raced alongside—he started after the train. He caught a grab iron about twenty cars back and he was up on the roof like a monkey. The engineer slapped on the brakes; the cut ahead of Mugs' cars shot down the hill on the Number 1 lead. The train started up again; the hawkshaw slipped over the roofs like a shadow, stood on the last car of Mugs' cut of three. Mugs was up ahead on the first car. A switchman raced alongside, pulled the pin; the three cars and the two men shot over the hump on the Number 2 lead.

Mugs liked to let a cut hit the ball for him. He never tried to hold one back until the very last minute. So the three cars picked up momentum like a falling safe, and when they were about halfway down the hill—which was when Mugs first noticed Special Agent O'Rourke—they were moving like an express train.

"And what might you be doin' on my cars?" demanded Mugs viciously.

"I might be stickin' yer ugly face in the jug when we get to the bottom," replied O'Rourke

"I think not," retorted Mugs, and hit him on the nose that Maybelle had thought pretty.

No two people, unless they are madmen or Irishmen, would stage a fight on a box-car roof, said box car rolling at a most indecent rate of speed and said box car due to smash into heaven knew what, except that it would be heavy and hard to move. The switch tender saw them go by in a blur.

Charlie Long had erased the marks from the cut ahead and substituted routings more suitable to his desires, so the cut with the two battling men on it was rocketing eastward on a lead track. The switch tender couldn't question the chalk marks; neither had he any means of stopping the flying cars. Kingpin was at the end of the east lead track and he threw the switch that sent this hurtling vehicle for two madmen into the storage track.

Charlie and Kingpin had three confederates, and the plan of campaign was for these three to knock Mr. O'Cluskey on the head upon arrival. There were six old box cars on this storage track, and these three men climbed on top of the first of these cars. If Mugs stayed aboard, the three men would get him on the roof; if he dropped off, Kingpin would meet him and hold him long enough for the three knob knockers to overtake him. It appeared a beautiful little plan. The only thing wrong with it was that it didn't work.

Kingpin was on the ground and it was dark—pitch dark—about two in the morning, and the car went by him like a skyrocket. How it ever stayed on the rail when it took the storage track switch is a complete mystery. So Kingpin had no idea that there were two men on the roof instead of one. The three thugs, standing on their box-car roof, heard a squeal of flanges and then they thought they had been hit by a cannon ball.

The thug in the center of the roof was wrapped around the brake wheel as you'd bend a sausage around a chair rung. He went out, like Lottie's eye, for the full count. Mugs crashed into the man on the left side, O'Rourke crashed into the man on the right side.

The box cars were as close together as the two pieces of bread that go to make up a sandwich, and all five men were still on the roof—which in itself was nothing short of miraculous.

Everybody was stunned. When Mugs came out of it he had hold of someone, and as he thought it was his former playmate, he recommenced hostilities immediately. Mr. O'Rourke came out of it at about the same time, and he thought that his newfound punching bag was Mugs. Which made it rather rough on the two knob knockers.

All this happened in pitch darkness. O'Rourke and his particular pet fell off the roof, but when they hit the bottom, the thug was underneath. This particular box-car thief took no interest whatever in any future events. At approximately the same time Mugs cast his opponent over the side. This party was unconscious all the way to the bottom, so he didn't mind the fall much. Mugs then stumbled into the safe cracker that had got himself knotted around the brake wheel, and he unwound him and socked him a couple of times and then threw him over the side.

Mugs said afterward that he knew there must be something wrong, but he didn't have the time to figure out what it was. He thought these men should have known better than to interfere.

Mugs went down the grab irons on the opposite side from where Mr. O'Rourke was, and he proceeded north in search of the flatfoot that had said something about jail. Mr. O'Rourke proceeded north in search of a club-footed switchman.

O'Rourke was the first to engage in hostilities. He ran into Kingpin, and each thought the other was somebody else. Kingpin had a knife and every desire to use it, but Bill took it away from him and nearly broke his arm. O'Rourke could have shot him then, but he remembered the bust on the nose he had got a little while before, not to mention a number of other bruises, so he did his best to change all the features of his opponent. Kingpin had no affection for such drastic facial surgery. They had a right interesting debate.

Mugs met the wily Charlie Long, and had not the luck of the Irish been entirely on the side of O'Cluskey, it would have been a different story. Long made a mistake.

He called to Mugs, thinking Mugs was Kingpin. Mugs was on Charlie and had knocked him silly and endways before Charlie could lift the stubby automatic from his pocket. Then Mugs pinned his arms and took the gun from him, and holding the gun in the flat of his palm, he smeared Charlie's face with the flat of the gun. Charlie joined his brothers in crime, as cold and limp as a lily. Mugs proceeded on his crusade.

He heard the noise of battle on the other side of the car and he climbed over to see if he couldn't find and finish Bill O'Rourke. He arrived at the moment when William was concluding a most excellent job of work on Kingpin. Kingpin was in that state of coma subsequent to five consecutive socks on the nose. Mr. O'Rourke was still convinced that the unrecognizable phiz before him belonged to Mugs O'Cluskey, and he was devoting time and energy to the squaring up of a certain account in noses. Mugs saw the two shadowy forms before him, saw them cease their struggling for a moment, heard Bill say: "Now, me tough bucko"—pant, a sudden movement; the sound of a fist as it landed—"an' how is your beak?" Pant, a sudden movement, another sock. "Ye'll bust my nose, will you?" Pant, a sudden movement, another sock. "Don't wiggle, ye crumb!"

Said Mugs: "Turn round, ye flat-footed slob, an' I'll give ye a nose like a cabbage!"

Bill whirled, releasing his grip on Kingpin with his left hand. Kingpin fell flat on his face in a stupor

"Where you been, you damn scissor-bill?" snarled Bill, panting.

"I been chasin' you," retorted Mugs, and closed in.

They fought in the narrow space between the two tracks. No strategy, no tricks, they traded blow for blow, and the one that could take the most and hit the hardest was the guy that was the better man. They knocked each other down; they stumbled and both fell on the badly used Kingpin; they hit each other anywhere at all, but preferably on the nasal organ. It was a

(Continued on Page 132)

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(Continued from Page 129)

man-size battle, with two men doing the fighting, and the only tragic part of the whole business was that there were no spectators.

The end came after this fashion—with suddenness, punctuated by a terrific bust on the button. Bill had knocked Mugs up against the sheathing of a box car. He closed like a charging bull to finish his man; his fist came over level with his shoulder with all his strength and weight behind it. It missed the switchman's face by inches. A double-sheathed, fifty-ton box car makes a poor punching bag; no matter how hard a man may hit one, they still stay on the track. Mr. O'Rourke found that out. The pain of his broken hand made him physically weak. Mugs shoved him off, braced one leg against a convenient tie end and hit him like a pile driver. The hawkshaw sagged like a broken car sill. Mugs braced himself again, felt for his playmate with his left hand, put his strength and his weight and his savageness behind his right fist, caught the dizzy Mr. O'Rourke with a haymaker just abaft the point of the jaw, and Mr. O'Rourke went out like a busted headlight.

Mugs sat down on a tie end and caught his breath. He could see fairly well out of one eye. A shadowy form swayed erect a few feet from him. It was Kingpin. Mugs arose wearily and caught him by the shoulder.

"Will ye be quiet?" he demanded indignantly, and knocked the foggy Kingpin over the head with the butt of Charlie's automatic.

He dragged Kingpin alongside of the hawkshaw and crossed their hands over their chests. He walked around the box car and collected the remains of Charlie Long and laid him out alongside the other two, according to seniority. He collected the three thugs—the knob knockers who had no better sense than to interfere with a good fight—disarmed them and laid them alongside their companions in poor judgment. He threw the guns and the knives under one of the box cars, keeping only the automatic he had deprived Charlie of. Then he performed a peculiar operation on the prone Mr. O'Rourke. This operation had to do with the pedal extremities only.

A few minutes later he saw lanterns coming down the lead track from the direction of the hump. He watched them approach, watched them blink and glitter. When they were about half a mile distant he rose to his feet, lifted the automatic, fired it rapidly. He grinned a battered grin as the lanterns bobbed and came forward more rapidly.

He raised the pistol again and fired the remaining shots when the lanterns were at the point where the lead track branched for the storage track. He guffawed boisterously when the lanterns went out with great suddenness.

"O'Rourke!" called a gruff voice through the darkness.

"Did ye bring a hearse fer him?" shouted Mugs.

"What?" called the gruff voice.

"Aw, come on!" shouted Mugs.

A few moments later he stood within the half circle of lanterns

"Where's O'Rourke?" demanded the night yardmaster grimly, swinging the heavy switch club he carried. "Where's Doyle? Where's Long?"

Mugs grinned painfully but delightedly. He permitted himself a final gesture.

"They've been shuffled about a bit," he said, pointing. "You'd best get their mothers down here to identify 'em!"

It was some eighteen hours after the grand capture that Mr. O'Cluskey rapped forcibly and with vigor on the door of the Delaney bailiwick and entered with no further preliminaries. His face looked as though a mule had made a bull's-eye with the off hind foot a jenny mule, not a donkey. His nose was in a state most aptly described as sandwiched. One eye was completely defunct, the other was a mere slit in an ocean of blue.

Maybelle came running to meet him. She stopped short, stared. She stared at the battered Mr. O'Cluskey; she stared also at the objects—the large objects—that hung suspended from the right mitt of Mr. O'Cluskey.

Said objects were suspended by shoe laces. They were large, thick-soled objects—Number 11's, to be exact.

"Why, Mugs darling!" cried Maybelle.

Mugs cocked his head to see the better. He fended Maybelle off with his left hand.

"Ye'd best run out in the kitchen, little one," said he grimly as he dangled the Number 11's on high, "an' slip on a pie plate where it'll do the most good."

Maybelle stared at him.

"Ye'd better hurry!" said Mr. O'Cluskey belligerently. "I have a license in me pocket an' his riverence'll be here in five minutes!"

Maybelle continued to stare.

"Git!" bellowed Mr. O'Cluskey.

Maybelle ran for the kitchen.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 34

Rosenwitz, the pride of Yonkers, a boxer who, in addition to being America's foremost authority on Bernard Shaw, has written several works of philosophy.

One of these, Why a Hell? you will recall, was accorded the Pulitzer Prize last year. Among Mr. Rosenwitz's lighter works we find such literary jewels as Only a Shop Girl and How to be a Gentleman Though Seasick. Under the sobriquet of Forrest Summerville, the Battler is famed abroad as well as in America as the echo of De Maupassant.

Over here I wish to present to you Mr. Killer Clancy, a charming gentleman whom Ypsilanti claims as a son. He has recently received his Ph.D. degree at Princeton University, having merited the honor by his contributions to the world of learning. Employing the alias of Ronsdale Warren, Mr. Clancy has written many beautiful poems, which no doubt will live long in the stately halls of literature.

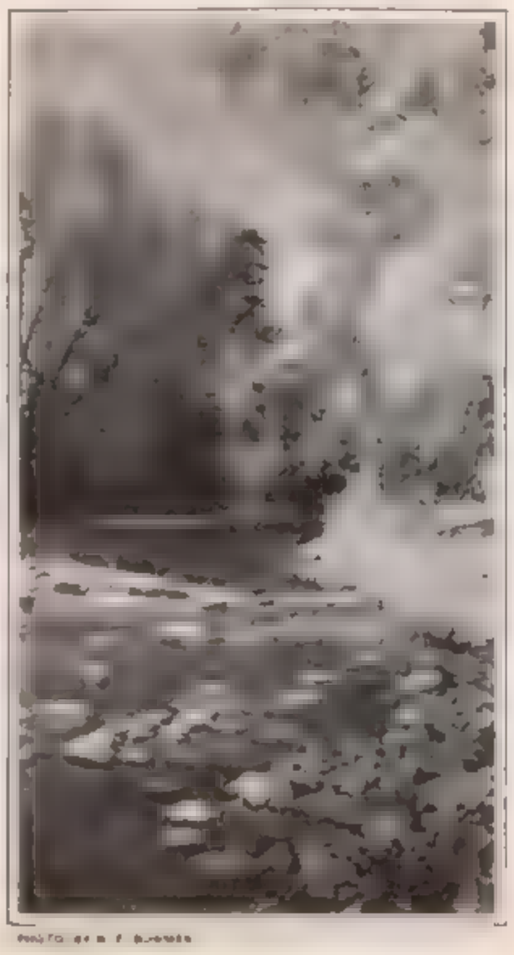
He is given an edge, if I may so term it, over Mr. Rosenwitz because of his histrionic abilities, since he has played various Shaksperean rôles to perfection upon the American stage.

The gentlemen will box according to Queensberry rules, and the winner, besides receiving a beautiful set of Dickens presented by Mr. Rex Tickard, the promoter, shall be entitled to compete with Mr. Sailor Stein, the champion, who, if I may be allowed to say so, possesses a more thorough knowledge of medieval literature than any other student today.

Let me thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind indulgence, and the match will go on. —*E. J. Linehan.*

Quantity Production

HUSH, my infant, close your eyes,
'Tis the hour of lullabies;
Now the balmy evening breeze
Whispers softly to the trees,
And your casement, open wide,
Lets in lots of airs beside.
All the radios on the street
Bedtime tales and songs repeat;
Dreamland choo-choos puff and ring,
Stridulous gents and ladies sing
Let no shadow cross your brow,
Slumbertime has come—and how!
From pianos twain proceed
Strains of scrambled Wiegenlied.
Slumber, baby, do not weep,
Brahms and Chopin bid you sleep!
Flies Kentucky Babe to rest
At a male quartet's request;
From a neighbor's window high
Trumpets Erminie's Bye-bye
Hark, while gypsy sweethearts true
Loudly slumber on for you!
Dormez, dearest, rest heureuse,
Lulled by Jocelyn's jazzed Berceuse!
Under sundry Southern moons
Mammies broadcast raucous croons;
Fond nostalgia designates
Cradles in outlying states.



'Oh, what pretty songs we hear,
All assailing baby's ear—
All together raising hell
Precious darling, do not yell!
Diddums drive it to distraction?
Diddums queer its gut reaction?
Sleep, and be your fears forgotten
Mamma'll stuff your ears with cotton!
Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Spring Comes to the Bird Fanciers

WHEN spring comes in I love to lie
In some sequestered swamp
And watch the white clouds sailing high
And see the birdies romp.

I love to lie embowered in green
Where bird life multiplies,
And make a list of species seen
And beat the other guys.

But as I have to rise at three
And do not get my shredded
Wheat or coffee, frequently
I get a bit light-headed.

O blithe Newcomer! I have heard
Thy twofold shouting o'er us;
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee Bird
Or Cuculus canorus?

What is that merry cheep-cheep-cheep?
That lyric-lilting cackle?
Is it the Double-Breasted Squeep,
Or the Sore-Throated Gackle?

My feet are wet; my poor head reels;
My cold becomes acute;
Is that a great Boiled Owl that wheels
Beside a Rum-Beaked Snoot?

A black snake crawls across my feet,
Mosquitoes on my neck,
But I will make a list to beat
Those other guys, by heck!

And so I watch the birdies fly
Amid the vernal pomp,
When springtide comes I love to lie
In some sequestered swamp
Morris Bishop.

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They were the source from which General made its unique sales gain, a record so pronounced that it was by far the most conspicuous gain in the industry—leading all.

The 1928 swing to General already stretches toward new peaks of leadership—with an increasing number of car owners showing the force of preference for top quality.

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UNDER-INFLATION
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Under-inflation is the worst enemy of balloon tires. Regular use of a U. S. GAUGE enables you to check up the inflation and to easily maintain the recommended pressure. This assures longer life for your tires, results in fewer punctures, lessens body sway and makes steering easier and safer.
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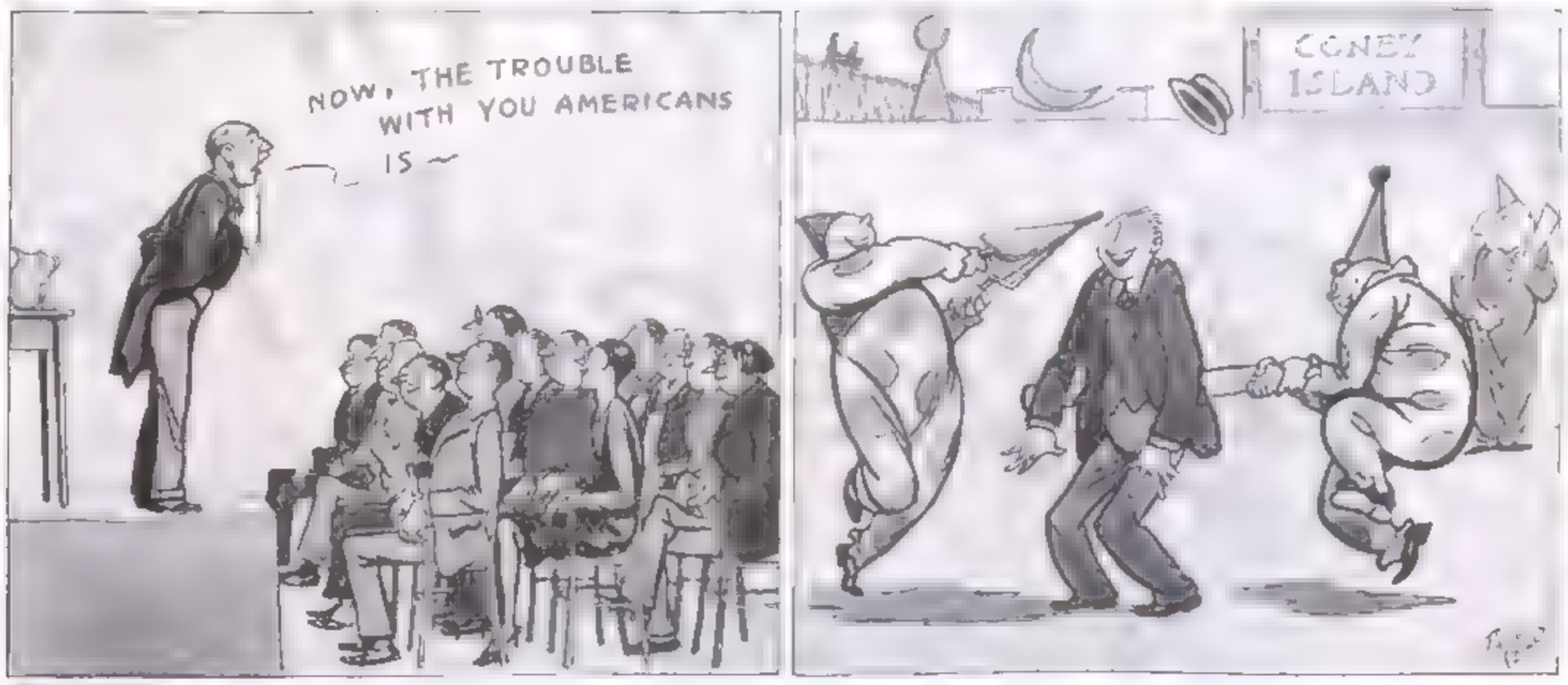
TIRES

Cartoon and Comedy



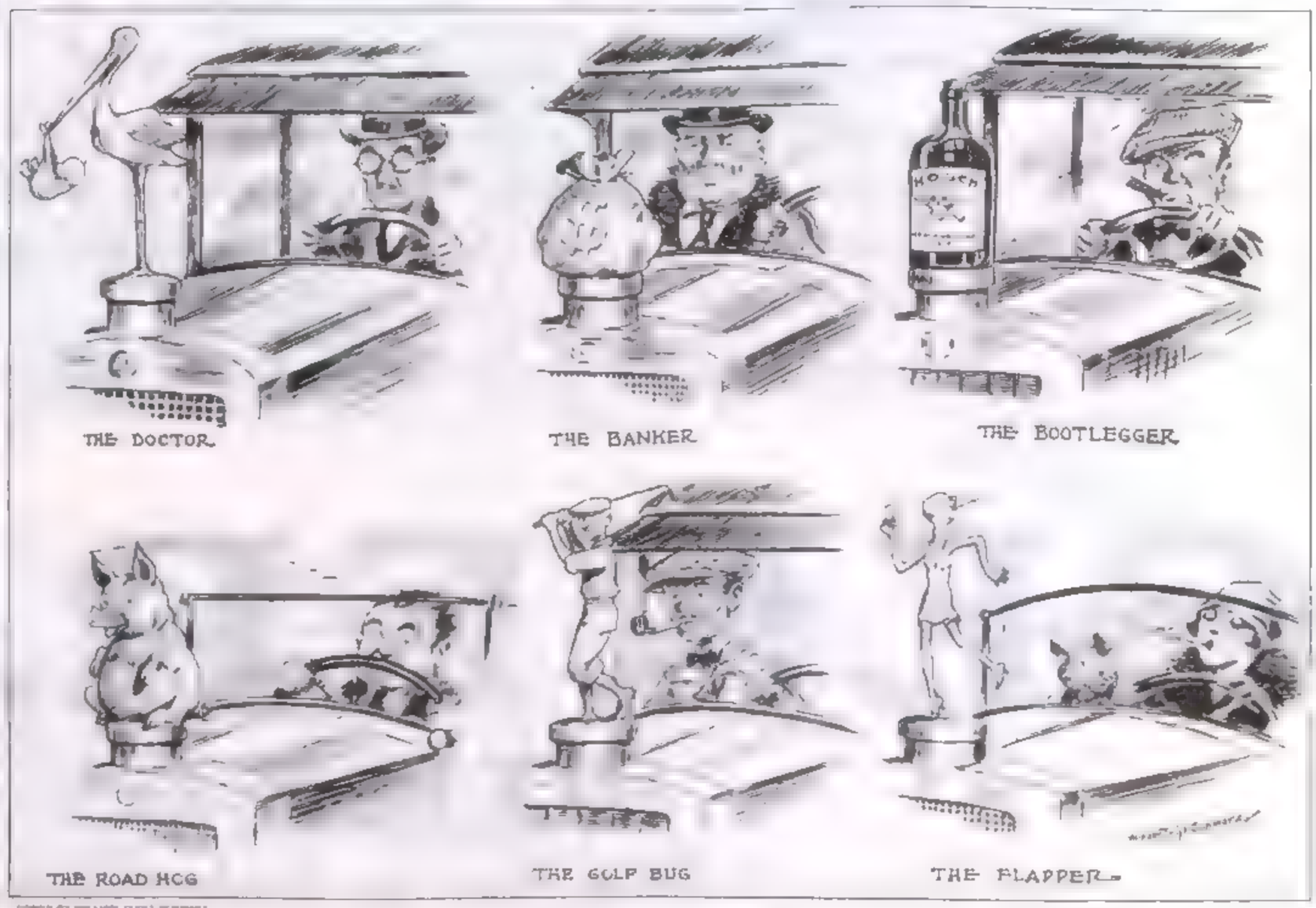
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HIGHBROW AND A LOW ONE

Giving Up Money to Listen to Visiting Foreign Lecturers

Paying Ten Cents to Have Your Hat Blown Off and to be Hit With a Barrel Stave

"Darling, We're Rich! I've Invented a Mirror That Lies"

The Man Who Read a Thriller While Getting His Hair Cut



Self-Expression

A highly organized distribution service supplies thousands of country homes with Pyrofax Gas. This service is prompt and dependable, because of the hundreds of Pyrofax service stations throughout the country.

With Pyrofax *you can cook on a genuine gas range even though you live miles beyond the city gas mains*

The Reliable Lorain Red Wheel Gas Range made by the American Stove Company is shown here. You can have a handsome, efficient range like this in your suburban or country kitchen when you use Pyrofax. See the two succeeding pages for other models of Lorain equipped Red Wheel Gas Ranges with which Pyrofax can be used.

Pyrofax Gas is recommended for use with Lorain equipped Red Wheel Gas Ranges. See the two following pages.

THINK of the convenience of it! A real gas range with a modern oven heat regulator to cook with, even in the country! Pyrofax makes a suburban or country kitchen as clean, cool, efficient and modern as any in the city. It is genuine gas derived from natural gas and brought right to your country home in steel cylinders. Use it like city gas on *genuine* gas ranges and other gas appliances.

Without delay you can have Pyrofax Gas Service in your home beyond the gas mains. Imagine the satisfaction of cooking on a handsome range like the Red Wheel Gas Range equipped with Lorain oven heat regulator, illustrated here! With such a range, oven temperatures can be accurately controlled and regulated to cook a whole meal and leave you perfectly free for hours at a time. No worry and never a baking failure. Not a bit of gas wasted, because temperatures are always kept exactly right. Install Pyrofax and you can enjoy all the conveniences and pleasures of successful gas cooking even though your home is miles from a gas main. Pyrofax is bringing modern cleanliness and freedom from drudgery to thousands of suburban and country kitchens. The American Stove Company in their advertisement on the two following pages recommend Pyrofax for use on any of their handsome Red Wheel Gas Ranges.

This sign identifies the Pyrofax dealer in your vicinity.

Pyrofax is real gas—not gasoline or carbide. It is ready for use instantly, at the turn of a gas cock. No delays. No inconveniences. Pyrofax is a true gas, burning with a hot, sootless flame. No fuel quite equals real gas for cooking, and here it is for you with all its clean convenience even though your home is miles from the city.

Pyrofax Gas is distributed through hundreds of service stations conveniently located throughout the country. It is produced by a unit of one of America's largest corporations. Users of Pyrofax are assured of continued, dependable service and of a product of the highest character, marketed by a reputable concern.

Cost of Pyrofax equipment, completely installed, including gas range, exclusive of gas—$135 and up, depending on equipment selected. See the Pyrofax dealer in your community or return the coupon to the nearest office.

PYROFAX DIVISION
CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORPORATION
(Please address office nearest you)

Please send me further information on Pyrofax and the name of the nearest distributor.

Name _____

Address _____

SEP 421

PYROFAX DIVISION
CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORPORATION
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Boston—1017 Old South Building
Cleveland—Madison Ave. and West 117th St.
Chicago—Peoples Gas Building

Carbide and Carbon Building
30 E. 42nd St., New York

Minneapolis—600 First National Soo Line Building
Detroit—General Motors Building
St. Louis—4228 Forest Park Blvd.
San Francisco—114 Sansome Street

Take no chance—Buy a

Even though you live beyond the gas mains you can enjoy the advantages of a Red Wheel Gas Range. See the advertisement of Pyrofax Gas on page preceding

DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

The Research Kitchen of American Stove Company, located at Cleveland, O.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Recipes for Tarts and Fanchonnettes. (*Print* name and address plainly)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

SEP—4-21-28

807

Unless the Gas Range has a
RED WHEEL
it is not a
LORAIN

Red Wheel Gas Range

THERE'S ONE WAY to make *sure* that your next gas range will prove to be all that you hoped it would be, all that you were told it would be. This one *sure* way is to buy a Red Wheel Gas Range. Then you will be completely satisfied with your purchase.

American Stove Company, world's largest makers of gas ranges, builds, in their entirety, the six famous lines of Red Wheel Gas Ranges illustrated on this page.

Aside from the six great stove factories of American Stove Company, which have been in continuous operation for nearly a half-century, the Company owns two huge foundries and several up-to-date enameling and small-parts plants.

Also, the Company maintains at St. Louis one of the finest Research Laboratories in the United States. Here all new models of Red Wheel Gas Ranges are given thorough tests for efficiency, safety, durability and general performance.

Then, at Cleveland, Ohio, is located an elaborately equipped Research Kitchen, operated under the direction of one of America's noted cookery authorities. In this kitchen are created the Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes. Millions of these Recipes are distributed annually to women who ask for them. (See coupon.) In this kitchen was compiled the first cook book devoted entirely to Time and Temperature Oven Cookery. This 165-page cook book is given free to every purchaser of a new Red Wheel Gas Range.

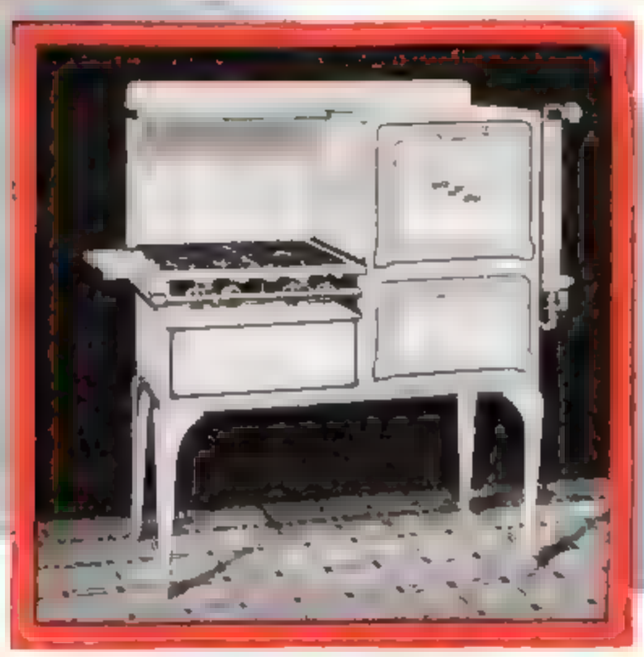
When you buy a Red Wheel Gas Range you buy the product of a Company that is recognized everywhere as the leader in its field. This leadership has been won by high-quality merchandise, unique construction features, big production, fair prices and a helpful service to users.

Anybody can purchase the commonplace things of which a gas range is made—pieces of steel, pipe and porcelain. But only *one* manufacturer is able to build these things into gas ranges that are *so good* that women buy more of them than they do of any other make.

Wherever gas is available you'll find dealers that sell one or more of the popular lines of Red Wheel Gas Ranges illustrated on this page. Go soon and see the new models that are now on display. You'll surely find the size, style and finish that you prefer. Then, buy without hesitancy. For, *truly*, you take *no* chance when you buy a Red Wheel Gas Range.

DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.

CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.



QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

829 Chouteau Avenue ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ St. Louis, Mo.

Leadership

to do · to dare · to serve

A market in terms of continents, friends in terms of millions. A world-famed name with responsibility as broad as its recognition.

A young organization with youth's drive and originality, yet old as these great times and the great industries it serves. A group with ideas, and one ideal – to merit the confidence given it, to live up to the expectations of a whole world full of users.

STEWART-WARNER

MOTOR CAR ACCESSORIES:

Speedometers, Vacuum Tanks, Horns, Bumpers, Shock Absorbers, Passalite, the wireless cigar lighter, Electric and Vacuum Windshield Cleaners, Chains, Driving Lights, Road Lights, Body Polish, Metal Polish.

RADIO RECEIVING SETS and REPRODUCERS

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

SECOND CHOICE

(Continued from Page 41)

"Please don't try. I'd much rather you wouldn't—really."

They drove to the hospital in silence and in silence went up to King's room. He was quiet, perfectly composed. His thin, sharply drawn features were calm, his dark eyes bright. He did not resemble Owen in the least, though their voices were so much alike. Valeria gave him her cool, firm, vital hand and he pressed it between his thin, long, weak hands and said, in that weak voice, so touchingly like Owen's:

"Thank you for coming, Val; but don't bother about—the rest—what I said yesterday, I mean. I'd just lost my nerve for a second. I wouldn't let you do it, of course."

She smiled at him gravely. "But I want to be with you, King."

To Owen's astonishment Doctor Meiller gave his consent. Owen was to wait downstairs in one of the reception rooms on the first floor until the operation was over, when they would let him know the result. But Valeria would be allowed to stay with King while the anæsthetic was administered. Owen remonstrated with her in vain; she concealed her very real dismay, the womanish shrinking from a possible glimpse of knives, all the ghastly paraphernalia of the operating room.

"No; I'll be all right, Owen. But I'll go straight home afterward, I think, and you can let me know ——"

She would not look about her at the white-tiled room. She stood very straight, with a fixed smile on her lips, clasping King's right hand, while the rubber mask was fitted over his face. And as the ether was given and she felt King's hand first clutch hers urgently, then slowly, slowly relax its grasp, the pressure growing more and more feeble until it was a mere fluttering of a moth's wings in her palm, then was utterly still, she held herself rigidly erect. But scarcely had the limp fingers dropped from hers before the white room whirled round sharply, her knees trembled, a black, choking wave rushed up and caught her, dragged her down.

XLIII

She put up her hand to her face, which was horridly cold and wet, and heard through the receding wave, which still seemed to sound, though ever so faintly, in her ears:

"Just lie quietly for a few minutes, Mrs. Mallory. You're all right now."

With a painful effort Val forced open her eyelids and saw a white room, felt beneath her a hard high bed. Miss Jerome's exceptionally pretty face was bending over her at one side and on the other was a young interne, so very blond and clean that he seemed to have been entirely spun out of glass. His fingers, as cool and impersonal as glass, held her wrist; and his clear blue eyes, looking down at her with a keen curious interest, were still as devoid of human expression, as little masculine, as the magnifying lens in a microscope.

"Oh! I—I must have fainted—did I?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mallory."

"When?"

"Not very long ago. Don't try to get up."

"But I must! I —— What was it? I've forgotten something. Oh! King—how is my brother, Miss Jerome?"

"We shall know very soon now, Mrs. Mallory. Please don't disturb yourself. Everything's all right."

"Oh, no, it isn't! What an idiot I was! I've never fainted before in my life! What a perfectly silly thing to do!"

Miss Jerome gave her a mysterious smile.

"Not at all, Mrs. Mallory. Perfectly natural under the circumstances," the doctor said in his grave, youthful voice.

"No—but really I've never been such a coward before! Why should just a little ether and the thought of—the rest make me faint? Owen will simply hate me!" She groaned. "And Doctor Meiller! After he'd trusted me to be calm and brave!"

"Please don't excite yourself, Mrs. Mallory. No one can possibly blame you, under the circumstances."

The repetition of the phrase began to seem vaguely important; she stared at him questioningly.

"Most unfortunate," the soothing voice went on, "but we only blame ourselves. Though naturally Doctor Meiller would never have permitted it if he had known."

"What do you mean?"

"Can it be possible, Mrs. Mallory, that you don't know why you fainted?"

Before her mind had grasped the significance of his words, she felt an inexplicable blush rise straight from her heart, and her face, her neck, burned with it hotly even before she knew why. Then, as if her own blush had told her, she said, whispering:

"But you don't mean —— It's not possible! I ——"

"Most probable, I should judge."

"But -no! You don't understand! I won't. I can't!"

The doctor and the nurse were too well trained to exchange glances; they merely looked over each other's heads at those walls which many times before had echoed to that same cry.

Miss Jerome, with automatic professional sympathy, patted, patted the patient's hand and uttered small bleating sounds intended to be soothing.

"No—now—now, Mrs. Mallory. You'll feel better about it in a moment. Shall I get you a cup of tea?"

Valeria sat up. She had almost laughed at the colossal inadequacy of Miss Jerome's suggestion, and the impulse to laughter had saved her from a nervous collapse. Her expression was calm, her voice cool, but she spoke with great decision, addressing both the doctor and the nurse:

"Please don't tell my husband."

The very young doctor, caught unaware by this unexpected remark, actually blushed; then blushed still more in his attempt to cover up his lapse from professional imperturbability.

"I—I beg your pardon?" he stammered.

She repeated her request, but now it was a command:

"Don't tell my husband."

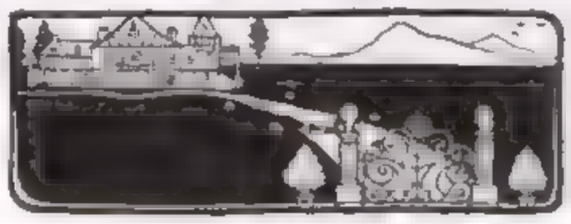
XLIV

She felt none of the traditional sacred joy. She felt that life had caught her in the last and most inexorable of all its traps. And yet how strange! For she had often envied her friends their children—had always meant to have children of her own. Yes, if her marriage had been different! If Owen had loved her—how different, how right, everything would have been now!

But she would not hold him through his sense of honor toward a child—toward her as the mother of his child. No, she would not—could not—allow him to pretend to love her now—only for that reason. She could not bear that. It was more imperative now than ever before to get away from him.

How ironic that just as she had had a chance to escape—her first real glimpse of freedom —— But why not still follow her plan? She still could go back to Midland, live with her father as they had planned—if Owen didn't know. If Owen was not told about the child he would consent to a separation. He would take King abroad —— King? If King —— No, she must not think of him now.

"Think only of yourself," a deep instinct warned her; "save yourself now."



All at once her heart was touched at the thought of her father's happiness; in a quick flash of visual imagination she saw her father with her child. And it was as if she herself had returned to childhood. For the first time in her life she had a sense of the continuity of human life, of human experience; for the first time a personal comprehension of the ancient inherited knowledge—that to have a child is to be oneself reborn. With the violently centripetal egotism of youth, she had believed that the world and all its events spun round her as an axis; that life began and ended with her own life. Now, with a curious sense of relief, she felt that her own life was over.

She had left the hospital and had driven to her hotel. She paid the taxi fare now and was about to enter the open door, when a sudden impulse drew her away. She crossed the street instead and went into the park. As she walked slowly along in the noontime heat, under the dusty trees, following the bridle path for a while, then crossing the main road, where the melting asphalt clung stickily to her high heels and a few motors shot by with a swift fanning of the hot air, to the pavement deserted of pedestrians, in the sun, Valeria thought of that day when she had walked in the Midland park—the day, only last spring, when she had for the second time met Owen. She remembered how, on that day, her life had seemed to have come to an end, scheme as she might to save it, to find a new direction for it. And now she was involved in an even greater tragedy, a more subtle emotional complication. Yet even in the midst of her sense of tragedy and defeat, and of a sort of despairing helplessness, weakness, even rage, that she felt—rage at life, at fate, the ironical turn of events, at a force that would compel her to what she had not chosen—there was still something that insistently pressed at heart for joy. Her life was over—her own life—but a new life was begun.

She stopped on the hot, dusty pavement, in the glare of the July sun; and, observed by a ragged idler on a park bench, close to an old battered bucket filled with discarded newspapers, she stood still and felt soft and somehow delightful tears run down her cheeks and did not try to stop them. And as if, like spring rain, they had washed away from a clear stream all the hard stones, the bitter mud that had choked its pure source, she let herself be glad in her new freedom—the greatest freedom of all—from oneself. For her own life was over—how wonderful! Her own little involved and trivial and petty and worthless life, tormented yet meaningless. A new life was beginning.

But she would not tell Owen. She guarded her secret jealously. He had no share in her happiness. Her new happiness would be to forget him.

She walked on for a long time, until she was tired and hungry. She had forgotten her watch—didn't know the time. At last she turned back toward the hotel. As she went up in the elevator it occurred to her that Owen must have tried to telephone her about King long before this. What would he think? How could she explain her absence? Her first impulse had been to go away without seeing him again. She felt an absolute fear of looking him in the eyes; she felt that he must discover, merely by looking at her, her secret. But now she realized that it would be impossible to go away without some sort of explanation. She must, at least, show an interest in King and invent an excuse for her departure.

She opened the door with her key and stepped into the little connecting hall of the two apartments. It was so dark in there after the glare of the sun outside that for a moment she couldn't see. And as she stood still, trying to recover her sight, she heard voices from the sitting room of Owen's suite; indistinguishable sounds blending, as of two people speaking at once, and then

Makes the Best Drink Look Better, too

IT'S A "DRESSY" AGE. The hostess "dresses up" her table. The dishes served have a "Ritzy" look. Even the drinks are "dressed up," for the clever hostess knows that dainty, golden-tinted Stone's Straws make the best drink look better and taste better.

To be in good taste and to encourage more healthful drinking habits, keep Stone's Straws in the home. There is a liberal supply in the handy 10c Home Package.

At restaurants and soda fountains, at school as well as at home, Stone's Straws are universally used. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Machine made, therefore absolutely sanitary. Get the 10c Home Package today at your druggist's.

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HARRY S. BERGEN

He helps Baltimore business solve the same problems he used to face

WHEN Harry S. Bergen talks to Baltimore factory managers about time-saving and waste-prevention, he speaks from his own broad experience. He spent nearly thirty-five years in factory work—as boy and man—before he turned to selling.

He was an expert machinist. He knows machinery. Then he was a production manager. He knows the sequence of manufacturing operations. He knows time studies from having applied them. He knows material handling. He devised a stock and cost system that won a prize. Twenty years he spent in our factory. He knows Toledo Scales.

So Harry Bergen took to selling Toledo Scales as the proverbial duck to water. For Toledo Automatic Dial Scales are part and parcel of the modern material handling system. The Toledo survey of weighing requirements applies the principles he practiced for nearly thirty-five years.

It is no wonder that a great automobile company welcomed a survey by Harry Bergen three years ago. It is still using his report as the basis for its additions and replacements of weighing equipment. A wide variety of businesses has been served by Mr. Bergen in the same way. An internationally known magazine publishing house, a cigar manufacturer and a paper mill furnish notable illustrations.

Mr. Bergen is now our district sales manager at Baltimore. He is not only helping factory managers to solve the same kind of problems he used to face, but by directing other salesmen to make similar surveys in retail stores, he is helping retail merchants. For the principles of saving time, preventing waste and reducing expense apply to handling commodities as well as to handling factory materials.

With all his special qualifications, Harry Bergen but represents the *type* of Toledo salesmanship. What he knows from experience about the operations in any plant, other Toledo salesmen acquire with the survey.

This survey is really a weight-study. It compares to a time-study. But while a time study deals only with labor, the weight-study deals also with material, and material may represent 75 or 80 per cent of your manufacturing flat cost.

A Toledo survey may be just what your business needs. A Toledo Scale man stands ready to make one for you without obligation on your part. Write us today.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

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AUTOMATIC DIAL SCALES

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- Fan-type scales for retail stores.
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- Continuous-weighing scales.
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TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS ✦ HONEST WEIGHT

the sharply raised, shriller sound of a woman's voice that was vaguely familiar.

"I don't believe you!" cried the woman's voice.

Valeria stood quite still.

"It's true," Owen's voice replied.

Then the woman's voice again: "You are only saying that to punish me!"

"To punish you?"

"Oh, I don't blame you. I deserve it. But it doesn't matter—I love you."

"No!"

"I do love you, Owen!"

There was a pause. In it, Valeria heard her own voice whispering in her brain: "That's Beth—there—with Owen. Beth!"

The next thing she knew she was outside the door, closing it after her without a sound, ringing the bell for the elevator.

"Where are you going? What are you going to do?" she heard her own voice ask.

She did not find the answer until she was on the train to Midland. She had moved in a daze, confused but purposeful, as if propelled by an outside force. Fortunately now she had plenty of money to obey her sudden impulse. For if she had been prevented from getting away at once, she felt that she might have done something utterly wild and desperate; something far more foolish than merely running away, without any luggage, and taking the first train home.

She was lucky enough to procure a stateroom on the crowded train, and she went to bed. But as soon as she had closed her eyes she was sorry that she had not yielded to her first impulse—to walk straight into that room, confront them suddenly and watch their frightened faces—their silly, frightened faces—strike them dumb with what she could tell them. She could imagine Owen's face stricken white, with the sudden knowledge. Even Beth might, at a moment like that, lose her supreme self-confidence, look frightened and ashamed. And more than that—deeper than that—a feeling that rose straight up out of all centuries—one woman triumphant over the other—superior to the other now in the sight of their lord—she wanted to fling at Beth the angry, contemptuous words that had been beating in her brain ever since she had heard her rival's hated, softly cooing voice—the words that were beating in her mind now to the rhythm of the moving train:

"Why, you silly little doll, you! You're not real! I'm going to have a baby. You're not real!"

The word gave her comfort. She put up her hand to her breast and a strange startled feeling of happiness and of wonder came to her.

"I'm real," she whispered. "I'm real."

All her hatred fell away mystically then, as in a dream, a legend of evil enchantment and magic awakening. Both Owen and Beth seemed curiously unimportant. There was but one reality in all the universe, and her mind as well as her body closed round it in a protective shell.

XLV

WHEN the telephone operator at his hotel told Owen that Mrs. Mallory was out he felt unreasonably annoyed—injured too. How was it possible that Valeria could go out before the message had come from the hospital about King? As soon as Owen had heard that the operation had proved successful—that is, that the patient had survived—his first thought had been to telephone Val. Of course King was not out of danger yet—the following days would be a most critical time—but the mere fact that he still lived was so wonderful that Owen wished to share his happiness at once with Val. Apparently, though, she was not so deeply concerned as he had believed!

He felt resentful, very tired. He had not realized until that moment how much he had come to depend upon Val. Now that the tension of the past few hours was relaxed, he longed for the comfort of her serene, beautiful presence, her calm, reassuring voice. Sharply, vividly, he remembered how she had looked that morning in her blue-and-white frock—lovely, cool and pale as a fresh white gardenia. Her cool hands had the delightful texture of that velvet-firm flower. There was a certain rest and relief, a feeling of peace and comfort in the harmony of all her beauty—the long, clear lines of her body and the clearly drawn features, the definitely traced eyebrows, in the hieratic stillness of her face; in the very choice of her clothes, clear and pure in line, and the serene loveliness of her hands, like Chinese works of art. She reminded Owen, in her harmony and serenity, in that feeling of æsthetic satisfaction which she produced, of a small exquisite statue he had once seen of Kuan Yuen, the Goddess of Mercy. And like a series of vivid pictures, there came back to him all those moments in which she had been merciful.

For the first time Owen began to wonder if perhaps it was not he who was to blame for the failure of their marriage. Up to this time he had regarded the situation only from his own point of view. His morbidly sensitive pride had been hurt by Valeria's refusal to meet him in New York after his absence in Mexico, the curt, abrupt wording of her telegrams. Now he wondered—and actually for the first time—whether he had not done or said something which had equally offended, equally wounded, her. He went over in his mind the very few times in which they had really talked together. It was perfectly absurd, but they were almost complete strangers as far as their thoughts were concerned; he knew less about Val than about many a mere acquaintance—what she thought, how she felt, on certain subjects, her likes and antipathies. He might so easily have hurt her without intending it, without even being aware —— What a dangerous experiment their marriage had been after all! Like trying to walk in the dark over an unknown path around a cliff overhanging the sea. Incalculable human beings—did two human beings ever really know each other? Was there ever in the world such a thing as "the marriage of true minds"? Suddenly he longed for it, as he had never longed for anything else in his whole life—that rare and ideal union in which two people are really one, where they understand as well as love each other—the only escape from the terrible loneliness of human fate.

He tried to remember everything he had ever said to Val, written to her—for a second that thought gave him pause—his letters; perhaps Val had misunderstood his letters—thought them cold. Well, it was true! He had not written her love letters. A curious shyness had held him back—even, though it seemed absurd, a certain delicacy. They were almost strangers—their marriage had been so strange. How could he write all that he wished to say? No, it had seemed to him that she might understand—might even appreciate his reserve—his respect for her own possible feeling. He had wanted to wait until he saw her again, until he could judge by her look, her voice, how she regarded him, what she wished him to be to her. He had almost feared to offend her with a love letter—startle her—be too abrupt. Words written were more violent, more irrevocable, far more fatally liable to misconstruction, than words said. Well, in short, he could not! No, even if he had wished, he could not have written her a love letter.

The easy facility of his letters to Beth he now remembered with amazement. Impossible for him to write with such ease, with any fluency of his feeling, for Val. But what was the use of wondering, remembering, going over the whole subject again in his own mind? For the plain truth was that Valeria did not care for him! Perhaps he had offended her, perhaps he had hurt her pride in his blundering masculine way. For he freely acknowledged that he didn't understand women.

But that wasn't the point. The plain, self-evident fact was that Val had never loved him, had never wanted to marry him; she had been forced into the marriage by unfortunate circumstances, by his own foolish persuasions, and now—in spite of all her

kindness to him, her devotion to King—she wanted to be free. She must be free then—should be! She was too wonderful, too real, too clearly meant for love, for children, to be tied in an unhappy marriage. He would give her up of course! But he felt desolate, deserted, almost as if he had been betrayed. Bitterness, sick shame, filled his heart at the thought of Valeria and another man.

"If I should go to her now," he thought, "and tell her that I love her—ask her to try to be happy with me

"No! I can't do that! I won't take her pity! It would be only pity. I can't!"

But he temporized then. If he must give up Valeria, surely it was not necessary to give her up that very day; not until King was out of danger, at least. Besides, she would very probably refuse to go away until King was better. So he telephoned again to the hotel to ask if Mrs. Mallory had come in.

No, Mrs. Mallory was still out, but a friend had called—a lady from Midland who said she would wait, no matter how long it was, until either Mr. or Mrs. Mallory returned. And since she was such an old friend, and from their own town, too, she had been allowed to wait upstairs—was that right?

"Quite right, thank you," Owen replied—with a sinking of the heart, for he thought it must be Kitty Grove. And so, hastening to the hotel—as we often hasten toward an imagined calamity—he entered the sitting room of his suite and found Beth there.

The shock was so great that he could not speak. He waited for Beth to speak, to explain her astounding presence. And with the remarkable ease and fluency and even enjoyment which women display in an emotional situation, Beth began.

"Owen!" she cried, coming toward him with both small hands outstretched. "I heard about King, and so I had to come to you, even though you have been so very rude to me."

Her reproachful pout, which he had once found adorable, but which now seemed curiously out of place, beside the point, somehow, her almost coquettishly reproachful tone referred to a note she had written him as soon as she had heard that he was in New York, and which he had not answered. He remembered the perfumed pale blue paper, the childish round handwriting, the wording that was as naïve as a letter in a motion picture.

Dear Owen: I am in New York too. Come to see me. Any day after four. BETH.

And then the address of a fashionable hotel.

"If Val will mind my coming—will she?" said Beth. "I can say I called on her. I told them downstairs I was a friend of Val's, of course. Lucky she was out, isn't it?"

Owen tried to repudiate his supposed share of enthusiasm in his wife's absence, but failed to make any impression on Beth. With a childlike naïve self-confidence, she took it for granted that he was simply overjoyed to see her again—if secretly, so much the better! She disposed of her sympathy for King in a few well-chosen phrases and plunged into the real reason for her visit.

With an essentially masculine feeling of shame, amounting almost to horror, Owen understood that Beth wanted—that Beth intended—to tell him about her husband. Like many another man before him, Owen was astounded by the naïve bad taste, the indecent frankness, of women in dealing with emotional subjects. There is only one thing that a woman who has been badly treated by her husband wants—and that is to tell someone else about it; another woman, if that is the only audience she can get, but, of course, a man is preferable. And there is nothing that causes a man more acute discomfort than to listen to a narrative of this sort. For if he loves the woman, he becomes jealous; and if he doesn't love her he has all the dishonorable sensation of having peeped through a keyhole.

Beth's rapid flow of speech astonished Owen almost as much as her presence. In a few seconds, after she was established on his sofa, she was telling him, to his intense discomfort, all—or, at any rate, a great deal too much—of her unfortunate matrimonial experience. Owen felt humiliated—he scarcely knew why. Humiliated, perhaps, that Beth could so coolly reappear on the scene, ignoring his recent tragedy, all his suffering and hurt pride; plunging—or attempting to plunge—into intimacy again, without a by-your-leave, serenely trustful that he would welcome her back at any price and find her just as adorable as ever.

Owen blushed, he fidgeted, he opened windows and shut them, he interrupted in every courteous way, but he could not arrest the narrative. Comfortably curled among a heap of cushions, waving a long cigarette holder of white jade to emphasize dramatic points, she talked steadily on; except when she would interrupt herself to exclaim, with widely opened blue eyes that were still strangely innocent, childlike, angelic—or was it merely blank?

"Oh, I simply can't tell you, Owen—you mustn't ask me to tell you everything. I simply couldn't!"

And he would hastily reply, "Please don't, Beth!" And she would go straight on.

Powerless to stop the recital of the private history of Mr. Satterlee, Owen began to fix his attention on other things. And the most astonishing thing that he could fix his mind upon was Beth—the change in Beth. Or was she the same—but that seemed incredible—and the change in himself? He really couldn't decide. He was too confused by the shock of her reappearance, the even greater shock of finding that his heart failed to respond to it.

He could look at Beth calmly now; judge her, as you judge a new acquaintance—by the voice, the frock, the hat, the hands, the complexion and all those little mannerisms of gesture and of intonation that are the almost infallible signs of birth and breeding. With a fastidious distaste, he could draw back from her too intimate revelations, her expression of vindictiveness toward a so recent husband, her not even decently veiled determination literally to make him pay for his crimes. In short, Owen could now see Beth as she was and not as he had wished her to be.

The last link was broken in that strong chain which had been forged entirely by his own imagination, and yet he was not glad. He was vaguely sorry to have his idol fallen—his little false and fragile and gilded doll. He had put her away, out of his life, into a dark secret hiding place of the heart, where stealthily, every now and then, he might have gone on tiptoe—without, of course, confessing to the woman whom he really loved that he kept an inscrutable and hidden, a strange, heathen goddess to worship. But now she herself—the goddess—had rushed into the secret room, battering down the hidden door, and had rudely smashed the sacred image of herself! It was, he thought, what women are rather fond of doing.

He had never before had the opportunity of comparing Valeria and Beth, for when he had loved Beth he had not known Val. Now, thinking of them together, contrasting them, remembering his wife as he had seen her only that morning, he was amazed that, after knowing Val, he could have thought that he was still in love with Beth. Not that Beth had lost her beauty—not even that Valeria's beauty surpassed it, though that was true. No, it was something far more subtle, more serious and vital than that. Beth, like a pale weak candle, blown upon by a living wind from the sea, had just gone out. She seemed curiously unreal.

Once she had possessed for Owen the magic charm of a morning in early summer, the pale golden beauty of a summer landscape and of morning, of all things white and golden; there had seemed to be a pearly veil of beauty round her, like the mist about a young blond morning.

But now, even in this short time, a melancholy tinge lay upon her fairness, a faint warning of how a golden angel might look

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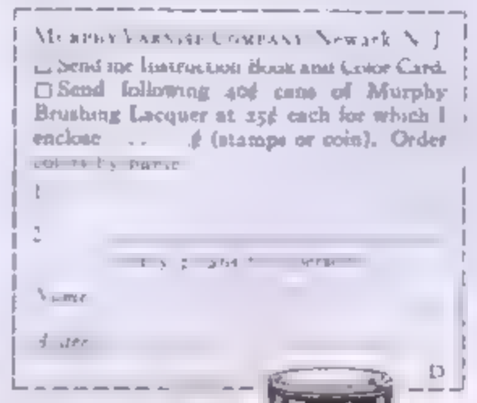
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Young men are wearing them

THERE'S a real style note in men's underwear these days—the colorful, good-looking, easy-fitting, long-wearing Varsity "Shorts"!

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at forty. She had grown somewhat plump. Her excessive thinness had suited her better. A woman could have told Owen also that Beth was very badly dressed. When she was poor, Beth had dressed very well indeed, because she was forced to the utmost plainness. But now, with the power to buy anything she liked, she had unwisely bought everything she liked. Her hands were overloaded with rings, her small arms with bracelets; on this very hot day her shoulders drooped beneath the weight of sables that, on any day, would have been too magnificent for her. Only a large, tall, bold-eyed Russian or Italian *demimondaine* could have worn, with grace, the clothes and the jewels that Beth had heaped on her small childish body. She was as ridiculous as a doll dressed by a repressed spinster for a county fair. Beth's passion expressed itself in the fire of diamonds, in the voluptuousness of pearls, in all the pomp and glory and glitter that two little greedy hands could snatch. And like a small bewildered actress, she appeared crushed beneath the weight of her own pageantry. She had fallen a victim, like Midas, to the touch of gold, and there was none of her own golden beauty left for men to feed their eyes upon.

But the conversation, or rather the monologue, which, from the beginning, had made Owen most uncomfortable, now took an even more painful turn. For Beth was attempting, in her not particularly subtle way, to reëstablish their personal relationship. None of Owen's efforts to divert the talk into more general fields was successful. Equally unsuccessful his attempt to convince Beth that he might be happy without her. The recent fiasco of her own marriage had left her self-confidence quite untouched. She naïvely assumed that it would be impossible for Owen to be in love with his wife, and even his own definite statement failed to convince Beth.

If Valeria had come in a moment sooner she might have overheard Owen's declaration. But she only heard Beth's reply:

"I don't believe you!"

"It's true."

"You are only saying that to punish me!"

"To punish you?"

"Oh, I don't blame you. I deserve it. But it doesn't matter—I love you!"

And then, as Owen merely looked at Beth in blank incredulous wonder, she repeated her extravagant assertion: "I do love you, Owen."

Those were the very words that once had thrilled and tortured him—that, repeated in his memory, had had the power to torture him. And now he could hear them with a faint, skeptical, amused smile.

Valeria, unable to endure more, had gone. But if she had waited she would have heard Owen reply, with that skeptical smile coloring his quiet voice:

"No, Beth, you don't care about me—or anyone. You can't."

"Oh!" she burst out, in an almost delighted tone. "You have never forgiven me! You're saying all those horrid things to me because you can't forgive me! I was wicked—cruel—I admit it all now. I must have been mad! But I'm sorry now. Won't you—can't you forgive me, Owen?"

He took her dramatically outstretched, her appealing little hands very gently and kindly, and very gently and kindly let them drop. He smiled at her, as one might at an outrageously spoiled child who is indulging in a fit of histrionics.

"It isn't a question of forgiveness, Beth," he said. "Just forget all that—I have. There's nothing to forgive now. It's only what I told you—I love Val."

"No! No! You can't!" she moaned, like a woman who has been cruelly betrayed. "But that's impossible, Owen! After all the years—no, you can never, never love anyone but me! You told me so! You told me so!" she repeated, very much like the spoiled child in a temper now. "What does anything mean—how can I ever believe in anyone again, if you—after all those years—seven years ——"

"Look here, Beth," he interrupted firmly and a little impatiently now, "don't let's dramatize ourselves! You know perfectly well, and I know perfectly well, that you don't care a bit about me—and never did. If seven years ever proved anything they proved that! But neither your heart nor mine is broken—or even cracked. So let's forget those seven years, shall we? Start all over and be good friends?"

He held out his hand, but she refused it with a tragic gesture. And when at last she went away—though not without a great many more melodramatic speeches—she still was unconvinced of his sincerity. For no woman will ever believe that a man who has loved her once loves her no more. We look at the cold gray ashes of a fire and believe that it has gone out; but we have a more touching faith in the fires of the masculine heart—and our own irresistible attractions.

XLVI

LATE in August the summer seemed abruptly to have come to an end. There was a sharp cool brightness and briskness in the air like autumn, and toward twilight a sudden chill that made a wood fire pleasant. Valeria sat before the fire in John Clive's library and read a letter for the second time. It had come that morning and was postmarked from New York, the day before:

Dear Val: As I wrote you two weeks ago, King is now completely out of danger and is improving rapidly day by day. Doctor Meiller thinks if this keeps up King will be ready to travel about the middle of next month, and I am planning to take him abroad then. I shall probably take Miss Jerome along, too, as she has considerably more authority over King than I about making him obey doctors' orders; she has proved to be an excellent nurse for him and he is attached to her.

I may have to run down to Clivedale for at least a day before we sail, but you needn't even see me if you don't want to. I hardly think it will be worth while telling each other good-by, since farewells are always unpleasant, and ours might be particularly so. I know you will be glad when the whole thing is over; and, in a way, it will be a great relief to me too. I mean, of course, that it is embarrassing and unpleasant for us both to have our affairs so unsettled. And I quite agree with all you said in your letter, and hope that you will go ahead at once with the plans of which you wrote.

My lawyers do not handle divorce cases, but they can put you in touch with the right people; or perhaps the least unpleasant way would be for you to go to Paris, where my lawyers can also advise you as to the proper procedure and give you letters of introduction. I have already instructed them to put the necessary funds at your disposal, and they will arrange everything about letters of credit, banking connections, and the like. Just turn the whole matter over to them, and I trust you will have no trouble or inconvenience.

I want to take this last opportunity, as we may not see or write to each other again, to thank you once more for all you did for King, and he joins me in this; though, of course, it would be quite impossible for either of us ever to thank you adequately. I want to express, too, our deep regret and our feeling of utter selfishness and thoughtlessness for having kept you in New York during those days of terrible heat which caused your sudden illness. And I hope that you are being perfectly sincere when you tell me that you have completely recovered now.

I cannot understand why you did not go at once to a better climate than Midland, though I trust you have been fairly comfortable at Clivedale Farm. If anything is needed there please let me know, or arrange yourself for any changes or renovating you should like. Please do not be foolish about the funds I have placed at your disposal—the money is yours, deposited to your personal account; I have nothing further to do with it. Even if you should very foolishly and unreasonably, refuse to use it, I could not and would not ever touch it. Please accept this as final, and as a strictly business arrangement which has nothing to do with personal matters. You must live in a fairly comfortable and civilized manner, and this money is for that purpose. Please let this be our last discussion of it. I shall be very deeply hurt and offended if you continue to object, though, of course, I understand that my personal opinion will have no weight with you.

Please call on me, through my lawyers, for any service that you may need or wish, now or at any time in the future.

Yours,
OWEN.

P. S. How could you think it possible that either King or I might be offended at your leaving New York so suddenly? You were quite right to go at once if you felt ill, or for any other reason. Neither of us had the slightest claim on you, and you had done far too much for us already. I received your wire that same afternoon, or I might have been anxious when you didn't return to the hotel. But as for feeling that I had any cause for complaint, that, of course, would have been absurd. Thank you, though, for thinking of it, and for mentioning it in your letter, particularly as regards King. He was, of course, terribly disappointed at not seeing you again; but Miss Jerome was quite wonderful in persuading him that he had no claim on you and must not be selfish enough to risk your health by asking you to return.

I think you will be pleased to know also, since you were good enough to say in your letter that you are genuinely fond of King, that Miss Jerome has proved a great comfort and consolation to him during his very trying days of convalescence; and though I have not entirely overcome a certain unreasonable prejudice I had against her, I am naturally very grateful for what she has done for my brother. And I must admit that her influence over him is second to none except yours. Thank you once more. King has asked me several times to send you his love.

OWEN.

Carefully and slowly she tore the letter into small bits and let them flutter into the fire. And carefully and slowly she reasoned with herself, tried to control the heavy beating of her heart and the feeling of desolation, almost of fright, that would have swept over her. This was finally and irrevocably the end—Owen wanted to be free as much as she did. He wanted to marry Beth, of course. She had believed that ever since she had heard their voices in that room. But she must not allow herself to think of them. For the first time in her life she was learning self-control—subordinating her personal emotions. Even the thought, spiced with a certain triumphant feminine malice, that Beth and Owen were sure to be unhappy together was submerged in the central thought, the central fact, about which now her whole life revolved.

Deliberately forcing herself to be calm, she remembered Doctor Gathney's strangely comforting words when she had first returned to Midland, exhausted from the journey and the rapid succession of emotions which she had experienced that day; rather inclined to be hysterical and, for her, unusually confidential. She could smile gently now, like an older woman, at the overwrought self of that day. Doctor Gathney had said, with a strangely convincing impatience and brusqueness that somehow had consoled her far more than a sweet cheeriness would have done, "My dear girl, after your child is born, your husband won't matter much—perhaps not at all."

Her belief in this statement was strengthened from having observed, among her acquaintances, many women who seemed almost to forget their husbands after their children were born. Once she had thought them foolish—criticized them with the rest of the world. Now she was inclined to think them wise. She looked forward to her own child, to her love for her own child, as a sort of release from a long course of too violent emotions, an intolerable erotic slavery. Perhaps—and the thought which was ancient in the world, but new to her personal experience, illuminated all the dark, tortuous path of emotion down which she had come—perhaps the child was not only the ultimate goal but the secret cause—her need for a child the cause of her imagined need for love. Nature inexorably urging her nearest and dearest daughters, those who were closest to her in their vitality, herding them relentlessly along the narrow centuries-old path worn by the tread of ages of women—the reluctant and willing alike, the humble and meek, the despairing and defiant—all taking the same path, however unwillingly; though some might deny its purpose, none might avoid the way.

This thought, she knew, was enough to start hot rebellion in many a woman's heart. They shrieked of slaves and harems and blamed their fellow humans, when Nature alone was to blame. For herself, Valeria thought that she was content—that she was glad—that she was released at last from the dark secret power, the flux and flow of a meaningless passion which had

(Continued on Page 149)

Gone Forever,
The Witch and her steed,
the old fashioned broom
The old-fashioned broom might have been fine for Witches to ride at night. But for women to sweep with daytimes, not much could be said in its favor.
Common sense long ago banished Witches. And common sense is rapidly chasing the old-style broom out of the homes of America. It wore down quickly, left a trail of broken straws in its wake and, at best, was but an imperfect tool.
Here, again, Fuller applied the genius that has lightened the tasks of housework for millions.
Aztec Fiber sweeps clean
In the new Fuller broom, light, tough Aztec Fiber replaces brittle corn straws. This specially prepared fiber wears down evenly and slowly, enabling one Fuller Broom to outlast many corn brooms.
Do not lose their sweeping qualities, even when worn to half their original length.
Thick outer fibers clean rugs, carpets, and get into corners easily. Soft inner fibers pick up each tiny speck of lint and dust, leave the floor really clean.
To get this Fuller Broom, or any other Fuller aid to better homekeeping before the next regular call of the Fuller Man, do this: 'Phone the Fuller Branch Office in your city or write direct to The Fuller Brush Co., 3558 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.). Ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home".
We have a real opportunity for a few more high class men in each community to meet the demand of the ever-broadening Fuller service. Such men will find it of profit to write us
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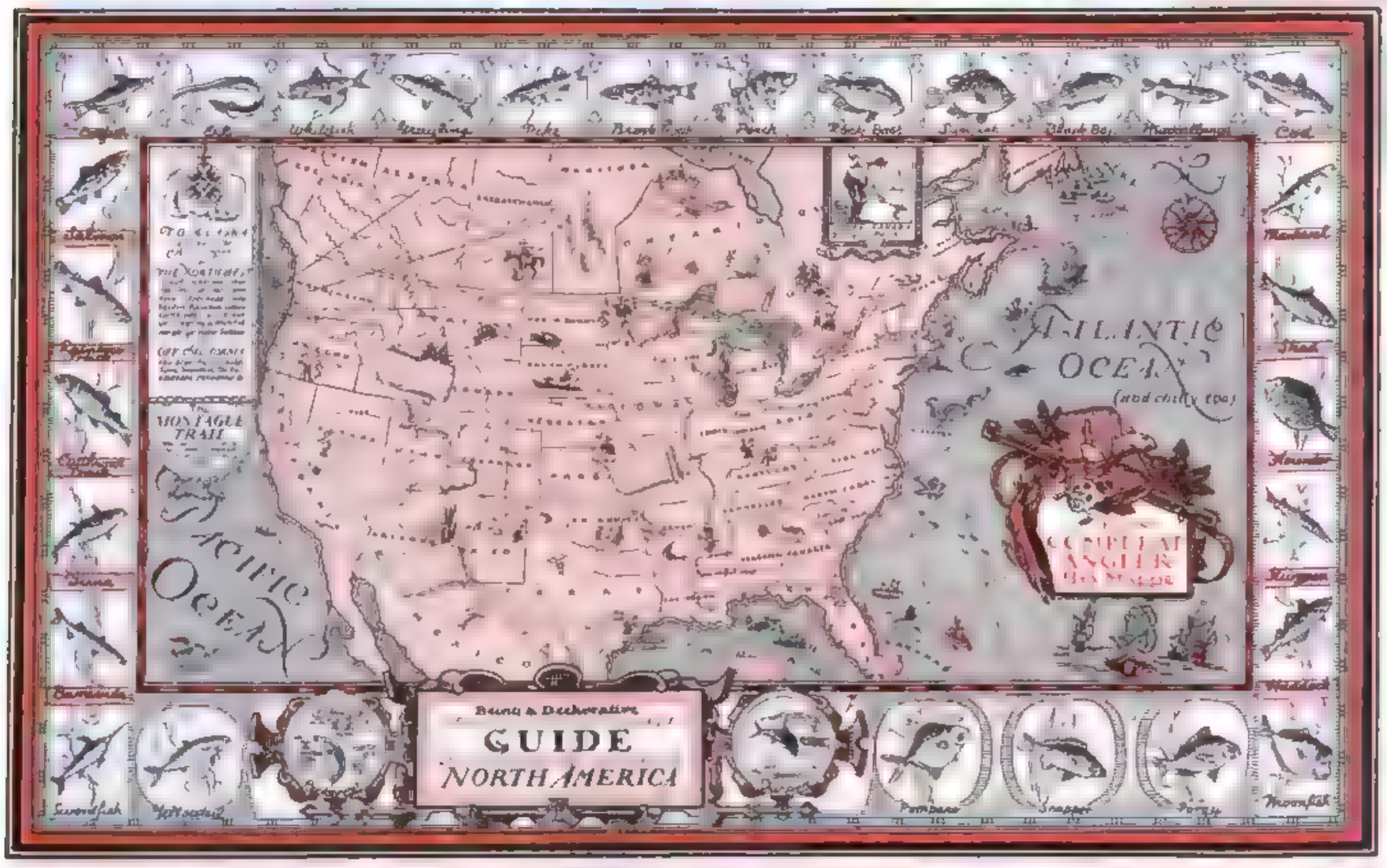
45 BRUSHES - 69 USES - HEAD TO FOOT - CELLAR TO ATTIC
Genuine Fuller Products carry this Red Top Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both

The MONTAGUE



HERE is Ye Angler's Mappe of the Montague Trail—not a trail of roads but of fishing routes. Painted by a famous artist-fisherman with a sense of humor, reproduced in full color and three foot width—it's good for hours of entertainment and study in any home or club. Send 25c for postage and packing and mark your own favorite fishing spots on the map after you've posted it on your wall.

Wherever you see this Sign there's good fishing or good fishing tackle.

WHICH is yours? The happy crowd that fairly thrills at mention of game fishing? The greater group that has "thought of taking it up?" Or the multitude not yet allowing itself to anticipate such leisure.

One out of 12—game fishermen

If you're missing it, you're missing a thrill that more and more are learning to love every year. The Bureau of Fisheries estimates that over ten million people now go game fishing every year. Secretary Hoover says that 20 years ago the number was less than a million.

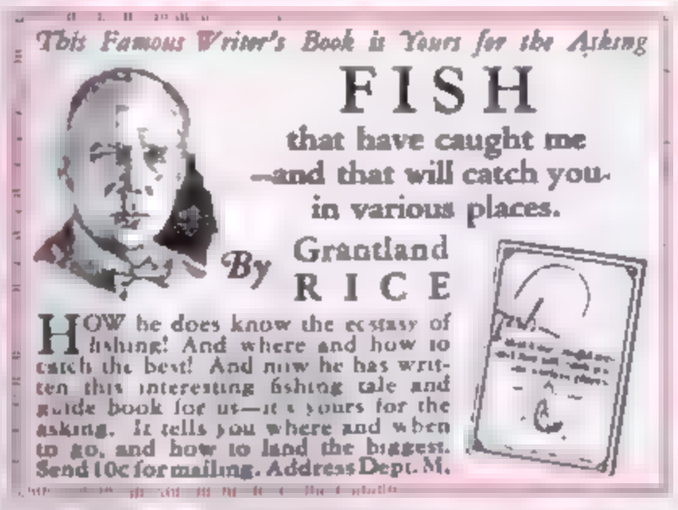
It's the one great regal game you can play either single-handed or with friends, according to your mood.

That's Living!

Whip the surface of a turbulent stream with a floating gossamer bait . . . test your wits manœuvering a lure to out-nature Nature herself . . . wash your soul with pure clean air . . . and . . . A Strike! Oh boy—there's no other fun just like it!

It's the sport that can send thrills tingling through every fibre of your being in the earliest grey streaking of dawn or the last faint gleam of twilight. And when other games are ruined by rain—then's when many say fishing's at its best.

With the advent of marvelous roads and millions of automobiles—everybody's in quick reach of ideal spots to which famed fishermen used to travel far.


This Famous Writer's Book is Yours for the Asking

FISH

that have caught me —and that will catch you in various places.

By Grantland RICE

HOW he does know the ecstasy of fishing! And where and how to catch the best! And now he has written this interesting fishing tale and guide book for us—it's yours for the asking. It tells you where and when to go, and how to land the biggest. Send 10c for mailing. Address Dept. M.

The Gover[illegible] stocks streams with eleven hun[illegible] small-fry a year.

A neatly c[illegible]ctional rod is compact equipme[illegible] motor trip, vacation, or week-end ja[illegible] And with no more pretentious equipment than this, tourists by the thousands are discovering how to turn any happy hour on the banks of a dancing stream into a camper's feast.

If we can but "sell" you game fishing —you'll sell yourself a Montague Rod! For, in half a century, this great company of specialists has developed as fine a line of split bamboo rods as money can buy. Today, as a consequence, Montague makes half of the world's fine fishing rods, and a great percentage of its reels.

Rods built by master craftsmen

Montague Rods are still hand-worked—still made with months of skilled craftsmanship devoted to each frame, just as they were when we made President Cleveland's fishing rods.

Let your favorite sport store show you the marvelously delicate workmanship of Montague split bamboo, with its six or eight strips of hardest Oriental fibre invisibly seamed together in a feather-weight dream of a rod tapering down to a split sixteenth of an inch, where the bamboo is shaved to the thinness of a thread. Wonderfully flexible. Miraculously strong. Beautiful!

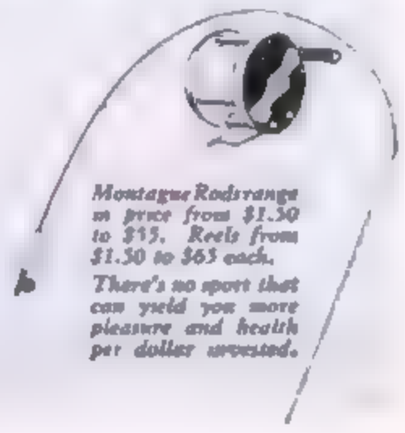
Just get the "feel" of this!

Just get the "feel" of such a live fishing rod in your hand! It will send your imagination winging off to rushing streams, to shaded pools, to days and nights in the open . . . and to the recreation that really *re-creates!*

MONTAGUE

ROD AND REEL COMPANY

MONTAGUE CITY MASSACHUSETTS



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There's no sport that can yield you more pleasure and health per dollar invested.

TRAIL

Oh, give a man a sport he can love—a game free from bicker and pelf—

He can follow the Montague Trail with a gang—he can get its full thrill by himself.

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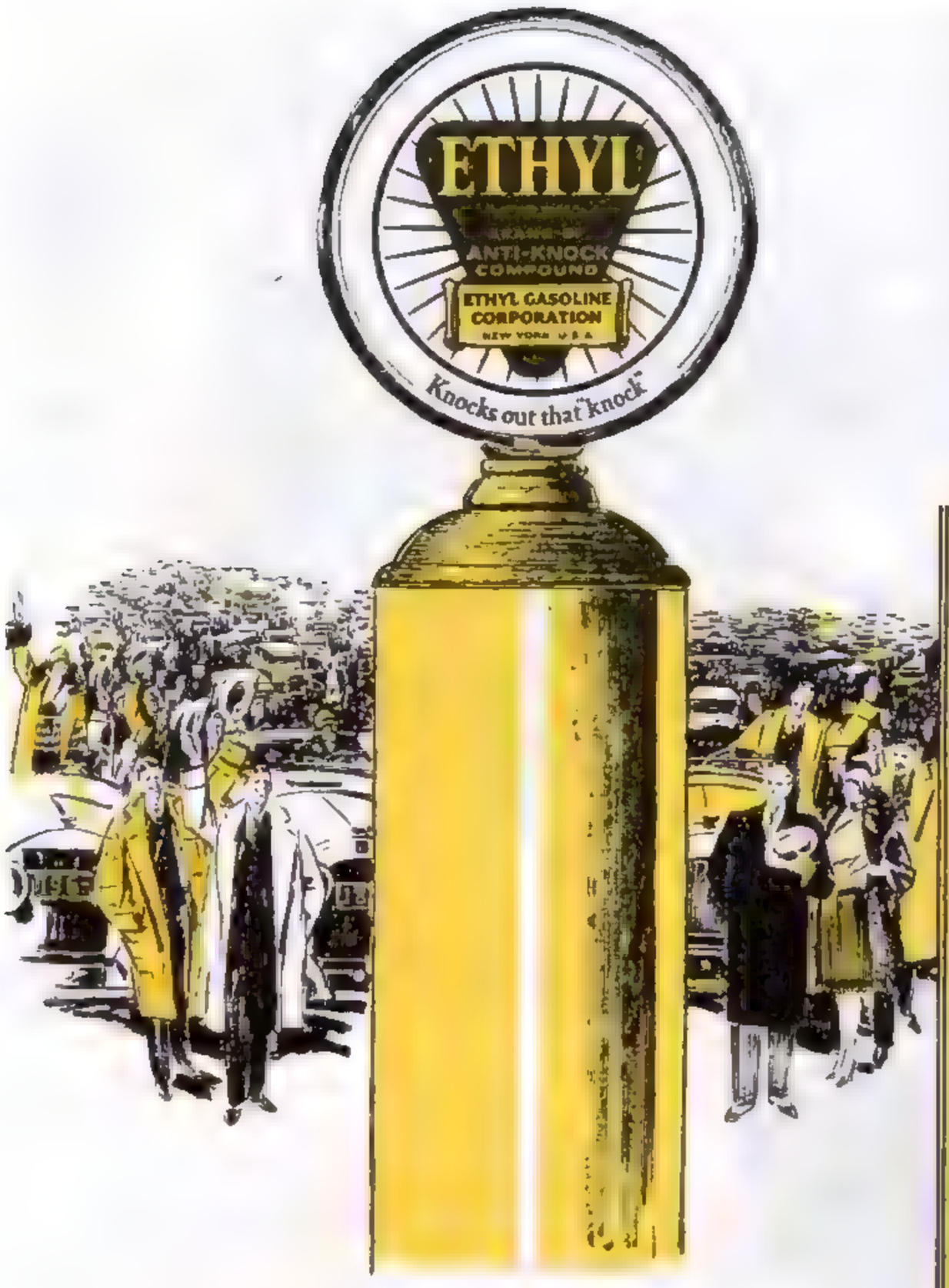

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It is formed by adding Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound ("ETHYL" fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

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Only oil refining companies licensed to sell Ethyl Gasoline can mix "ETHYL" fluid with their gasoline. In every case the amount of "ETHYL" fluid must be sufficient to meet a definite standard of "anti-knock" quality rigidly controlled by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance. It takes more than dye to make "anti-knock" gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.

If your car is designed to operate on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:

Eliminate that "knock" and power loss.

Make carbon deposits a source of extra power. For carbon increases compression and Ethyl Gasoline is the high compression fuel.

Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.

Reduce gear-shifting and increase acceleration, thereby making traffic driving easier.

Cut down vibration, thereby reducing engine wear and tear and depreciation.

Save you the expense of carbon removal and other repairs caused by "knocking" and carbon formation.

Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

Ethyl Gasoline is sold only at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark shown above.

Ethyl Gasoline is the yardstick by which other gasolines are measured.

(Continued from Page 144)

seemed sometimes tragic, absurd sometimes, despairingly futile always in its abrupt fickle mutations, its rather foolish recurrences, its desperate intentness on trivialities. Now, at last, she had something real, important, vital, necessary to herself and to the world, to expend her rich gift of love upon—a purpose greater than herself.

She was happy to find for her own life's problem so simple a solution. And yet, looking back over her whole life, remembering its dark moments of pain and wonder and mystery, and her own conviction of essential strangeness and difference from other lives, she was rather humiliated to discover that the solution of her life's problem was so obvious, inevitable, and, according to tradition, so almost trite!

What a tremendous relief, though, in the feeling that destiny had taken the game out of her hands; that she was no longer a free agent, a willful being who might decide and change, but one who must submit to the stronger will of Nature—a mere link in the long chain of continuing human life. At first she had felt as if she were caught in a trap from which there was no escape; but now she thought that, for the first time in her life, she was free—free from love and from hate alike, free from the need to will. She gave herself up to the inevitable course of the life stream with a glad abandonment, with a sense of peace and relief. To submit, to accept, to let oneself be carried quietly and unresistingly on the full tide of the ages—this, she thought, might not be the happiest, the best, solution for all women, but it was for her.

She had not told anyone yet. She was still staying at Clivedale Farm, because the house that her father had finally selected in Glennwood was not quite ready. And it seemed best to wait until she was safely established there, and Owen safely away, before she told her father. With that inexplicable loyalty of one man to another, her father might actually believe that Owen had some new claim on her now. She would not admit that Owen had any claim, any share.

Sometimes, with a sort of jealous and egotistical satisfaction, she was glad. Again there were times when, exploring the old house, reading its intimate history like a book of John Clive's life and of his grandsons, some reminder of Owen's childhood would clutch at her heart like a hand. The two rooms on the top floor which had been the day and night nurseries, the gymnasium where the boys' boxing gloves and old punching bag were still kept, the little old governess cart gathering dust in the coach house, the photographs of Owen and King learning to ride—King naughty and defiant, even at that age pretending to be blasé, while Owen, small, fair and determined, stared at his pony's ears, solemnly intent on the important task. He must have been about five then; she took the photograph out of its frame and hid it away.

And now, lying on the sofa in front of the fire, in the room she had come to like best in all the house—for in John Clive's library she had begun to regard books as more than an idle moment's entertainment, to be ashamed of the ignorance and triviality which had been fostered by a fashionable girls' school—dreaming there, in the book-lined room, about the future, a sharp memory from the past assailed her. And she heard Owen's voice, saw his heavy, fair head bending down over her, the eyes going dark.

She jumped up and walked restlessly to a mirror to stare at herself for a long time in her white frock and crystal beads and bracelets, her smooth small head and long dark eyes and gardenia skin. She drew a line of rouge across her lips and sighed faintly. Turning away from her reflection, she rang the bell. Tea and Kitty Grove were brought in almost simultaneously.

"Val, dear! But you're expecting someone?" Kitty Grove's sharp eye swept the glittering tray, even in the midst of her energetic kiss.

"Only Alma. She promised to drive out this afternoon if she felt well. But perhaps she isn't coming, after all."

"Oh, I must stay!" declared Kitty Grove, sitting down, loosening the fox scarf about her throat. Her frock and coat of beige silk were severely simple, her wide hat impertinently chic. She had given up rouge for the cheeks and consequently looked rather fast.

"I know that you and Alma always have very confidential things you want to talk about," she complained gently. "But"—brightening—"I had to come out to tell you my news." She accepted a cup of tea from her daughter, picked up a small cake and laid it down. "No! That's one thing I won't do for the Harcourts—get fat!

"We are going to live in Glennwood," Kitty Grove announced.

"What? We—who do you mean?" Val stammered feebly.

"Your father's taken a house there. I only found out today—he'd saved it as a surprise for me. We shall move out next week. I've begun my packing already."

"But—mother, you don't want to live in Glennwood?"

"Oh, yes; I shan't mind at all. Mr. Harcourt is so much in favor of the plan. He's promised to have his architect design a new house especially for us—we shall only use this one temporarily. He thinks Mrs. Harcourt will be so pleased too!"

"But, mother, your bridge club—all your friends in town ——."

"Oh, we shall have a car, of course. Your father had bought that, too, as a surprise." She laughed. "My dear, you simply can't imagine how mysteriously he's been acting lately. I declare I thought he must be interested in another woman, though he's never given me any trouble in that way. And I wish you could have seen his face when I followed him out to Glennwood this morning and discovered everything! The old darling actually looked guilty! He didn't know what to say! In fact, he didn't say one word. My dear, I assure you he was speechless, as if I'd caught him building a love nest!"

Val fired her last shot: "But you can't drive a car, mother. And even if you learned, it wouldn't be very comfortable, coming in to parties, in all your nice clothes ——"

"Oh, my dear, don't be absurd. We shall have a chauffeur, of course."

"But can father afford ——"

"I've thought of all that. I've arranged everything. Even you, Val, will have to admit I was clever. I remembered that bureau of student employment at the university and I found such a nice boy who will be perfectly charmed to drive for us in the evenings and on holidays. He can do a little typing for your father in his spare moments, and all we have to give him is just the very smallest salary and his board, and not treat him as a servant, of course. And whenever I want to, I can drive in with him when he goes to his classes in the mornings and come back with him in the afternoon. He's quite nice-looking, too, and saves the expense of a uniform—or do you call it livery? Of course we are not fashionable yet. It's a good thing you aren't living at home—you'd be sure to fall in love with him. Well, it's an ideal arrangement for everyone."

"Except me," said Val bitterly. "My job's gone."

"What?"

"You've given that quite nice-looking boy my job. If father's too much of a coward to tell you, I shall. I was going to drive the car and type a little and keep house for father. That house in Glennwood was for father and me, and now you've taken it all away and spoiled everything!"

"Well, upon my word!" cried Kitty Grove, flushing brightly. "I ought to have suspected something of the sort from Christopher's hang-dog manner! If that isn't like you two! Always plotting and planning and whispering behind my back! You've ruined my whole life, between you!"

She burst into amazing tears. Val had only once before in her life seen that strong woman, her mother, weep, and it affected her now with a curiously painful sense of shame, of guilt. Kitty Grove cried out, even more amazingly:

"Talk about the beauty of mother love! Rubbish! I've sometimes wished you had never been born, Val! Now I've told you the truth, at last!"

"Why, mother!"

"Oh, I know! Sounds perfectly shocking—women aren't supposed to even think such things, let alone say them! But just you look out, Val. Children don't always bring people together, nor hold them together either, no matter what the storybooks tell you. Much more likely to separate two people who love each other, in my opinion. That's what happened to me anyway. Your father just couldn't see me after you were born. I never talked this way to a living soul before, and even your own father doesn't know it. I've held my head up always, but I've been a most unhappy woman, Val."

This was a new Kitty Grove. And as her daughter gazed at her in wonder a strange new feeling, very faint and feeble but authentic, stirred in her heart. She recognized her own moments of injustice and hardness and youthful cruelty. Neither she nor her father had ever given Kitty credit for her own good qualities, because her lesser traits had so irritated them.

"It was you and Christopher together, and against me, all the time," Kitty Grove went on. "And you can't understand, either, Val, unless you know the beginning. You may not believe it now, but Christopher Grove was once madly in love with me; he had to run away to marry—his family wouldn't give their consent; in fact they were all against it—hated me—thought I wasn't good enough —— Well, my family was plain, but not so bad as those Groves tried to make out. And I was a healthy, lively girl—but nothing wrong. Afterward they were simply horrid to me—nasty, cold snobs!

"But Christopher didn't care for a while. Then I seemed to get on his nerves—our ways weren't alike, somehow—just little things—nothing important, but Christopher was always so high-strung and delicate. The sort of man I should have married wouldn't have cared; it would have been quarrel and kiss and no hurt feelings. Well, then you were born. And you were one of his own family, you see—a Grove—and I was an outsider. That used to make me so mad that I got ugly to him, I suppose." She sighed. "Well, I always had a hot temper and a quick tongue, and I couldn't control it. And you—almost as soon as you could walk and speak—you looked down on me, Val!"

"Oh, nonsense, mother! Don't be absurd!"

"Yes, you did! All your little haughty ways, even as a baby. I could see it in your baby eyes. Sometimes when I got in a temper and said things I was ashamed of, myself, afterward, you had just Christopher's own way of looking at me. There was no use to punish you, you were so proud. I think you'd have let yourself be killed before you'd have cried out, and I hated you for it, and loved you, too—I don't know how to explain—but I could see in your eyes you thought I was common. I couldn't bear it! You were my child, too, just as much as his. It got me wild sometimes, and I was hateful to both of you. I was jealous of both of you; that's the truth—of you with him and of him with you. Don't you see how that could be?"

"Yes, I do understand now. I'm glad you have told me."

Kitty Grove collected the dropped pieces of her pride and fitted them neatly together again as she took out her vanity case and powdered her nose, observing with pardonable satisfaction her own reflection in the mirror.

"I'll tell you another thing, too, Val," she murmured, in her usual tone of a brisk and cheerful self-confidence. "Don't ever forget this, my dear! The Groves may have given you all their pride and prejudice,

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LXVI

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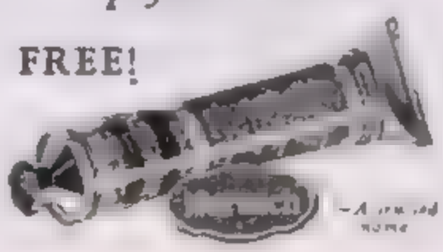

and all their fine airs and graces, but it's from me you got your strength and health and your good looks. And we shall see which will take you farthest in this world. And if ever you have a child of your own you might just ask it which it would prefer—a family tree or a perfect digestion. My goodness! I wouldn't care to be born a Grove myself, if I had to take the Groves' nervous dyspepsia!"

XLVII

ALMA LANE'S limousine swept gracefully into the drive just as Kitty Grove's taxicab dashed down. The two women waved and smiled, and Kitty, tapping on the glass, screamed something, though her car was whisked too rapidly out through the gates for Alma to hear. But as soon as she observed Wyck's troubled face Alma knew that she should have listened to Kitty Grove, followed her if necessary, and asked her to repeat what she had said.

For there was an atmosphere in that house. Standing in the hall, Alma could feel it, emanating from some unknown source, spreading electrically through all the rooms. Yet the whole house was still. The very air seemed to be stretched tight. Something had happened—was happening. No sensitive woman could fail to perceive that, nor fail to observe in Wyck a struggle. Dark, obscure, equally strong forces fought in Wyck's countenance, which should have been utterly blank. He was trying to decide whether to be a butler or a man.

"Perhaps Mrs. Mallory wasn't expecting me this afternoon," Alma hinted to help him.

Her expression was so sympathetic that Wyck took the plunge and became a man.

"Mr. Mallory has just come home, madam," he replied. "Most unexpectedly," he added.

And with his good-dog's eyes, those eyes of an old, faithful and anxious spaniel, he begged her to pardon this lapse from duty, his impertinent interference—and yet—to go away—to go away!

Alma fumbled helplessly in a hand bag, feminine fashion.

"Oh, dear," she said in a prettily distressed voice, "I've forgotten something most important and shall have to drive straight back into town. You needn't say to Mrs. Mallory that I called—I shall telephone her myself later on, and explain."

"Very good, madam." Wyck had recovered his proper face. "Thank you, madam." The door closed.

In the library Val stood just where she had first jumped up at Owen's surprising entrance, her cheeks still burning, her eyes ablaze.

"It wasn't necessary for you—to do that—because mother was here!"

Owen, too, stood still, near the door where he had told Kitty Grove good-by. He didn't move toward his wife, but he looked at her steadily, and though his voice was low, she heard what he said:

"That wasn't the reason."

Kitty Grove had managed to efface herself almost immediately after the embrace. Owen had walked into the room without any warning and had taken Val in his arms. Kitty saw the startled blush, her daughter's instant drawing back from even that husbandly kiss on the cheek. For a long time, of course, she had realized something was wrong. In one breath she had bade her son-in-law hail and farewell.

"Lucky I kept my taxi waiting!" she thought. "Owen's come home!" she shouted at Alma, in flight.

"Here, what are you in such a hurry about?" she demanded of her driver when he had whisked her so unceremoniously away. "I wanted to speak to a friend!"

Turning his head, he allowed her to see the yellows of sullen eyes—spoke in that tone of injured innocence which is one of the talents of the negro race:

"Kin dri' you back, lady? I ain' in no huhay my own se'f. Ise in a huhay 'cause you payin' fuh waitin' time."

She looked at the meter. "Three dollars and eighty cents! I should say not! Well, next week I'll have a private car and my own chauffeur, and needn't buy impudence by the minute.

"Alma is famous for her tact," she thought, comfortably settling down.

Owen came toward his wife, but did not attempt to touch her again.

"Will you sit down and talk to me quietly for a few minutes, Val? Shall we try to have just one talk without getting angry?"

She obediently resumed her place on the sofa, but her look was defiant, her voice hard:

"What do you want to talk about? I thought you said it wouldn't be necessary to tell each other good-by."

He drew an armchair up at one side of the fire, facing Val. His steady blue eyes, no longer cold and ironic, but calm, kind, strangely serene now, made her uncomfortable. She turned her head, looking down over her chin at the crystal bracelets on her arms, jingling them softly.

"I didn't come to say good-by."

Her chin jerked around sharply. She felt herself turn pale, and her hands trembled. But she controlled her voice.

PHOTO. FROM T. F. COLLINS

The Old Dock

"What do you mean?"

"I've come home—to stay "

"But you're going abroad with King, aren't you? Aren't you going abroad with King?"

"No; not now."

"Why?" She was whispering. "Why?"

He leaned forward in his chair, trying to catch, to hold her gaze that eluded him desperately like a hunted thing. A new note had come into his voice, something she had never heard before. It thrilled her in spite of herself.

"Wait a minute, Val, before we talk about that. Let me tell you first about King."

"Oh!" She felt queerly disappointed, she didn't know why. "Oh, yes, of course, King. How is he now?"

"Doing splendidly. I wrote you. Miss Jerome will take him abroad."

"But—why?"

"They are going to be married "

"What? Married?"

"Yes. They have been engaged for some time. But they only told me last night."

"Oh, why—how extraordinary!" She really didn't know what to say, couldn't judge, from Owen's queer expression, just how she was expected to receive the news. His lips were set somewhat grimly, as if he had swallowed something unpleasant, but his eyes were smiling—smiling ironically at himself.

"You see," he went on, "they made it rather plain that I wasn't wanted on their honeymoon. And now it seems equally plain that I'm not wanted on my own."

She went so suddenly scarlet that she put up one hand to her cheek.

"But we ——"

"—— never had one. Yes, that's where we made our mistake."

"I—don't understand," was all she could feebly murmur.

"I've come back to Clivedale to stay, and to ask you to stay too."

"But, Owen, you promised ——"

"Everything is different now."

"Why?"

He waited an instant. "Miss Jerome—told me."

"Oh!"

He did not try to touch her. But he held out his hand as if in the hope that she would take it. She did not. He let it drop back on his knee. He was not looking at her now. A minute went by in silence—tense silence. There was not even the sound of a clock or any small voice from the fire.

Then Owen spoke again, in a voice that was deliberately keyed down to the matter-of-fact note of every day, the casual, slightly humorous tone of ordinary conversation:

"Miss Jerome got the idea somehow that I was trying to prevent the marriage—that I was staying on, you see, to interfere in some way—when really, upon my word, I was so stupid that I hadn't got a hint of it even. Well, that's why she told me, I suppose—to send me, in all haste, home." His mouth quirked in a delightful smile. "As a matter of fact, she told me very frankly that I had better go home and attend to my own business. And so you see, Val, I'm here. Will you consent, though, to be—my business? That's the question."

"But you promised—you promised to let me go away ——"

"That was before I knew."

"But why should that change everything?"

"Oh, Val, don't be silly, darling!" His tone was very tender.

She jumped up, trembling all over. "No! No!" she cried wildly. "I won't have you pretend now! Just because —— No, I won't have it! I can't! It isn't fair to me!"

Like a bird frantic with terror, her hand struggled in his, but he drew her down on the sofa and sat beside her, still keeping her hand.

"You say it isn't fair to you, Val?"

"No!"

"Do you think it's fair to our child for us to separate now?" She refused to answer.

"I won't say is it fair to me, though that's in the question too. It's my child too But leave me out of it—what I want—how I feel. We've got to think of the child now. That changes everything. Of course everything is changed now."

"No! I won't have it that way! I can't!"

"But darling, it isn't for you to decide for me, either. Life has taken it out of our hands. Love— "

"Oh, but that's just the trouble! There wasn't —— If—if it had been love——"

"You must speak for yourself. I loved you."

"You me?"

"Yes—always—and now."

"But, Owen —— No, that can't be true! When ——"

"I think it began the night of Beth's wedding. Do you remember that time we drove all night long? I couldn't remember anything about that night afterward, exactly what had happened, after the accident. But the next morning, in the hospital, the first thing I thought about—wanted—was you."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me then?"

"How could I make love to you when you hated me so—refused to marry me? And then—even after we were married—I thought I had no right—I thought you didn't want—my love."

"But afterward! After—when you knew ——"

"How could I know?"

"Even after ——"

"No, it didn't seem possible you —— I don't know, Val, what I thought. If I hadn't had to go away ——"

"But why didn't you write to me? Why didn't you tell me in your letters ——"

"Oh, Val, can't you understand, darling? Even then I wasn't sure—couldn't be sure you really cared about me. I thought it might have been pity. I don't know. I couldn't believe it was true that you really cared about me. I wanted to wait until I came back. I thought, when we saw each other again, I could tell—from what you said—how you looked ——"

"But how cruel! How cruel of you, Owen—not to tell me!"

They had been speaking in low, rapid voices, almost whispering, confused, yet interrupting each other constantly in their eagerness to explain. Now he caught her in his arms, suddenly, fiercely, putting an end to useless speech.

"I wanted to tell you—like this!"

Oddly, inconsequently, out of the very midst of blinding rapture, she thought of the luncheon club. Most of its members were out of town—wouldn't return until autumn.

But the next meeting would be at her house. In imagination she heard her own voice saying, halfway between laughter and tears:

"I have an announcement to make."

"Owen," she whispered, pressing her cheek more closely into his shoulder "Owen, I thought"—she laughed—"I thought you wanted to divorce me and marry Beth!"

"God forbid!" he replied simply and convincingly. "I've only seen her once. She called on us at our hotel that day you left New York—I forgot to tell you—but I've heard since she's gone back to Satterlee."

Valeria sat up, pleasurably shocked. "Gone back to her husband—after all that scandal?"

"It seems they settled it, very peacefully, out of court. He's bought Beth a villa near Cannes and she's to have an ex-grand duchess of Russia's black pearls."

Valeria smiled serenely. She was as magnanimous as all women who have nothing left to wish for.

"I think Beth will look simply heavenly in black pearls. I'm so glad she got them," said Val, and settled back, even more comfortably, in Owen's arms.

(THE END

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Beyond mountain ranges that guard the orange groves surrounding Los Angeles lies the great American desert—as strange mysterious and as awesome as the Sahara itself. Much of it is under sea level. Death Valley, the lowest spot in the nation is 236 feet below. In the midst of this waste is Palm Springs and other popular winter resorts. In springtime the desert is an amazing flame of brilliant hued flowers.

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Los Angeles County is one of the richest in natural resources. Its oil fields are rated at a billion dollars. You can motor through them on paved boulevards! Last year agricultural products alone approximated $95,000,000. In five years, ten, fifteen, it is predicted that Southern California will grow beyond any present conception.

• • • • •

REMARKABLE as is the story of the growth of Los Angeles and Southern California, it is not more remarkable than the colorful background that makes it the world's greatest all-year outdoor land. You must know this Southern California country . . . read the names of prominent people who have come here to live real life . . . drink in the mellowness of spring skies in the "dead of winter" . . . bathe in the brilliant sunshine . . . inhale the aroma of orange blossoms . . . and get the thrill of summer with a moderate temperature, low humidity and sleep under blankets at night! *Then you will be convinced!*

Sailing westward from the port of Los Angeles you log thirty [illegible] mountain [illegible] the ocean. It is in plain view [illegible]

WITHIN a few miles or a few hours of the symphony in stone that is Los Angeles' new City Hall, there is *everything* that the Alps, Riviera, Sahara and Capri can offer. Think of it—High Sierra summits that rival Switzerland, with Mt. Whitney (14,501 feet), highest of peaks in all the states. Then, the Riviera-like coast of beaches extending 271 miles to the Mexican line! And, if this were not enough for contrast, there is a desert as fascinating as Sahara (and now entirely safe for motor travel), and islands emerging from the placid Pacific as delighting as Capri itself.

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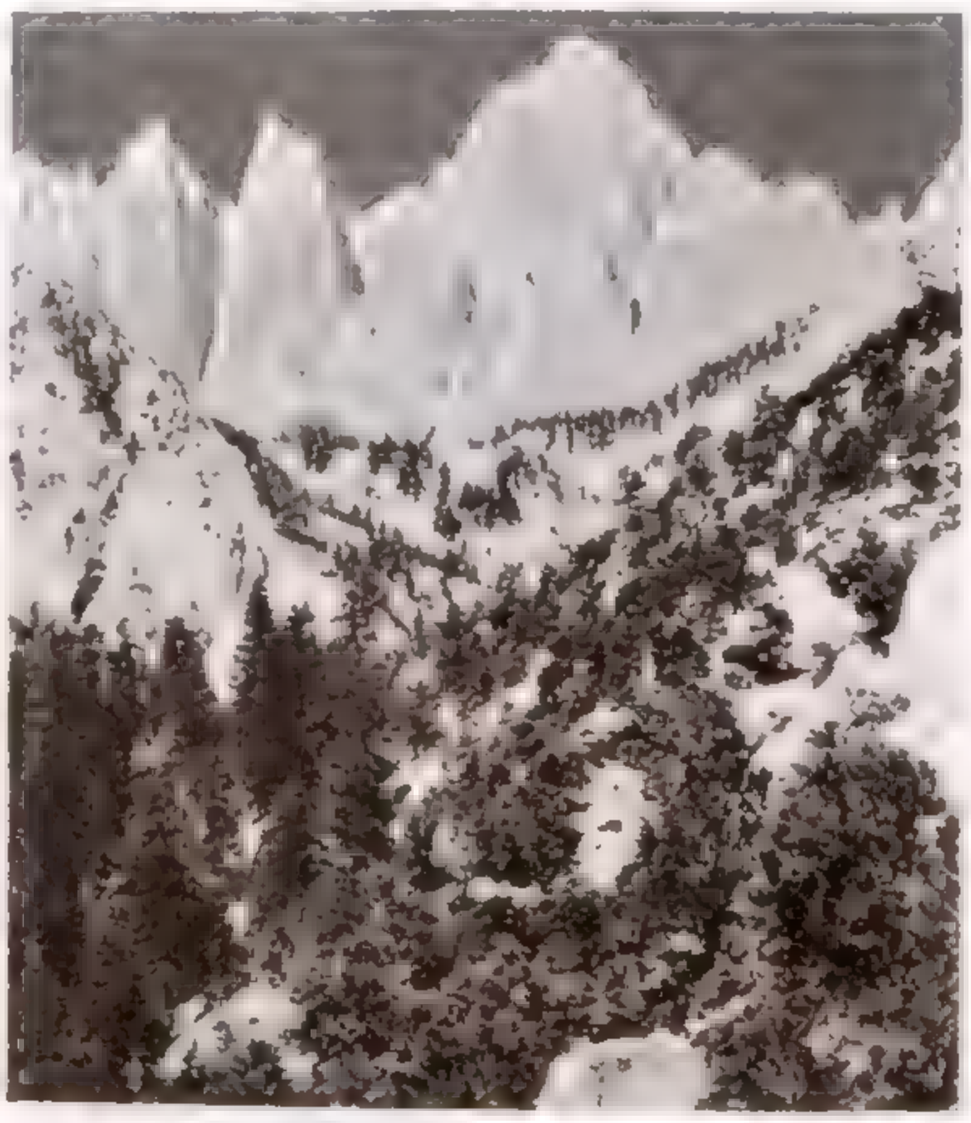

The High Sierra rise almost sheer from Owens Valley. The illustration shows Mt. Whitney, the nation's tallest mountain peak (14,501 ft.), as seen from Lone Pine Canyon. This marvelous High Sierra country, where Los Angeles maintains a great natural park, offers unending fascination for the sportsman and out-of-doors lover. Trout! Within the High Sierra are more than 2000 lakes higher than 6000 ft.

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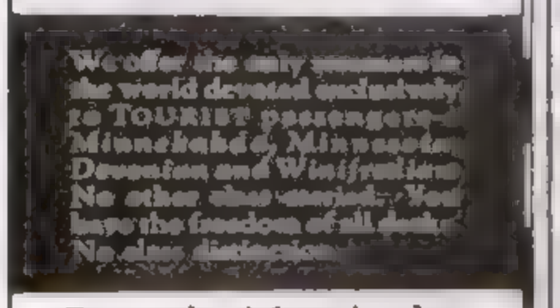
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BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

(Continued from Page 29)

He saw Miss Morrow and Flannery enter, but gave them only a cool nod as they passed. Mystified, they went on upstairs. Kirk met them at the door.

"Here we are," growled Flannery. "I wonder what the sergeant's up to. If he's got me here on a wild-goose chase I'll deport him to Hawaii. I'm too busy today to feel playful."

"Oh, Chan will make good," Kirk assured him. "By the way, I suppose you've got that elevator girl—Jennie Jerome, or Grace Lane, or whatever her name is—under your eagle eye."

"Yes. The boys have been shadowing her since last Thursday."

"Find out anything?"

"Not a thing. She's got a room on Powell Street. Stays in nights and minds her own business, as far as I can learn."

Down at the door Chan was greeting Gloria Garland. "You are promptly on the minute. A delectable virtue."

"I'm here, but I don't know what you want," she replied. "I told you everything the other day."

"Yes, of course. Will you be kind enough to walk after me? We rise aloft."

He took her up in a car run by a black-haired little Irish girl, and they entered the living room of the bungalow.

"Ah, captain—Miss Morrow—we are all here. That is correct," Charlie said. "Miss Garland, will you kindly recline on chair?"

The woman sat down, obviously puzzled. Her eyes sought Flannery's. "What do you want with me now?" she asked.

The captain shrugged his broad shoulders. "Me—I don't want you. It's Sergeant Chan here. He's had a mysterious hunch."

Chan smiled. "Yes, I am guilty party, Miss Garland. I hope I have not rudely unconvenienced you."

"Not a bit," she answered.

"One day you told us of the girl Marie Lantelme, who disappeared so oddly out of Nice," Chan continued. "Will you kindly state—you have still not encountered her?"

"No, of course not," the woman replied.

"You are quite sure you would recognize her if you met her?"

"Of course. I knew her well."

Chan's eyes narrowed. "There would be no reason why you would conceal act of recognition from us? I might humbly remind you, this is serious affair."

"No—why should I do that? I'll tell you if I see her, but I'm sure I haven't."

"Very good. Will you remain in present posture until my return?" Chan went rapidly out to the stairway leading to the floor below.

They looked at one another in wonder, but no one spoke. In a moment Chan returned. With him came Grace Lane, the elevator girl whom Mrs. Enderby had identified as Jennie Jerome.

She came serenely into the room and stood there. The sunlight fell full upon her, outlining clearly her delicately modeled face. Gloria Garland started and half rose from her chair.

"Marie!" she cried. "Marie Lantelme! What are you doing here?"

They gasped. A look of triumph shone in Chan's narrow eyes.

The girl's poise did not desert her. "Hello, Gloria," she said softly. "We meet again."

"But where have you been, my dear?" Miss Garland wanted to know. "Where did you go—and why ——"

The girl stopped her. "Some other time," she said.

In a daze, Flannery rose to his feet. "Look here," he began. "Let me get this straight." He moved forward accusingly. "You are Marie Lantelme?"

"I was—once," she nodded.

"You were singing in the same troupe as Miss Garland here, eleven years ago, at Nice? You disappeared?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"I was tired of it. I found I didn't like the stage. If I had stayed they would have forced me to go on. So I ran away."

"Yeah. And seven years ago you were in New York a model for a dressmaker. Your name then was Jennie Jerome. You disappeared again?"

"For the same reason. I didn't care for the work. I—I'm restless, I guess."

"I'll say you're restless. You kept changing names?"

"I wanted to start all over—a new person."

Flannery glared at her. "There's something queer about you, my girl. You know who I am, don't you?"

"You appear to be a policeman."

"Well, that's right. I am."

"I have never done anything wrong. I am not afraid."

"Maybe not. But tell me this—what do you know about Sir Frederic Bruce?"

"I know that he was a famous man from Scotland Yard who was killed in Mr. Kirk's office last Tuesday night."

"Ever see him before he came here?"

"No, sir; I never had."

"Ever hear of him?"

"I don't believe so."

Her even, gentle answers put Flannery at a loss. He stood, considering. His course was far from clear.

"You were running the elevator here last Tuesday night?" he continued.

"Yes, sir, I was."

"Have you any idea why Sir Frederic was hunting for you—for Marie Lantelme, or Jennie Jerome, or whoever you really are?"

She frowned. "Was he hunting for me? How strange. No, sir, I have no idea at all."

"Well," said Flannery, "let me tell you this: You're a pretty important witness in the matter of Sir Frederic's murder, and I don't intend you shall get away."

The girl smiled. "So I judge. I seem to have been followed rather closely the past few days."

"Well, you'll be followed even more closely from now on. One false move and I lock you up. You understand that?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"All right. Just tend to your work, and when I want you I'll tell you so. You can go now."

"Thank you, sir," the girl replied and went quietly out.

Flannery turned to Miss Garland. "You recognized her the other night, didn't you?" he demanded.

"Oh, but I assure you, I didn't. I recognized her today for the first time."

"Which is plenty time enough," said Chan. "Miss Garland, we are sunk deep in your debt. I permit you now to depart."

"Yeah, you can go," added Flannery. "Take some other car and keep away from your old friend until this thing's cleared up."

"I'll do that," Miss Garland assured him. "I'm afraid she didn't want me to identify her. I do hope I haven't got her into trouble."

"That depends," answered Flannery, and Kirk showed the actress out.

Chan was beaming. "Hunch plenty good, after all," he chuckled.

"Well, where are we?" Flannery said. "The elevator girl is Jennie Jerome. Then she's Marie Lantelme. What does that mean?"

"It means only one thing," said Miss Morrow softly.

"The captain is pretending to be dense," suggested Chan. "He could not really be so thick."

"What are you talking about?" Flannery demanded.

"My hunch, which has come so nicely true," Chan told him. "The elevator girl is Jennie Jerome. Next, she is Marie Lantelme. What does it mean, you ask? It means one thing only—she is also Eve Durand."

"By heaven!" Flannery cried.

"Consider how the muddy water clears," Chan went on. "Eve Durand flees from India one dark night fifteen years ago. Four years later she is found in Nice, playing in theater. Something happens—maybe she is seen and recognized again she runs away. Another four years elapse and we encounter her in New York, walking in model gowns. Again something happens, again she disappears. Where does she go? Eventually to San Francisco. Here opportunities are not so good; she must take more lowly position. And here Sir Frederic comes, always seeking for Eve Durand."

"It's beautifully clear," approved Miss Morrow.

"Like lake at evening," nodded Chan. "Sir Frederic, though he has looked long for this woman, has never seen her. He can unearth here no one who can identify Eve Durand, but he remembers once she was Marie Lantelme, once Jennie Jerome. In this great city, he learns, are two people who have known her when she was wearing these other names. He asks that they be invited to dinner, hoping that one or both will point out to him the woman he has trailed so long."

Flannery was walking the floor. "Well, I don't know. It's almost too good to be true. But if it is—if she's Eve Durand then I can't let her wander around loose. I'll have to lock her up this morning. If I could only be sure."

"I am telling you," persisted Chan.

"I know, but you are guessing. You've identified her as those other two, but as for Eve Durand ——"

The telephone rang. Kirk answered, and handed it to Flannery. "For you, captain," he said.

Flannery took the telephone. "Oh, hello, chief," he said. . . . "Yeah—yeah. . . . What's that? . . . Oh—oh, he is? Good enough. . . . Thank you, chief. I sure will."

He hung up the receiver and turned to the others. A broad smile was on his face.

"We're going to find out, sergeant, just how good a guesser you are," he said. "I'll put a couple of extra men to following this dame, but I won't do anything more until tomorrow. Yes, sir; by tomorrow evening I'll know whether she's Eve Durand or not."

"Your words have obscure sound," Chan told him.

"The chief of police has just had a wire," Flannery explained. "Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard, is getting in tomorrow afternoon at 2:30. And he's bringing with him the one man in all the world who's sure to know Eve Durand when he sees her. He's bringing the woman's husband, Major Eric Durand."

XII

WHEN Chan and Kirk were left alone the little detective sat staring thoughtfully into space. "Now Tuesday becomes the big day for keen anticipation," he remarked. "What will it reveal? Much, I hope, for my time on the mainland becomes a brief space indeed."

Kirk looked at him in wonder. "Surely you won't go on Wednesday if this thing isn't solved?"

Chan nodded stubbornly. "I have made unspoken promise to Barry Chan. Now I put it into words. Tomorrow Eve Durand's husband arrives. In all the world we could have selected no more opportune person. He will identify this elevator woman as his wife, or he will not. If he does, perhaps case is finished. If he does not"—Charlie shrugged—"then I have done all possible. Let Captain Flannery flounder alone after that."

"Well, we won't cross our oceans until we get to them," Kirk suggested. "A lot may happen before Wednesday. By the

(Continued on Page 159)

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HOMES WILL BE MORE BEAUTIFUL THIS SPRING

(Continued from Page 154)

way, I've been meaning to take you over to the Cosmopolitan Club. How about lunching there this noon?"

Chan brightened. "I have long nursed desire to see that famous interior. You are most kind."

"All set, then," replied his host. "I have some business in the office. Come downstairs for me at 12:30. And when Paradise returns please tell him we're lunching out."

He took his hat and coat and went below. Chan strolled aimlessly to the window and stood looking down on the glittering city. His eyes strayed to the Matson dock, the pier shed and, beyond, the red funnels of a familiar ship. A ship that was sailing, day after tomorrow, for Honolulu harbor. Would he be on it? He had sworn, yes—and yet —— He sighed deeply. The doorbell rang and he admitted Bill Rankin, the reporter.

"Hello," said Rankin. "Glad to find you in. I spent all day yesterday at the public library, and say, I'll bet I stirred up more dust than the chariot in Ben Hur."

"With any luck?" Chan inquired.

"Yes. I finally found the story in the files of the New York Sun. A great newspaper in those days—but I won't talk shop. It was just a brief item with the Peshawar date line. I copied it down. Here it is."

Charlie took the sheet of yellow paper and read a short cable story that told him nothing he did not already know. Eve Durand, the young wife of a certain Captain Eric Durand, had disappeared under mysterious circumstances two nights previously, while on a picnic party in the hills outside Peshawar. The authorities were greatly alarmed and parties of British soldiers were scouring the wild countryside.

"Item has date, May fifth," remarked Chan. "Then Eve Durand was lost on night of May third, the year 1912. You found nothing else?"

"There were no follow-up stories," Rankin replied, "and no mention of Beetham, as you hoped. Say, what in Sam Hill could he have to do with this?"

"Nothing," said Chan promptly. "It was one of my small mistakes. Even great detective sometimes steps off on wrong foot. My wrong foot often weary from too much use."

"Well, what's going on anyhow?" Rankin wanted to know. "I've hounded Flannery, and I've tried Miss Morrow, and not a thing do I learn. My city editor is waxing very sarcastic. Can't you give me a tip to help me out?"

Chan shook his head. "It would be plenty poor ethics for me to talk about the case. I am in no authority here, and already Captain Flannery regards me with same warm feeling he would show pickpocket from Los Angeles. Pursuing the truth further, there is nothing to tell you anyhow. We are not as yet close to anything that might indicate happy success."

"I'm sorry to hear it," Rankin said.

"Situation will not continue," Chan assured him. "Light will break. For the present we swim with one foot on the ground, but in good time we will plunge into center of the stream. Should I be on scene when success is looming, I will be happy to give you little secret hint."

"If you're on the scene? What are you talking about?"

"Personal affairs call me home with a loud megaphone. On Wednesday I go, whether case is solved or not."

"Yes—like you did last Wednesday," Rankin laughed. "You can't kid me. The patient Oriental isn't going to get impatient at the wrong minute. Well, I must run. Remember your promise about the hint."

"I have lengthy memory," Chan replied. "And already I owe you much. Good-by."

When the reporter had gone Charlie stood staring at the copy of that cable story. "May third, nineteen hundred and twelve," he said aloud. With a surprisingly quick step he went to a table and took from it the Life of Col. John Beetham. He ran hastily through the pages until he found the thing he sought. Then for a long moment he sat in a chair with the book open on his knee, staring into space.

At precisely 12:30 he entered Kirk's office. The young man rose and, accepting some papers from his secretary, put them into a leather brief case.

"Got to see a lawyer after luncheon," he explained. "Not a nice lawyer, either—a man this time." They went to the Cosmopolitan Club.

When they had checked their hats and coats and returned to the lobby in that imposing building, Chan looked about him with deep interest. The Cosmopolitan's fame was widespread; it was the resort of men active in the arts, in finance and in journalism.

Kirk's popularity there was proved by many jovial greetings. He introduced Chan to a number of his friends and the detective was presently the center of a pleasant group. With difficulty they got away to lunch in one corner of the big dining room.

It was toward the close of the luncheon that Chan, looking up, saw approaching the man who interested him most at the moment. Col. John Beetham's hard face was more grim than ever, seen in broad daylight. He paused at their table.

"How are you, Kirk?" he said. "And Mr. Chan. I'll sit down a moment if I may"

"By all means," Kirk agreed cordially. "How about luncheon? What can I order for you?"

"Thanks, I've just finished," Beetham replied.

"A cigarette, then." Kirk held out his case.

"Good of you." The colonel took one and lighted it. "I haven't seen you since that beastly dinner. Oh—I beg your pardon—you get my meaning? What a horrible thing that was—a man like Sir Frederic. By the way, have they any idea who did it?"

Kirk shrugged. "If they have they're not telling me."

"Sergeant Chan, perhaps you are working on the case?" Beetham suggested.

Chan's eyes narrowed. "The affair concerns mainland police. I am stranger here, like yourself."

"Ah, yes, of course," responded Beetham. "I just happened to recall that you were on the point of leaving, and I thought, seeing you had stayed over ——"

"If I can help I will do so," Chan told him. He was thinking deeply. A man like Colonel Beetham did not note the comings and goings of a Charlie Chan without good reason.

"How's the new expedition shaping up?" Kirk inquired.

"Slowly—rather slowly." Beetham frowned. "Speaking of that, I have wanted a chat with you on the subject. Your grandmother has offered to help with the financing, but I have hesitated—it's a stiff sum."

"How much?"

"I have part of the money. I still need about fifty thousand dollars."

Kirk's eyebrows went up. "Ah, yes; quite a nest egg. But if grandmother wants to do it—well, it's her own money."

"Glad you feel that way about it," said Beetham. "I was fearful the other members of the family might think I was using undue influence. The whole idea was hers, I give you my word."

"Naturally," Kirk answered. "I'm sure she would enjoy it, at that."

"The results will be most important from a scientific point of view," Beetham continued. "Your grandmother's name would be highly honored. I would see that she had full credit."

"Just what sort of expedition is it?" Kirk asked.

The tired eyes lighted for the first time. "Well, I had a bit of luck when I was last on the Gobi Desert. I stumbled onto the ruins of a city that must have been flourishing early in the first century. Only had time to take a brief look, but I turned up coins that were struck about 7 A.D. I unearthed the oldest papers in existence—papers that bore the scrawl of little children—arithmetic—seven times seven, and the like. Letters written by the military governor of the city, scraps of old garments, jewelry—amazing mementos of the past. I am keen to go back and make a thorough investigation. Of course, the trouble in China will interfere, rather, but there is always trouble in China. I have waited long enough. I shall get through somehow. I always have."

"Well, I don't envy you," Kirk smiled. "The way I've always felt, when you've seen one desert you've seen 'em all. But you have my very best wishes."

"Thanks. You're frightfully kind." Beetham rose. "I hope to settle the matter in a few days. I am hoping also that before I leave, the murderer of Sir Frederic will be found. Struck me as a good chap—Sir Frederic."

Chan looked up quickly. "A great admirer of yours, Colonel Beetham," he said.

"Admirer of mine? Sir Frederic? Was he really?" The colonel's tone was cool and even.

"Undubitable fact. Among his effects we find many books written by you."

Beetham threw down his cigarette. "That was good of him. I am quite flattered. If by any chance you are concerned in the hunt for the person who killed him, Sergeant Chan, I wish you the best of luck."

He strolled away from the table, while Chan looked after him thoughtfully.

"Reminds me of the snows of Tibet," Kirk said. "Just as warm and human—except when he spoke of his dead city. That seemed to rouse him. An odd fish, isn't he, Charlie?"

"An odd fish from icy waters," Chan agreed. "I am wondering ——"

"Yes?"

"He regrets Sir Frederic's passing. But might it not happen that beneath his weeping eyes are laughing teeth?"

They went to the check room, where they retrieved their hats and coats and Kirk's brief case. As they walked down the street Kirk looked at Chan.

"Just remembered the Cosmopolitan Club yearbook," he said. "You don't imagine it meant anything, do you?"

Chan shrugged. "Imagination does not seem to thrive on mainland climate," he replied.

Kirk went off to his lawyer's and Charlie returned home to await a more promising tomorrow.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Morrow was the first to arrive at the bungalow. She came in about 3:30. The day was dark, with gusts of wind and rain, but the girl was glowing.

Kirk helped her off with her raincoat. "You seem to be filled with vim and vigor," he said.

"Walked all the way," she told him. "I was too excited to sit calmly in a taxi. Just think—in a few minutes we may see the meeting between Major Durand and his long-lost wife."

"The major has arrived?" Chan inquired.

"Yes—he and Inspector Duff came half an hour ago. Their train was a trifle late. Captain Flannery went to the station to meet them. He telephoned me they'd be along shortly. It seems that, like a true Englishman, the major didn't care to talk with anybody until he'd gone to a hotel and had his tub."

"Don't blame him, after that trip from Chicago," Kirk said. "I believe little Jennie Jerome Marie Lantelme is on the elevator."

Miss Morrow nodded. "She is. I saw her when I came up. I wonder if she is really Eve Durand? Won't it be thrilling if she is!"

"She's got to be," Kirk replied. "She's Charlie's hunch."

"Do not be too certain," Chan objected. "In the past it has often happened I was hoarsely barking up incorrect tree."

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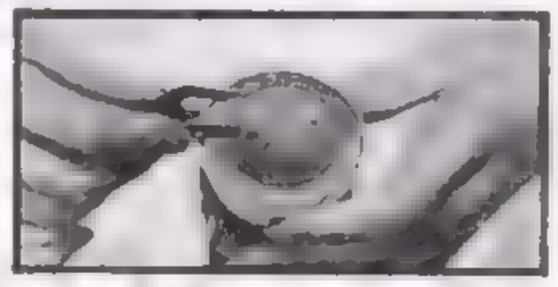

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Kirk stirred the fire and drew up a wide chair for the girl. "Here you are—a trifle large for you, but you may grow. I'll give you tea later. These Englishmen probably can't do a thing until they've had their oolong."

The girl sat down, and, dropping into a chair at her side, Kirk began to talk airily of nothing in particular. He was conscious that at his back Chan was nervously walking the floor.

"Better sit down, Charlie," he suggested. "You act like a man in a dentist's waiting room."

"Feel that way," Chan told him. "Much is at stake now for me. If I have taken wrong turning I shall have to endure some Flannery sneers."

It was four o'clock and the dusk was falling outside the lofty windows, when the bell rang. Kirk himself went to the door. He admitted Flannery and a thickset young Englishman.

Two men only—Kirk peered past them down the stairs, but the third man was not in evidence.

"Hello," Flannery said, striding in. "Major Durand not here yet, eh?"

"He is not," Kirk replied. "Don't tell me you've mislaid him."

"Oh, no," Flannery answered. "I'll explain in a minute. Miss Morrow, meet Inspector Duff of Scotland Yard."

The girl came forward, smiling. "I'm so glad," she said.

"Charmed," remarked Duff, in a hearty, roast-beef-of-Old-England voice. He was surprisingly young, with rosy cheeks, and the look of a farmer about him. And indeed it had been from a farm in Yorkshire that he had come to London and the Metropolitan Police.

"The inspector and I went from the train to my office," Flannery explained. "I wanted to go over the records of our case with him. The major stopped at the hotel to brush up—he'll be along in a minute. Oh, yes—Mr. Kirk, Inspector Duff. And this, inspector, is Sergeant Charlie Chan of the Honolulu Police."

Chan bowed low. "A moment that will live forever in my memory," he said.

"Oh—er—really?" Duff replied. "The captain's told me of you, sergeant. We're in the same line—some miles apart."

"Many miles apart," conceded Charlie gravely.

"Look here," said Flannery, "it will be just as well if the major doesn't meet that girl in the elevator until we're all set for it. Somebody should go below and steer him into a different car."

"I will be happy to perform that service," Chan offered.

"No, I know him by sight—I'll do it," Flannery replied. "I want to have a word with the men I've got watching her. I saw one of them in front of the building when I came in. Inspector, I'll leave you here. You're in good hands." He went out.

Kirk drew up a chair for the English detective. "Give you tea when the major comes," he said.

"You're very kind, I'm sure," Duff answered.

"You have been all over the case with Captain Flannery?" Miss Morrow inquired.

"I have—from the beginning," Duff replied. "It's a shocking affair—shocking. Sir Frederic was deeply respected—I might even say loved—by all of us. It appears that he was killed in the line of duty, though he had retired and was, supposedly, out of all that. I can assure you that the murder of one of its men is not taken lightly by Scotland Yard. We shall not rest until we have found the guilty person, and in that task, sergeant, we shall welcome help from every possible source."

Chan bowed. "My abilities are of the slightest, but they are lined up beside your very great ones."

"I had hoped, inspector," Miss Morrow said, "that you would be able to throw considerable light on this affair."

Duff shook his head. "I'm frightfully sorry. There are so many other men—older men—on our force who would have been of much greater service. Unfortunately I am the only Scotland Yard man in the States at the moment. You see, I'm a bit young ——"

"I'd noticed that," smiled the girl.

"All these events that appear to be linked up with Sir Frederic's murder happened before my day. I shall do my best, but ——"

"Will you have a cigarette?" Kirk suggested.

"No, thanks. My pipe, if the young lady doesn't object."

"Not at all," said Miss Morrow. "It's quite in the Sherlock Holmes tradition."

Duff smiled. "But the only point of similarity, I fear. As I say, I have been with the Metropolitan Police a comparatively brief time—a mere matter of seven years. Of course I have heard of the Hilary Galt murder, though it happened many years ago. As a young policeman I was shown, in the Black Museum, the famous velvet slippers they found Galt wearing that disastrous night. Coming to Eve Durand, I am familiar, in a casual way, with the story of her disappearance. In fact, I had once a very slight connection with the case. Five years ago there was a rumor that she had been seen in Paris, and Sir Frederic sent me across the Channel to look into it. It was merely another false alarm, but while making the investigation I chanced to encounter Major Durand, who was also on the ground. Poor chap—that was one of a long series of disappointments for him. I hope he is not to suffer another here tonight."

"How did the major happen to come to America at this time?" Miss Morrow inquired.

"He came in answer to a cable from Sir Frederic," Duff explained. "Sir Frederic asked his help, and of course he hastened to comply. We met in the East and traveled out here together."

"Well, he, at least, can help us," Miss Morrow suggested.

"I fancy he can. I repeat, I have been over the case carefully, but I have had no inspiration as yet. One angle of it interests me tremendously—those velvet slippers. Why were they taken? Where are they now? They appear to be again the essential clew. What do you say, sergeant?"

Chan shrugged. "Slippers were exactly that long time ago," he said. "On which occasion they led positively no place."

"I know," smiled Duff, "but I'm not superstitious. I shall follow them again. By the way, there is one point on which I may be able to offer some help." He turned suddenly to Kirk. "You have a butler named Paradise?" he inquired.

Kirk's heart sank. "Yes, and a very good one," he answered.

"I have been interested in Paradise," said Duff. "And Paradise, I understand, has been interested in Sir Frederic's mail. Where is he now?"

"He's in the kitchen or in his room," Kirk replied. "Do you want to see him?"

"Before I go—yes," Duff said.

Flannery came through the hall, followed by a big, blond man in a dripping raincoat.

Major Eric Durand, retired, looked to be the sportsman type of Englishman; his cheeks were tanned and weather-beaten, as though from much riding in the open, his blue eyes alert. Indoors, one would picture him sitting in a club smoking room with a cigar, a whisky-and-soda, and a copy of the Field.

"Come in, major," Flannery said. He introduced the Britisher to the company, and Kirk hurried forward to take the raincoat. There followed a moment of awkward silence.

"Major," Flannery began, "we haven't told you why we got you here. You have come to San Francisco in response to a cablegram from Sir Frederic Bruce?"

"I have," said Durand quietly.

"Did he give you any idea of why he wanted you to come?"

"He intimated that he was on the point of finding my wife."

"I see. Your wife disappeared under unusual circumstances some fifteen years ago in India?"

"Precisely."

"Did you ever hear of her after that?"

"Never. There were many false reports, of course. We followed them all up, but none of them came to anything in the end."

"You never heard of her at Nice? Or in New York?"

"No. I don't think those were among the places. I'm sure they weren't."

"You would, of course, know her if you saw her now?"

Durand looked up with sudden interest. "I fancy I would. She was only eighteen when she was—lost." Miss Morrow felt a quick twinge of pity for the man. "But one doesn't forget, you know."

"Major," said Flannery slowly, "we have every reason to believe that your wife is in this building tonight."

Durand took a startled step backward. Then he sadly shook his head.

"I wish it were true. You've no idea—fifteen years' anxiety—it rather takes it out of a chap. One stops hoping, after a time. Ah, yes, I wish it were true, but there have been so many disappointments. I cannot hope any more."

"Please wait just a minute," Flannery said, and went out.

A strained silence followed his exit. The ticking of a tall clock in a corner became suddenly like the strokes of a hammer. Durand began to pace the floor.

"It can't be!" he cried to Duff. "No, it can't be Eve! After all these years—in San Francisco—no, no, I can't believe it!"

"We shall know in a moment, old chap," Duff said gently.

The moments lengthened horribly. Chan began to wonder. Durand continued to pace back and forth silently over the rug. Still the hammer strokes of the clock. Five minutes—ten ——

The outer door was flung open and Flannery burst into the room. His face was crimson, his gray hair disheveled.

"She's gone!" he cried. "Her elevator's standing at the seventh floor with the door open! She's gone and no one saw her go!"

Durand gave a little cry, and sinking into a chair, buried his face in his hands.

XIII

MAJOR DURAND was not the only one to whom Flannery's news came as a shock and a disappointment. On the faces of the four other people in that room dismay was clearly written.

"Gone, and no one saw her go," Chan repeated. He looked reprovingly at the captain. "Yet she was under watchful eye of clever mainland police."

Flannery snorted. "She was, but we're not supermen. That woman's as slippery as an eel. There were two of my boys on the job—keen lads, both of them. Well, no use crying over spilt milk. I'll get her. She can't ——"

The door opened and a plain-clothes man entered, bringing with him a little old cleaning woman with straggling gray hair.

"Hello, Petersen, what is it?" Flannery asked.

"Listen to this, chief," said Petersen. "This woman was working in an office on the seventh floor." He turned to her. "Tell the captain what you told me."

The woman twisted her apron nervously. "In 709 I was, sir. They go home early and I was alone there at my work. The door opens and this red-headed elevator girl runs in. She's got on a raincoat and a hat. 'What's the matter?' I says, but she just runs on into the back room, and sort of wondering I follow her. I'm just in time to see her climb onto the fire escape. Never a word she said, sir. She just disappeared in the night."

"The fire escape," repeated Flannery. "I thought so. Have you looked at it, Petersen?"

"Yes, sir. It's one of those—you know—a person's weight lets down the last flight of steps to the ground. A simple matter to go like that."

"All right," Flannery answered. "Someone must have seen her when she came out of the alley. We'll go down and have a look round." He turned to the cleaning woman. "That's all. You can go."

The woman passed a second plain-clothes man in the hall. He came quickly into the living room.

"I've got a lead, captain," he said. "Boy in the cigar store on the corner. He says a girl with a Kirk Building uniform under her coat rushed in a few minutes ago and used his telephone."

"Did he hear the call?"

"No, sir. It's a booth phone. She was there only a few minutes and then she hurried out again."

"Well, that's something," Flannery said. "You boys wait for me—I've got a car. First of all, I'll send out the alarm. I'll have men at the ferries and the railroad stations—she's a marked woman with that uniform. I'll pick her up before midnight."

"On what charge?" asked Miss Morrow gently.

"Oh—oh, well—as a witness. I'll take her as a witness. Still, that will mean a lot of publicity I don't want at this time. I have it. I'll take her on a charge of stealing. The uniform is your property, Mr. Kirk?"

"Yes, but I don't like that," protested Kirk.

"Oh, it's just a fake. We won't press it. I've got to get her on some pretext. Now, if I can use your phone ——"

Flannery talked to some purpose to the station house, and the hue and cry after that elusive woman was once more under way. He rose full of energy.

"I'll get her," he promised. "It's a bad setback to our plans, but it's only for a minute. She can't get away."

"She is one who has had some success at getting away in the past," Chan reminded him.

"Yeah, but not this time," answered the captain. "She's never had me on her trail before." He blustered out, followed by his two men.

Major Durand slumped dejectedly in his chair. Inspector Duff was puffing calmly on his well-seasoned pipe.

"It's a bit of hard luck," he remarked. "But patience—that's what counts in this work, eh, Sergeant Chan?"

Charlie beamed. "At last I meet fellow detective who talks same language with me."

Barry Kirk rose and rang the bell. "How about a cup of tea?" he said. He stepped to the window and looked out. Swords of light marking the streets floated dimly in the mist far below. The wind howled, rain spattered on the panes, the city was shrouded and lost. "It's one of those nights—a little something to warm us up ——" He was silent. What a night it was—made to order for the man or woman who sought to slip away and never be seen again.

Paradise entered with calm dignity and stood in the brightly lighted room, his shock of snow-white hair lending him an air of stern respectability.

"You rang, sir?" he said.

"Yes," Kirk replied. "We'll have tea, Paradise. Five of us here ——" He stopped. The butler's eyes were on Inspector Duff and his face was suddenly as white as his hair.

There was a moment of silence. "Hello, Paradise," Duff said quietly.

The butler muttered something and turned as though to go out.

"Just a moment!" The inspector's voice was steely cold. "This is a surprise, my man. A surprise for both of us, I fancy. When I last saw you, you were standing in the dock at Old Bailey." Paradise bowed his head. "Perhaps I shouldn't have been inclined to give you away, Paradise, if you had behaved yourself. But you've been opening mail, haven't you? You've been tampering with a letter addressed to Sir Frederic Bruce?"

"Yes, sir, I have." The servant's voice was very low.

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"So I understand," Duff continued. He turned to Barry Kirk. "I'm sorry to distress you, Mr. Kirk. I believe Paradise has been a good servant?"

"The best I ever had," Kirk told him.

"He was always a good servant," went on Duff. "As I recall, that fact was brought out clearly at the trial. A competent, faithful man—he had many references to prove it. But unfortunately a few years ago, in England, there was some suspicion that he had put hydrocyanic acid in a lady's tea."

"What an odd place for hydrocyanic acid," said Kirk. "But then, of course, I speak without knowing the lady."

"The lady was his wife," Duff explained. "It seemed to some of us that he had rather overstepped a husband's privileges. He was brought to trial ——"

Paradise raised his head. "Nothing was ever proved," he said firmly. "I was acquitted."

"Yes, our case collapsed," admitted Inspector Duff. "That doesn't often happen, Mr. Kirk, but it did in this instance. Technically, at least, Paradise cannot be adjudged guilty—in the eyes of the law, I mean. And for that reason I might have been inclined to keep all this to myself if I had not heard of his queer work with that letter. Tell me, Paradise—do you know anything about Eve Durand?"

"I have never heard the name before, sir."

"Have you any information in the matter of an old murder in Ely Place—the murder of Hilary Galt?"

"None whatever, sir."

"But you opened an envelope addressed to Sir Frederic Bruce and substituted a blank sheet of paper for the letter you found inside. I think you had better explain, my man."

"Yes, sir. I will do so." The servant turned to Barry Kirk. "This is very painful for me, Mr. Kirk. In the two years I have been with you I have done nothing dishonorable before—before this act. The gentleman has said that I poisoned my wife. I may call attention to the fact that he has some animus in the matter, as he conducted the investigation and was bitterly disappointed when a jury acquitted me. A natural feeling ——"

"Never mind that," said Duff sharply.

"At any rate, sir," the butler continued to Kirk, "I was acquitted, for the very good reason that I was an innocent man. But I knew that, innocent or not, the fact of my having been tried would not be—er—pleasant news for you."

"Anything but," agreed Kirk.

"I thought it would be best if the matter remained in its former oblivion. I have been happy here—it is an excellent post—the very fact of its height above the ground has inspired me. I was always fond of high places. So I was in a bit of a funk, sir, when you told me Sir Frederic Bruce was coming. I had never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I'd had my brief moment in the public eye and I feared he might do me the honor to remember me. Well, he arrived and, unfortunately, he recognized me at once. We had a long talk here in this room. I assured him that I had been unjustly accused, that I had never done anything wrong, and that I was living a model life. I begged him to keep my secret. He was a just man. He said he would look into the matter—I presumed he wanted to hear Scotland Yard's opinion of the evidence—and would let me know his decision later. And there the matter stood, sir, on the night Sir Frederic met his unhappy end."

"Ah, yes," said Kirk. "I begin to see."

"What I did later was done from a misguided wish to retain your respect and confidence, sir. A messenger put into my hand that packet of letters, and I saw on the top what I thought was the dreaded missive from Scotland Yard. If I may be allowed to say so, I went a bit barmy then. I believed that Sir Frederic had cabled about me to the Yard, and that this was the answer. It would no doubt fall into the hands of the police ——"

"It was too early for any answer yet," Kirk told him.

"How could I be sure, sir? In this day of the air mail and other time-saving devices. I determined to have a look at that letter, and if it did not concern me, to put it back in place."

"But it didn't concern you, Paradise," said Kirk.

"Not directly, sir. However, it mentioned that Inspector Duff was in New York. I had enjoyed the honor of Inspector Duff's personal attention in my -er—my ordeal, and I was panic-stricken. The local police, reading the letter, might send for him, with results that are all too apparent now. So in my madness I slipped a blank sheet of paper into the envelope and resealed it. It was a clumsy subterfuge, sir, and one I deeply regret. Not the clumsiness, but the deceit, sir—that pains me. Everything has always been above the table with us, sir."

"I should hope it had," said Kirk.

"I am perhaps going too far when I ask you to overlook my defection, Mr. Kirk. I assure you, however, that it was my fondness for you, my keen desire to remain in your service, that prompted my rash act. If we could only go back to the old basis, sir—of mutual confidence and esteem ——"

Kirk laughed. "I don't know. I shall have to think this over. Are you sure you're fond of me, Paradise?"

"Very, sir."

"Have you analyzed your emotions carefully? No little hidden trace of resentment or disapproval?"

"None whatever, sir. I give you my word."

Kirk shrugged. "Very well. Then you might go and prepare the—er—the tea. In the usual manner, please."

"Thank you, sir," answered Paradise, and departed.

"The poor old dear," said Miss Morrow. "I'm sure he never did it. He was the victim of circumstances."

"Perhaps," admitted Duff. "Personally, however, I thought the evidence very strong. But I was new to the work at that time, and I may have been mistaken. At any rate, I am happy that I have been able to eliminate Paradise from our case. It clears the air a bit."

"He may be eliminated from the case," Barry Kirk remarked. "But I'm free to admit that to me he is more important than ever."

"You don't believe he had anything to do with killing Sir Frederic?" Miss Morrow inquired.

"No, but I'm afraid he may have something to do with killing me. I'm faced by a private and personal problem—and a very pretty one too. I'd hate to lose Paradise, but I'd hate to lose myself even more. Imagine taking the glass of good old orange juice every morning from a hand that has been up to tricks with hydrocyanic acid. Not so good. Charlie, as a guest here, you're interested. What do you say?"

Chan shrugged. "It may be he disliked his wife," he suggested.

"I should hate to think he was fond of her," Kirk replied. "But at that, he's a good old soul. And some wives, no doubt, drive a man too far. I think I'll let him stay a while. However"—he looked at Miss Morrow—"something tells me I'll do an awful lot of eating out."

"Sergeant Chan," Duff said, "you have not been idle. What discoveries have you made in our case so far?"

"None but the slightest," Chan told him. "I am very bright in tracking down this Paradise here, and we have just seen the value of that. Alas, there are sprouting crops that never ripen into grain."

"True enough," agreed the inspector. "But you must have had ideas along other lines too. I should be interested to hear them."

"Sometime we have little talk," Charlie promised. "For the present I hesitate to speak of it. I am not without tender feeling in my heart, and I know only too well the

Continued on Page 164

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(Continued from Page 162)

topic must be one of deep pain to Major Durand. He must pardon my rudeness if I have keen desire to hear something of that far-away night when Eve Durand was lost."

Durand came out of a deep reverie.

"Ah, yes—what's that? The night when Eve—of course, it was all so long ago."

"Yet a moment you are not likely to forget," suggested Chan.

Durand smiled ruefully. "I'm afraid not. I have tried to forget—it seemed the best way. But I have never succeeded."

"The date was the third of May, in the year 1912," Chan prompted.

"Precisely. We had been living in Peshawar just six months. I was assigned to a regiment there—my rank was that of captain at the time—only a month after our marriage in England. Peshawar was an outpost of empire, with a vengeance. No place to bring a woman like Eve, who had known nothing save the civilized life of the English countryside." He paused, deep in thought. "Yet we were very happy. We were young—Eve was eighteen, I was twenty-four—young and tremendously in love. The discomforts of that far garrison meant nothing—we had each other."

"And on this night under question?" Chan persisted.

"There was a gay social life at the garrison, and Eve took an important part in it, as was natural. On the evening you ask about we had arranged a picnic party in the hills. We were to ride our ponies out of the town and up a narrow dirt road to a small plateau from which we could watch the moon rise over the roofs of Peshawar. The plan was rather foolhardy—the hills were full of bandits. I was a bit fearful at the time. But the ladies—they insisted; you know how women are. And there were five men in the party, all fully armed. There seemed no real danger."

Again he paused.

"Eve wore her jewels—a pearl necklace her uncle had given her. I remember protesting against it before we set out. She only laughed at me. Sometimes I have thought—but no, I do not like to think that. Was she killed for her necklace, her rings? I have had to face it. At any rate, we packed our supper and rode out of the town. Everything went well until the hour arrived to go home. Then someone suggested a game of hide and seek."

"You recall who suggested that?" asked Chan.

"Yes, it was Eve. I objected, but—well, one doesn't like to be a spoil sport, and the party was in a gay humor. The women scattered among the tamarisks—disappeared into the shadows, laughing and chatting. Within the half hour we had found them all, save one. We have not found her yet."

"How terrible," Miss Morrow cried.

"You can scarcely realize the true horror of it," Durand returned. "Those black hills filled with innumerable dangers—oh, it was a foolish thing, that game. It should never have happened. Of the night that followed—and the long, hot, dreadful days after that—I need not go on, I'm sure." He bowed his head.

"There were five men," said Chan. "Yourself already counted."

"Five men, yes," Durand replied; "and five charming girls."

"Five men—the other four officers, like yourself?" Charlie continued.

"Three of them were officers. One was not."

Chan's face lighted. "One was not?"

"No. The party was given in his honor, in a way. You see, he was a famous man—everyone was eager to pay tribute to him. He had just been a guest at the Viceregal Lodge, he'd spoken in the throne room, and they'd pinned medals and things on him. All India was ringing with his praises. He'd recently come back from a beastly perilous journey through Tibet."

Chan's eyes narrowed. "He was, then, an explorer?"

"One of the best. A brave man."

"You are referring to Col. John Beetham?"

"Yes, of course. Then you knew?"

Kirk and Miss Morrow sat up with sudden interest. Chan nodded. "I had guessed," he said. He was silent for a moment. "Colonel Beetham is at this moment in San Francisco," he added.

"Really?" answered the major. "An odd coincidence. I should like to meet him again. He was most sympathetic."

"The party was in his honor, you have said?" Charlie went on.

"Yes—a sort of farewell. You see, he was leaving the next day—leaving for home, but not by the conventional route not Beetham. He was going by caravan through the wilds of Afghanistan and across the great salt desert of Persia to Teheran."

"Through Khyber Pass?" Chan asked.

"Oh, yes; through the Khyber. A dangerous business, but he had a big retinue of servants who had been with him on other expeditions, and the Emir of Afghanistan had invited him. He left early the next morning and I have never seen him since."

"Early the next morning," Chan repeated slowly. "Going home." He stared for a moment at the misty window. "I had hoped to go home in the morning myself. But always something rises up making me break my word to my little son. What a despicable father he will think me. However"—he shrugged—"what is to be will be."

Paradise came into the room, pompously wheeling a tea wagon. There was a moment of uncomfortable silence.

"Tea, sir," said the butler.

"I hope so, I'm sure," replied Kirk.

Paradise served Miss Morrow, and then turned to Inspector Duff. "What will you have in yours, sir?" he inquired.

The inspector looked him firmly in the eye. "One lump of sugar," he said. "And—nothing else."

XIV

WITH a grave face Paradise served the tea, passed sandwiches and cakes and then silently withdrew. Barry Kirk paused with his cup at his lips, an inquiring look in his eyes. Inspector Duff saw it and smiled.

"I may tell you," he said, "that hydrocyanic acid has a quite distinctive odor. A pungent odor of peach blossoms."

"That's very good of you," answered Kirk. "I shall remember what you say. And you, Charlie—you'd better do the same. At the first intimation that we are in a peach orchard, we call up the employment agency and engage a new butler."

"I have made a note," Chan told him.

"At any rate," Kirk continued, "life's going to be rather a sporting proposition from now on. 'To be or not to be; that is the question.'"

"We must treat Paradise with kindly consideration," Chan suggested. "We must bear in mind that a good word has heat enough for three winters, while a hard one wounds like six months of cold. It is going to improve our characters."

"I'll say it is," agreed Kirk. He looked at Major Durand and reflected that perhaps the conversation was a bit flippant in view of that gentleman's mission in San Francisco. Poor devil—what a life he must have led! Seeking about to include him in the talk, Kirk was able to hit upon nothing save the aged and obvious bromide. "Tell us, major," he said, "what do you think of the States?"

"Ah, yes," replied Durand. "My impressions. Well, really, I'm afraid I can't be very original. My sole impression so far is one of—er—bigness. Size, you know. My word, your country is tremendous."

Duff nodded. "We could talk of little else on the train coming out. You can scarcely imagine the effect of America on the minds of men who hail from a country like England. There, a ride of a few miles in any direction and you are on the coast. But here, day after day we looked from the car windows, incredulous, amazed. We thought we should never come to the end of our journey."

"No doubt about it," Kirk returned, "there's plenty of the United States. Too much, some people think."

"We haven't said that," Durand reminded him, smiling faintly. "However, the possibilities of such a country seem endless. I may add"—he looked at Miss Morrow—"that I find your young women charming."

"How very polite of you," she smiled.

"Oh, not at all. I really mean it. If you will pardon me—I did not quite catch your connection with this affair?"

"I am in the district attorney's office," she told him.

"Like our crown prosecutor, the district attorney," Duff explained. "This young woman is, I believe, a student of the law."

"My word," said Durand. "Just fancy. Then it surprises me there is not more respect for law in the States."

"Thank you," Miss Morrow answered. "That's flattering to me, if not to the States."

Durand rose. "You must forgive me if I run along," he said. "I have found the long journey somewhat fatiguing, and added to that is the disappointment I suffered a few moments ago. I pretended, of course, that I had no hope, but it wasn't quite true. As a matter of fact, despite all the false rumors in the past, I still go on hoping. And this time, with the word of a man like Sir Frederic Bruce involved—well, my mind will never be at rest until I have seen the woman who left so suddenly tonight."

"She may yet be found," Duff suggested.

"I hope so, I'm sure. Are you coming along, old chap?"

"Of course," Duff replied, rising.

"You and I must have that talk soon, inspector," Chan said.

Duff stopped. "Well, I've always thought there's no time like the present. You go ahead, major, and I'll follow."

"Very good," Durand answered. "I have engaged a room for you at the St. Francis Hotel. I trust you'll approve of my choice."

"That was thoughtful of you," Duff told him. "I'll see you shortly."

Durand turned to Barry Kirk. "You've been very hospitable to a stranger."

"Not at all," Kirk said. "You must drop in often. I hope you won't be lonely here. I'll send you a card for a club or two, and if you like, we'll have a little party occasionally."

"Frightfully kind, I'm sure," Durand replied warmly. "A thousand thanks." He added his farewells and went out.

"Poor man," Miss Morrow said.

"A nice chap," Duff remarked. He turned briskly to Charlie. "But this isn't getting us forward, sergeant. Where shall we begin? I learned from Captain Flannery that no records of any case were found among Sir Frederic's effects?"

"None whatsoever," Chan corroborated.

"Then it looks like theft as well as murder, for unquestionably such records were kept. Somewhere—unless they have been destroyed by the same hand that killed Sir Frederic—there must be in existence detailed accounts of the Hilary Galt case, as well as of the disappearance of Eve Durand."

"You have heard that, in Sir Frederic's thinking, those two matters boast some obscure connection?" Chan asked.

Duff nodded. "Yes, I saw the copy of the letter from my chief at the Yard. I should say from the sound of it that he's as much in the dark as we are. But I have already cabled him for any information he may have."

"You act with beautiful speed," Chan approved. "One thing this Major Durand has told us puts new face on whole matter. Up to now, it was entirely unknown round here that Col. John Beetham attended picnic that unforgotten night at Peshawar."

"What about Beetham? He's in San Francisco, you say?"

"Very much so. He was present at dinner. A strange, silent, mind-beguiling man."

Miss Morrow spoke suddenly. "Why, of course!" she cried. "Colonel Beetham at the picnic—that means he knew Eve Durand! On the night he came here to dinner he must have been brought up in the elevator by little Jennie Jérome Marie Lantelme. If she was Eve Durand he probably recognized her."

"Undubitably," Chan agreed.

"Why, that makes it all very simple," Miss Morrow continued. "I'll get hold of him at once and ask him ——"

Chan raised his hand. "Humbly begging pardon to cut in—would you ask a blind man the road?"

"Why—I—what do you mean?"

"I have known for some days that the colonel was in neighborhood of Peshawar that early May, 1912. Until tonight I did not dream he was member of picnic party. Even so, the last act I would consider would be to make inquiries."

"Surely you don't think ——"

"I have not decided what to think. A member of that party—the fact may mean nothing at all. On chance that it means much, let us say nothing to the colonel just yet. To do so might defeat our own ends. There was once a man who pinched the baby while rocking the cradle. His work was not regarded a very large success."

Miss Morrow smiled. "I shall take your advice, of course."

"Thank you. Before we act permit that I dig about some more amid events of past." Chan turned to the inspector. "Dropping the colonel for the moment, I mention those velvet slippers."

"Yes," said Duff, "the velvet slippers. A bit of a mystery, they are. Carried off by the murderer, it seems. But why? And what did he—or she—do with them? It's not unreasonable to suppose they were hurriedly chucked away somewhere. In England, we have a system in such a case—we advertise and offer a reward."

"Splendid idea," agreed Chan.

"Surely Captain Flannery has thought of it?"

Chan shrugged. "Captain acts much like little child caught in cross-woven net. He can only struggle, always getting deeper. But I must restrain my criticism. Free to admit the plan had not occurred even to me."

Duff laughed. "Well, I'll look the captain up after dinner and suggest that he try it. By the way, I'm quite at a loss—the city is new to me. Could I prevail on you, sergeant, to dine with me? We can talk things over, and afterward you can show me about and direct me to Flannery's office."

"Deeply pleased at the invitation," Chan beamed. "I have much to learn. Where better could I study than in your distinguished company?"

"Well—er—that's a bit strong," returned Duff. "However, we'll have a jolly little dinner. Any time you're ready ——"

"I procure hat and coat with instant action," Chan replied.

Duff turned to Kirk and the girl. "Great pleasure to meet you both," he said. "Miss Morrow, to work with a charming young woman on a case will be a new experience for me—and a delightful one."

"You must think it an utterly ridiculous situation," she remarked.

"I haven't said so," he smiled.

Chan returned and he and Duff went out together. Miss Morrow took up her coat.

"Just a minute," Kirk protested. "Where are you going?"

"Home," she told him.

"To a lonely dinner," he suggested.

"You needn't hint. I can't invite you tonight. I shall need loads of time to prepare that pie."

"Of course. I wasn't hinting. But oddly enough, I've gone sort of cold on the idea of dining here in my cozy little nest. I propose to go where there are lights, laughter and a waiter I can trust. And unless you prove more cruel than you look, I'm not dining alone."

"But I really should go home and freshen up."

"Nonsense, you're blooming now. Like a peach tree covered with blossoms—I

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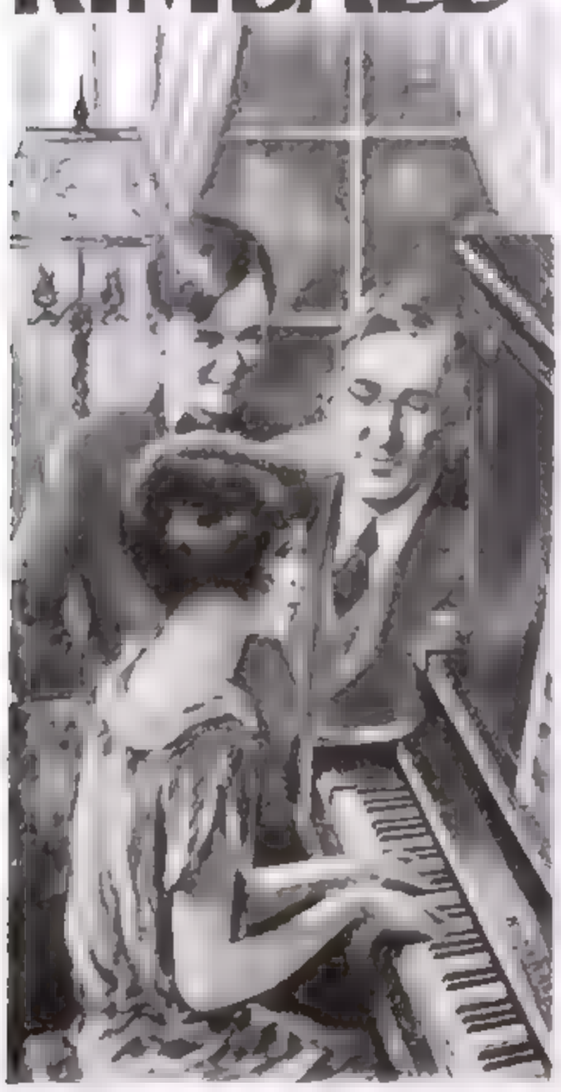

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wonder how I came to think of that? No matter will you join me?"

"If you want me to."

Kirk rang the bell and Paradise appeared at once. "Ah—er—I'm dining out tonight," the young man explained.

Paradise looked distressed. "Very good, sir. But if I may make so bold ——"

"Yes, what is it?"

"I trust this is not a sign of waning confidence in me, sir? I have been hoping for the old relations between us."

"Nonsense. I often dine out. You know that."

"Certainly, sir." The butler made a gloomy exit.

"Good Lord," sighed Kirk, "I'm afraid he's going sensitive on my hands. I suppose that, just to show I trust him, I'll have to give a large dinner and invite all the people of whom I'm especially fond."

"A large dinner?"

"Well, fairly large. My grandmother, and Charlie Chan, and a few old friends from the club. And—er—would you come?"

"If I didn't it wouldn't be because I was afraid of Paradise."

They descended to the street. It was a night of mist, with occasional fierce rain. Kirk found his car and, helping the girl in, drove from the deserted business district to Union Square, where bright lights were gleaming on the wet pavements. The cable-car bells rang cheerily, a flotilla of umbrellas bobbed jauntily along the sidewalk; the spirits of the people of San Francisco, habitually high, are not to be damped by a little rain.

"How about Marchetti's?" Kirk inquired.

"Sounds good to me," Miss Morrow answered.

They entered the little restaurant. On the dance floor the first of the cabaret acts was under way; a young, good-looking chorus pranced about to the strains of a popular air. Barry Kirk was known there, and the result was a good table and an obsequious head waiter. They gave their order.

"I like this place," said Kirk. "They never confuse noise with merriment." A pretty little blonde awarded him a sweet smile in passing. "Awfully cute girls, don't you think?"

"Yes, aren't they?" Miss Morrow answered. "Do you like cute girls?"

"Like to see 'em going by—on the other side. Never cared much for their conversation. It has no weight. Now you take a lawyer, for instance ——"

"Please," she said, "don't make fun of me. I'm not in the mood for it tonight. I'm tired and discouraged."

"Tired—that's all right," he replied. "But discouraged—what about? As I understand it, you've been a big success in your work."

"Oh, no, I haven't. I've got on—a little way—but am I going any farther? Have you forgotten—this is an anniversary. A week ago tonight ——"

"You dined with me for the first time. I hope ——"

"A week ago tonight Sir Frederic was killed and I embarked on my first big case. Up to this minute I haven't contributed a thing to its solution."

"Oh, yes, you have. Of course, you haven't solved the puzzle, but there's plenty of time ——"

"Oh, no, there isn't. At any moment the district attorney may tell me I'm out. I've got to make good quickly—and how can I? Look back—what have we accomplished to date?"

"Well, you've found Eve Durand," Kirk told her.

"And lost her—that is, if the little elevator girl was Eve Durand."

"She must be. Charlie says so."

Miss Morrow shook her head. "Charlie's clever, but he's been wrong. He admits it freely. You know, something happened tonight while we were waiting for Captain Flannery to lead that girl into the room. Something inside me. Just a hunch—a woman's intuition. I suddenly felt quite sure that she wasn't Eve Durand after all."

"You don't say. And what basis did you have for that hunch?"

"None whatever. But I felt we were on the wrong trail altogether. She might very well be Jennie Jerome, and Marie Lantelme, too, and still not be Durand's lost wife. Don't forget there are many other possibilities for that rôle."

"For example?"

"How about Lila Barr—the girl in the office of the Calcutta Importers? You remember what you told us—how interested Sir Frederic was in her? Just what did that mean?"

"I'd be happy to tell you if I knew."

"But you don't. Then there's Eileen Enderby and Gloria Garland. In spite of their stories about why Sir Frederic wanted to see them, are they out of it? And Mrs. Tupper-Brock. No, we can't be sure that the elevator girl was Eve Durand. We've just been guessing—Chan's been guessing. And we'll never know now."

"Why not? Flannery will find her."

"You don't really believe that? If you do you've more faith in the poor old captain than I have. Suppose he does find her and she is Eve Durand—what of it? She'll simply refuse to talk, and we'll be no nearer knowing who killed Sir Frederic than we ever were."

"I brought you here for an evening of gayety," Kirk said sternly, "and you sit there thinking black thoughts."

"Just a minute—let me go on. It's such a comfort to talk things over. Who killed Sir Frederic—that's my problem. The identity of Eve Durand may not have as much to do with the matter as we think. It may even prove to have nothing to do with it at all. Who pulled that trigger in your office last Tuesday night? Carrick Enderby? It's quite possible. Eileen Enderby? There were those stains on her frock—did she climb down the fire escape on some sinister errand? Dismissing the Enderby family, there are others. How about Gloria Garland? Mrs. Tupper-Brock?"

"Each of whom, of course, arrived at my dinner with a pistol hidden under her gown?" smiled Kirk.

"Each of whom knew she was to meet Sir Frederic that night. The pistol could have been arranged. To go on with the list—there's Paradise. I like him, but I can't see that his story of this afternoon puts him completely beyond suspicion. On the contrary. Outside the bungalow, there was that pale young man from the accountant's office."

"Oh, yes—name of Smith," said Kirk. "I'd forgotten all about him."

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"I haven't," Miss Morrow replied. "Then there's Li Gung—the Chinese who fled to Honolulu next day. What was his hurry? Isn't it possible that he climbed up the fire escape —— Oh, what's the use? The list seems endless." Miss Morrow sighed.

"And incomplete, as you give it," added Kirk.

"You mean ——"

"I mean the man who accompanied Li Gung to the dock—Col. John Beetham."

"Absurd! A man like Colonel Beetham, famous throughout the world; a man who has won all the medals and distinctions there are for gallant conduct—as though he could do anything base, anything despicable."

"Just there," said Kirk, "your sex betrays you. Not one of you women can resist a handsome, distinguished-looking Englishman. Speaking as a less romantic male, I must say that the colonel doesn't strike me quite so favorably. He has courage, yes—and he has a will that gets him where he wants to go, and damn the consequences. I shouldn't care to be one of his party on the top floor of Tibet and too weak to go on. He'd give me one disgusted look and leave me. But wait a minute—I believe he'd do me one last kindness before he left."

"What's that?"

"I think he'd pull out a gun and shoot me. Yes, I'm certain he would, and he'd go on his way happy to know there was one weakling who would never trouble him again."

"Yes, he's a hard, determined man," Miss Morrow admitted. "Nevertheless, he wouldn't kill Sir Frederic. Poor Sir Frederic wasn't interfering with his plans in any way."

"Oh, wasn't he? How do you know he wasn't?"

"Well, I can't see ——"

"Let's leave Beetham to Chan," Kirk suggested. "The fat little man has an air about him—I believe he knows what he's doing. And now will you drop all this and dance with me, or must I get up and dance alone?"

"I don't know. In my position, I have to give an impression of being serious. The public ——"

"Oh, forget your public. He wouldn't venture out on a night like this. Come along."

Miss Morrow laughed and they danced together on the tiny floor. For the rest of the evening she permitted Kirk to lead the conversation into more frivolous channels—a task at which he excelled. The change seemed to do her good.

"Well," said Kirk, as he signed the check, "you can be gay, after all. And I must say it becomes you."

"I've forgot all my worries," replied the girl, her eyes sparkling. "I feel as though I should never think of them again."

"That's the talk," Kirk approved.

But before they got out of the room Miss Morrow's worries were suddenly brought back to her. Along one wall was a series of booths, beside which they walked on their way to the door. Opposite the final booth the girl half stopped and glanced back over her shoulder at Barry Kirk. In passing he, too, looked into the compartment, and then hastily moved on. He need not have effaced himself so hurriedly, for the two people who were dining together in the booth were so deep in serious conversation they were oblivious of everything.

In the street Miss Morrow turned to Kirk. "What did I tell you?" she cried. "There are other women involved in this affair besides that poor little elevator girl."

"And what did I tell you," Kirk answered, "about your handsome British hero?"

Miss Morrow nodded. "Tomorrow," she said, "I shall look into this. Just what, I wonder, is the connection between Colonel Beetham and Mrs. Helen Tupper-Brock?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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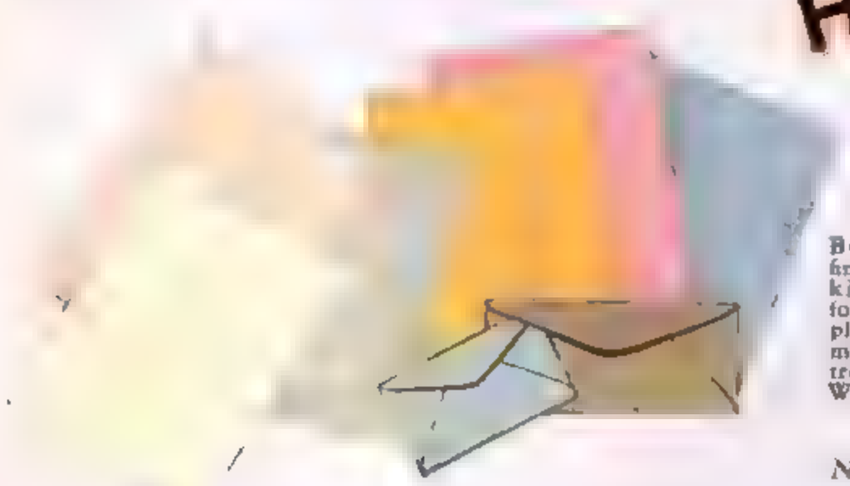

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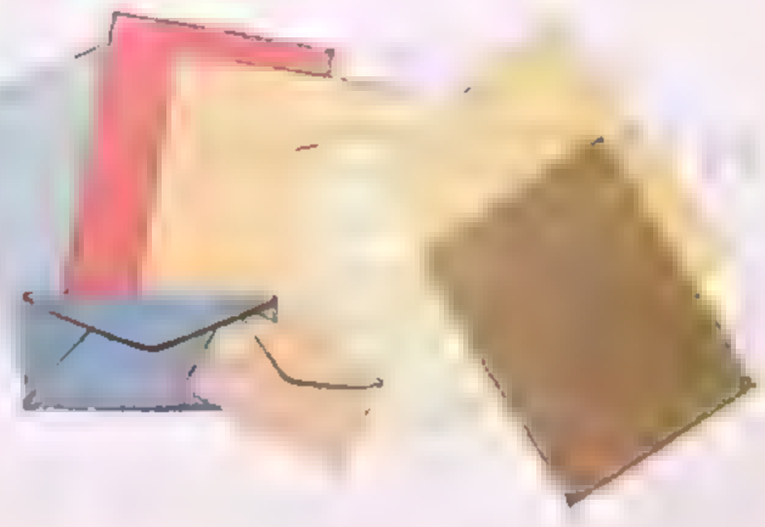

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DELICIOUS PROSECUTION

Continued from Page 11

Miss Bowersox came in. "It's time fur to milk the cow out," she stated in her heavy monotonous voice. "And you—you kin spare your hat and coat in there. That will be your layin' place whiles you're here." She waited. Daniel did not move. Miss Effie went to the door indicated. "I'll bell fur you till supper's made." Thus frigidly the hostess precluded further visiting for the present.

Miss Effie did not spare her hat and coat. She glanced about the small neat bedroom, then went at once to the window. From it she saw a corner of the barn. She hoisted the window silently and slipped through it.

She was waiting in the barn when Daniel entered. He did not swing back as before, but halted abruptly upon the threshold.

"You shouldn't ought to of come here," he brought out again.

"Now," said Miss Effie, briskly businesslike, "tell me what it is at you. Or"—the tapers danced in her eyes—"I'll take and marry you behind suppertime."

Sheriff Fricke did not look as though anyone could take him against his will. He was a mastiff of a young man, tall and serious and slowly powerful. His shoulders sloped with even decision; his hips were thewed narrowly and compactly. His forehead was high and benevolent, but beneath his toss of dark hair his eyes focused steadily and relentlessly.

Fires leaped in those eyes now as though the sight of the girl, her words, were tinder to some hot smolder within. His pail clattered to the floor. He caught himself, though, and with nails digging into folded arms rocked backward upon steadying heels.

"You see," said the girl, "I'm going to make her like me." And at the questioning arch of his brows—"Aunt Amanda."

"Aunt Amanda? What's she to do?" Amazement cut its way through the beating passion of his throat. "Do you think anybody—Aunt Amanda—look here, do you think anybody could come between me and you?"

The girl felt her way through the reproach in his voice, her eyes studying his. "Then if it ain't anybody ——"

"It's things. Things. Me. . . . Set down." His arms dropped. She sat down upon the steps leading to the loft. "It's me. It's things. I ain't got anything. I ain't anything."

"What's a matter you ain't got? Your farm ——"

"Gone."

"Gone oncet? But your job ——"

"Job! Better gone."

"But the farm—gone? Where'a it went?"

He told her then in the brief passionless apathy of despair. His crops of last year, stored in the barn against a higher price, had been burned. Yes, without insurance; the insurance had run out just the month before. The house? The house was still there, but what good was that? For the farm was gone, or practically so—it would be in a month.

"And I wisht if it was gone now a'ready!" The cry broke from the monotony of the recital. "Yes, if I don't! Fur I can't sleep, thinkin' and thinkin' how to save it—and I can't save it."

"We got fur to save it," stated the girl soberly. "Go on now. I can't seem to git onto the hint of this."

Nor could he—nor could he scarcely. Three months ago he had thought he was well fixed—a good farm and a good job. And now, because of one man, neither.

"What fur man?"

"Schubkegel."

"Schubkegel?"

The trouble had started when Daniel bought the knoll with the trees. She threw her arm against her breast and started up. Yes, the knoll she had always wanted; it was to have been a surprise; his—his wedding present to her; the place to build their their house. So because he had his crops stored and because he had been elected to his job, he had put a mortgage upon the place and Schubkegel held it. And now he couldn't even pay him the forty-eight dollars' interest which was due in twenty-nine days—let alone the principal.

"Life can make that way with a man," said Daniel Fricke, and something of youthful wonder quickened for a moment the dead weariness of his eyes.

"But he wouldn't—he couldn't take the farm off you! Just for ——"

He could by the laws of the state and according to the paper which Schubkegel had himself drawn.

"And he will," said young Fricke, "for he's been itching for it always. He owns the piece kitterin' to it."

"But if you could ketch you some prisoners—two and a half per the day ——"

"And what fur good would it do if I did ketch them? Fur he wouldn't sentence them nothing. No, he has got me like a"—his shoulders wrenched as at invisible cords—"like a dang fly in a spidering web. He has got me both going and both coming and all the ways around. Insufficient ewidence all the time he says; or else he gives a fine so piddling that they pay it sooner than set into the jail. No; if I would ketch me a murderer yet he would hook it and crook it some which way so I wouldn't get no board money off him this month. No, I guess anyhow not! In this here little place and him the only justice that way—well, he has got me, that's all."

"In more ways than one," mused Miss Effie absently.

The supper bell rang; they started across the yard, and Daniel summed with a single bitter comment: "So you see now what fur web I have got myself stepped into. And I ain't the stripe to inwite you in fur to starve alongside." His voice rang suddenly high: "So what made you fur to come? Fur now —— Och, Effie! Effie! I can't ever be leaving you go!"

If she heard him, she gave no sign. Her bemused eyes upon the kitchen window, she murmured, "So, fur all, it ain't Aunt Amanda." She turned slowly toward the sheriff; her fingers spread outward as though she were feeling her way. "It's money then where's the one thing needful. And it ain't any way to git it but through your job. We have got to git us a prisoner fur to board one at the least."

"But ain't I telling you ——"

"One at the least," repeated Miss Effie firmly, and hurried on: "I don't know right how we kin manage it, but this here I do know, fur I've seen it a many times a'ready: If you're stretchin' after sumpin where's right to be had in this here world, why, it right away makes like it's stretchin' after you too."

Young Fricke vented a short ironical chuckle. "Schubkegel ain't ever stretchin' hisself toward me, I kin tell you."

"Then we got to do all the stretchin'," said Miss Effie soberly. "And we got to make quick at it too. Twenty-nine days, did you anyhow say? Leave us go then tomorrow to see this Schubkettle, or what his name is."

"Ain't I been three times a'ready?"

"But I ain't. I ain't seen him but the once." She brought from her pocket a small paper-inwrapped wafer. "And that time he give me a present yet."

But Miss Effie got no further present from Justice Schubkegel upon the following afternoon. Indeed, the legal gentleman made his position very plain and very plausible. He brought forth the instrument of the mortgage; and that, too, was very plain and very plausible. It was very short—merely a third of a page, with Daniel's note pinned neatly to the top of it—and so small. Miss Effie sat looking at it as the justice folded it concisely, making its edges meet exactly as he talked; so small as it lay there among the other papers upon the table. It seemed impossible that folded within those few inches of frail paper was the little farm—all the hard toil of Daniel's lifetime—and her wooded knoll, her wedding present! All Daniel's past in that little square of paper; and her future—their future together! It fascinated her; she could scarcely take her eyes from it. She sat very still, drawn up to the table, her hand bag rigidly upright upon her lap, and stared at the little paper as the justice talked.

Just a little matter of business, he kept saying over and over; he had given the thousand dollars when Daniel asked for it, without question; now it did seem strange, didn't it, that Daniel wasn't prepared to pay even the interest on it—without question? Why, even the young lady here could see that. But the young lady did not raise her eyes; for the first time she looked as depressed as the young man beside her. Schubkegel shot a glance from one to the other of the young things and his suave tone cracked suddenly to brittle hardness:

"But what does it make to talk? You've got near a month yet. What's a matter of getting in a prisoner or two for that empty jail of yours?"

Young Fricke shot to his feet with the explosive energy of one who has been goaded on the raw. "What's a matter? You ask me that? After three months of—you ask me that?"

Justice Schubkegel also got to his feet. The two faced each other across the table. There was no need of straighter word; the challenge had been sped in the penetrating glances which arrowed between them.

But the young sheriff went on between stiffened lips: "Give me a sentence oncet where's equal to the crime!"

"Fetch me a lawbreaker oncet where's worthy for a sentence!" cracked back the other. "And I'll quick enough give you a sentence for him!"

Miss Effie took out her handkerchief and blew her nose. She snapped shut the hand bag and rose.

"I'm a witness to that there," she said pleasantly, and turned toward the door. Without moving, they looked at her like images of carved flint. "I go now fur to buy away a piece pork fur the kraut. I have afraid the store will git shut fur me." She opened the door. "I wouldn't be wisiting no more now if I was you. Menfolks are so apt to have crossness that way." Her smile lingered upon them both, but particularly upon the justice. He followed the dazzle of it to the porch, closing the door behind him.

"I was at the jail a'ready this morning," he stated in a high, accusing whisper, "for a tour of inspection."

"Aunt Amanda said," dimpled Miss Effie. "Fur the first time in the three months, she said."

"But you was off."

"I was on a walk yet."

"With him. The question is: When was you going with me?"

Miss Effie laughed. "Well, when a body's wisiting ——" she temporized. "And where it's two to git loose from"—again her laughter bubbled as from some secret spring—"I mean, if they only had, now, some prisoners fur to keep them busy ——"

Her seeming acquiescence against odds seemed to create a bond of intimacy between them. He swooped toward her. "Look here! I'm in earnest about this here. Even if they would be opposed against ——"

Young Fricke flung open the door. "Come oncet!" He took her decisively by the arm. Without word or glance toward the other, he strode down the steps.

"I give you good-by then!" cried Miss Effie merrily.

The justice stood clutching his jaw and staring after them. Young they were—young! And matched—how well matched!

Continued on Page 170

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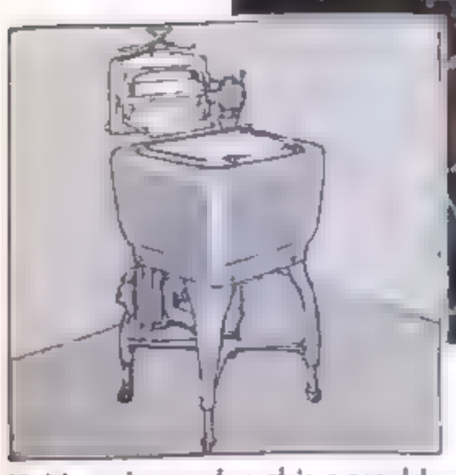
New! The Kohler Electric Sink—Clotheswasher—(No. K-1128-R), in "Spring Green" Enamel



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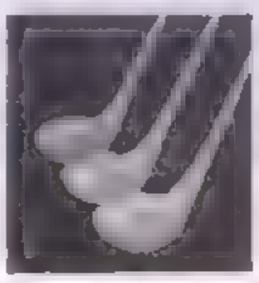

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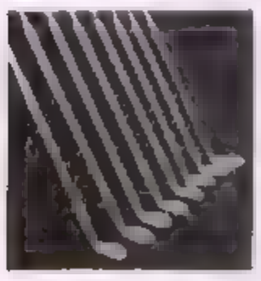

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(Continued from Page 168)

"It's easy seen," Daniel burst out, "where he's got yet another reason now fur squeezing me. What's he follerin' you fur?"

She said nothing. She looked all at once a little tired; perhaps even a little frightened. She walked straightly, her eyes sobering upon the distance, her fingers clutching tightly her hand bag.

"He's rich," said the boy bitterly, "and he's going to be richer till a while yet. He could give you everything. He could give you—your piece with the trees at."

A little sound escaped her then, but still she said nothing. She went into the shop and made her purchase. He was kicking at the edge of the pavement as she handed him the change. They went on a little way and she stopped.

"I was thinking always," she said drearily, "that we had our understanding together, like I was you even and you was me."

He wheeled upon a high breaking note: "And it is that way! It does make that way with us! Och, Effie! But I am beside of myself. I don't know right any more what I am speaking." He made as though to clasp her then, in the vacant lot to the rear of the jail, but she drew from him.

"If I could know ——" Her eyes were lifted to the barred windows. "But it's like now that strange things can come to pass fur us. And if I could only know ——"

"You do know!" His voice was rough now; he was as near to tears as he could be, this Daniel Fricke, who did not know tears. "And I know! It's like you say. It's been always that way—like we wasn't separated in our minds at all. Leave the strange things come; it can't come nothing stranger to what has come anyway." She went on, then, satisfied.

But in his final remark he was mistaken. Early next morning came Justice Schubkegel, and he was looking strange indeed. He snatched off his hat upon the porch and the question mark sprayed into two question marks upon his forehead. Even before the door was opened to him by the sheriff, his arms were gesticulating.

Nor had he quieted by the time Miss Effie entered the room some moments later. Neither of the men, tense in the middle of the floor, turned.

"We been whitewashing the chicken coop away," she began brightly. "Aunt Amanda she's still "

"And I tell you I ain't seen the paper since it was laying at the table!" Daniel thundered. "What do you conceit you're accusin' me of, anyway?"

"What does it anyhow sound like?" countered the other lividly. "Who was the only person alone in the room with that paper, I ask you? Who was it hung behind at the room whiles I was at the porch talking? Who was it come busting out and made such quick hurry away? And who"—here the long arm shot out like a projectile—"who is the only one person in the world where would want that paper to disappear? Now answer me up! Just answer me up them there!"

Miss Effie came forward. "It sounds," she volunteered, "like somebody must of stole sumpin off you."

"Sounds like it! I should guess it sounds like it!" The justice eyed her dourly. "Sounds like it to the extent of that note and that mortgage you seen yesterday after!"

"Gee wizzens!" said Miss Effie.

"But if anybody thinks they can pull off any dirty ——"

"But," interposed Miss Effie, "ain't that what you been wanting? Some lawbreaker where was worthy fur a sentence into the jail? Ain't that what you saying yesterday a'ready? You know"—Miss Effie dimpled—"I said still where I was a witness to that there."

Young Fricke stumbled forward. "But it's me!" he implored hoarsely. "It's me he accuses, Effie!"

"Gee wizzens!" said Miss Effie.

Only Justice Schubkegel moved during the momentous instant which followed. His eyes roved toward the floor above—the floor where waited the empty cells: then they roved toward the girl and lingered there.

"And that's right, too," he began briskly. "Miss Kaetzel here was a witness like she says So now I will show you if I keep agreements. Sheriff Daniel Fricke, I here and now commit you to the jail until such time as a trial can be held ower you."

"And that you can't!" Fricke's fists shot white through their purple. "You can't do that without no warrant off the court!"

But the justice was already bringing forth a document from this pocket. "Maybe I ain't got one." His eyes narrowed as they rested upon his prey; his fingers twitched, he almost purred. "What do you think I been all the time doing last night and this morning a'ready? Just settin' and thinkin' pleasant about that thousand dollars? And the bail, now, is "

"If you drawed that paper off your own court, it ain't legal!" shouted Daniel.

"So you insinoate that I ain't knowing all the law that's to be knew! This here warrant is off the district attorney Oh, yes, you'll be setting in your jail legal enough! And the bail"—here his voice dropped softly—"is five hunert dollars in cash money—cash money!"

He took a step toward his catch, but Daniel threw up an arm.

"Don't you put the heft of your finger onto me!" The color was slowly draining from the young man's face, but there was that in his tone which caused the justice to falter upon his heel. Fricke stood for a moment, his brows drawn in a taut line over his steady eyes. His arms dropped and he turned toward the justice. "You've got me where you want me," he said quietly, "and I ain't askin' fur no mercy off you. But it will come a time when you will be beggin' me fur mercy." He walked straightly to the stairs. "Fetch Aunt Amanda," he said to the girl.

She clenched her palm about her throat and her eyes went with him step by step, step by step, up the stair until he had disappeared from view. She walked as in the vacancy of a dream from the room.

Aunt Amanda could be fetched only as far as the kitchen. There her large slow mind, floundering in shock and grief, bogged down completely and her body bogged also. Aunt Amanda sank suddenly into an infirm chair; and the infirm chair, under the weight of her heavy body and her heavy spirit, sank also to rise no more. The shattered remains of Aunt Amanda and the chair were helped to the rear porch, both a total social loss for the time.

"I guess," remarked Miss Effie, sagely gazing down upon the formless misery which was her relative, "it'll be me where'll have to do most of the sheriffing around here till she comes into her right senses anyway. She don't look like she could deputy much till a while yet."

"My boy in his own cell a-settin'!" moaned Miss Amanda. "A sheriff yet put to his own jail! Was the world come to an end or what?"

"It's all legal enough," proclaimed the man of law; "she's been swore in a'ready. It ain't anything to do but keep the lock at the cell and shove his wittles in at him."

"I kin do that," promised Miss Effie. "And when," she inquired as the justice was leaving, "would you be fur holding this here trial ower him?"

He explained that he himself being the complainant could not legally preside, and that the date of the trial would depend therefore upon mutual agreement between himself and some justice from an outside district. Justice Steeriwald from Flathead, probably.

"If it would be till a week, then I could be going home till a week," suggested Miss Effie, her eyes very wide and very blue upon him, "but if it wouldn't be till two weeks ——"

The other interrupted with one of his awkward pounces. "And if it wouldn't be till three weeks, you'd have to stop fur the

Continued on Page 173

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(Continued from Page 170)

three yet," he deduced with his heavy drollery. "I guess it would be time for some of them walks, maybe, not?"

"Maybe," echoed Miss Effie. For the first time since she had seen the young man going step by step up the stair, the dimple eddied in the excited flush of her cheek.

She was still smiling as she shut the door and went rapidly up the steps.

"It wouldn't be till three weeks, maybe, the trial," she announced triumphantly in the small upper hall upon which the cells flanked.

"Three—weeks!" came in muffled groan from the bowed figure behind the bars.

"Don't you see that we have got us a prisoner anyway, and a sentence on the top of it?" Miss Effie roused him sharply. "Don't be dumb! And don't you see, anyhow, that you are making two and a half per the day off yourself fur your own board? Till the three weeks are up you will have yet the interest money and sumpin besides."

"Two and a half per day—plenty cheap for a lifetime of disgrace," groaned the boy.

"Who ever in this here world," ramped on Miss Effie, "was ever fixed before that they could eat their own wittles and git good paid fur what they et? And disgrace yet! You just wait oncet till it gits put out common that you have been stuck to your own jail! You will pretty quick see how the town passes their opinion on it!"

"Throwing a sheriff into his own jail yet! Never giving me dare even fur to hunt down the real lawbreaker! Talk oncet about your malicious prosecution!"

"Delicious persecutions?" puzzled the girl. "What fur kind of dumb words was them?"

"Prosecution," corrected young Daniel. "Putting a man to the jail fur no riming reasons. That there's a serious offense. False arrest—that's what it is. He'd ought to be sued fur damages; yes, and fur big ones. Och, Effie! To think that you would see me behind of bars yet!"

"Damages," repeated Miss Effie. "That's money, ain't? Then if you was out you could ——"

"If I was!" cried the boy bitterly, and clenched the bars with his strong fingers.

Miss Effie turned at a confused sound from the stairway. At first sight the object brushing up the steps appeared to be a waddling feather bed flanked by a down pillow. But feather beds do not ordinarily sob loudly or emit freshets of tears.

"Give me the pillow anyhow!" demanded Miss Effie, "or you'll have it wettened through. Och! And who would that be belling a'ready on the door?" She sped down the stairs to admit the vanguard of the town.

For she had spoken truth. The town literally—young, old and middle-aged—trooped into that upper hall during the following three weeks and extended to the prisoner cigars which he did not smoke, jelly which his troubled palate could scarcely taste, and sympathy which he craved, but which, after all, was of no tangible value in assisting him from his predicament.

"Fur it ain't keeping me out of no pentitentiary," he said morosely to Miss Effie. "I won't have no ghosting chancet at that trial—no chancet. It's his word against mine, and I can't only say I never took it and he can say both why I took it and what fur."

"But he's giving me dare to swear at the stand too," remarked Miss Effie cozily. "I got one them fancy suppeenings off him yesterday after."

"What does he want to drag you into the dum mess fur?" cried the boy hotly. "What can you say, anyhow?"

"I can say sumpin, maybe," said Miss Effie vaguely. "Here yesterday he says I have got to testifight that I seen you with both the note and both the mortgage into your own hands."

"That will help a lot!" muttered the prisoner. He looked at the girl curiously and gently. "It wonders me if it fetches anything, this walking and this riding with him. Aunt Amanda, she can't near seem to ——"

"Aunt Amanda!" winced Miss Effie. "Don't—don't go speaking it ower what she says. I—I hear it every day." She tightened her clasp upon the bars. "But it's this here way," she said earnestly: "If he would git down on me any which way, he might take you off the jail behind the three weeks. Then we wouldn't be saving the farm."

The sheriff looked at her strangely. "But you ain't thinking —— Look here! You ain't got it into your head that just only the interest money can save the farm?"

It was Miss Effie's turn to look strangely. She clenched her hands and said never a word.

"But that's a call note. That means to say that till a week now he can call fur the entire thousand dollars plussed the interest. The interest I could of made out to borrow; but the whole of it —— Och, what a fool I was anyhow to have signed up such a thing!"

Miss Effie crushed down whitely into a chair. Her head moved slightly, as though the bars and the prisoner behind them were wavering before her.

"I could of explanationed it to you," said the sheriff curiously, "but I thought you were onto the hint of it."

Miss Effie moaned and clasped her temples. "What it is to have a head with nothing at!" She got up dizzily.

"Now look!" cried the boy wretchedly. "Listen oncet! Don't go making like that. We got each other, ain't we? Ain't that what makes? I got you and you got me. Wait oncet ——"

But she had thrown her hand before her eyes as though to shield herself from the sight of the prisoner. She was stumbling toward the stairs and she was saying an odd thing:

"Yes, I got you—behind bars—behind bars yet—and fur nothing! Och, help me! Sumpin help me to think—to think oncet!"

She was, indeed, a thoughtful Miss Effie who crept about the jail during that final week, but whatever it was she thought restored to some extent at least her habitual serenity; for certainly upon the momentous day no one in the tense jammed court room looked more composed than did Miss Effie as she bulwarked the sodden mass of Miss Amanda and proffered at efficient intervals an alternate handkerchief which she dried upon her knee. She listened with interest to the rattling-pea voice of Acting Justice Steeriwald from Flathead; she listened with interest to the speeches of Justice Schubkegel, which were long and involved; and she listened with interest to the replies of Sheriff Fricke, which were short and concise. When she herself was summoned to the stand she plucked a damp handkerchief from her knee, spread it competently upon the seat of the chair and took her seat cozily upon the witness stand.

Having revealed through lengthy questioning who she was, where she was upon the day in question, how she happened to be there, when she got there and when she left, the matter of the lost document was introduced like a footnote to a biographical sketch. Had she seen it upon the day in question? Oh, yes, she had seen it. And where was it and how was it, and so forth, and so forth? Well, it was in Justice Schubkegel's hand opened and it was in Sheriff Fricke's hand opened, and then it was in Justice Schubkegel's hand folded and then it was upon the table folded. And where upon the table and how upon the table? Well, kind of shoved around among the other papers. But more specifically now with reference to the defendant in the action—was it thereafter at any time close to him, would she say? She would say it was closer to herself than to him maybe three inches from the edge of the table, maybe not more than two. And did she—this very particularly—have cause now to suspect any person or persons of having the document aforementioned and hitherto described in his or her possession?

"Yes," said Miss Effie.

The court room buzzed forward. Justice Schubkegel twiddled the buckle of his tie, smiled commendingly upon the witness and shot a glance toward the prisoner.

Would she kindly name the person or persons whom she suspected?

"Me," said Miss Effie.

The court room upon a concerted gasp rose. Schubkegel's chair clattered backward.

Order in the court! Order! Order! Everybody set down! The witness proceed. Yes, insisted the court, the witness tell the entire proceeding now.

Miss Effie had already opened her hand bag and had drawn forth a small tightly folded document which she handed, dimpling, to the judge.

"It ain't much to tell," proceeded the witness. "I had to blow out my nose, so I opened the hand bag that way fur to fetch my handkerchief, and then after I had blewn it I made shut again the bag. And I guess," said Miss Effie casually, "that I must of scutched that there off the table into the bag, fur when I up and opened it this morning, here if it anyhow wasn't!"

"But here," shouted Justice Schubkegel—"here you had it in your possessions fur three weeks back a'ready! Why ain't you making mention of that fact before?"

"I ain't opened my bag in them three weeks, so naturally I ain't seen the insides of it."

"And why ain't you?"

Miss Effie looked mildly surprised. "Fur the reason that I am wisiting and a wisitor ain't got to spend out fur theirselves."

There it was, and what more could they do about it? Well, they could question Miss Effie; which, after partially recovering, they proceeded to do. But she had told it all, it appeared; so now what further steps, if any, did the complainant desire to take?

The complainant pulled his question mark and looked at the witness. The witness smiled brightly at him.

"Nothing," said the justice, and looked at his toes. Miss Effie stepped cozily from the stand amid such a furor of handclapping as had never before smitten the ears of Heitville.

The court room surged toward the sheriff. Miss Effie attempted to surge toward him. Justice Schubkegel attempted to surge toward Miss Effie. Miss Amanda plucked her by the skirt.

"Was it finished and ended a'ready?" she quavered.

"No, it ain't but in the beginning," said Miss Effie soberly, and pulled the sheriff's coat tail. "The paper!" she pleaded. "Leave us quick git the paper now!"

"Paper? What fur paper?" The laughing, bedazed young man swung upon her.

"Delicious prosecution," prompted Miss Effie. "Them damages or what it is."

"Malicious prosecution!" Young Fricke clapped a palm to his jaw. "That's right! That's right too! You bet! I'll file a complaint—I'll see to that till a while yet!"

"Now," demanded Miss Effie. "Fur I ain't thoughten of nothing else fur a week. Now—whiles we're by the courthouse."

"Malicious prosecution!" lit here and there like sparks through the excitable tinder of the crowd and crackled at once into jocose flame.

"Go ahead and damage him, sheriff!"

"Give him a dose from his own bitters!"

"Here he is! Here he is, sheriff!"

"Leave me git out of here!" stifled a voice to the rear of Miss Effie. "When it comes to talkin' crazy—malicious—complaint —— But what does it make to talk? It ain't ——"

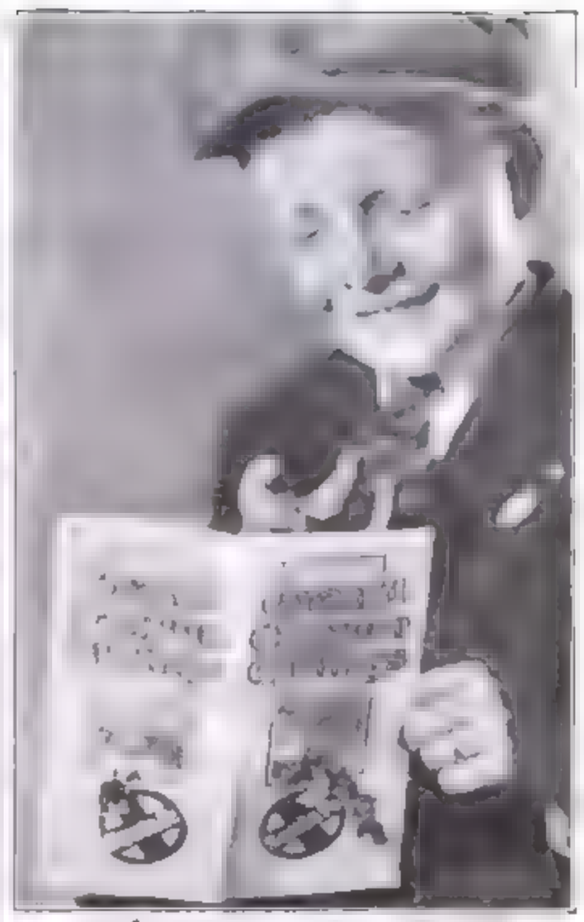
"No, it's nothing to talk." The sheriff held him with his steady, relentless eyes. "The complaint I file will say it aplenty for me."

The justice perspired visibly. "You better look a little out, tryin' to ruin a man's reputation!"

"You showed me how," came back the sheriff imperturbably.

"Suing your own judge!"

(Continued on Page 175



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A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

(Continued from Page 173)

"Jailing your own sheriff!"

"I guess you're tryin' to say you know more law than what I do!"

"I kin prove it too. Here's somepin I kin learn you right now. And that is that a justice of the peace can't go committing a man to the jail on his own complaint. Talk about your false arrests—on the top of everything else!"

"Now look!" Miss Effie stepped between them. "Here you both said you wasn't talking nothing—and listen at you! It won't go long till you have crossness between you." She turned toward the justice. "Now if you don't feel fur gitting sued, why ain't you just paying him fur what he ain't suing you fur?"

"It ain't so fur from election, judge!" reminded a waggish voice.

"And we can't have no judge nicked up with damages," warned another.

Small though the crowd was, full of levity though it was, there was yet that chord running through it—that chord of single purpose which always has something of the potentially frightful in it. The justice darted a glance about that pack of hostile, laughing faces closing him in, closing him in, and his elbows strained outward.

"It's just one thing I'll take," said the sheriff deliberately. "I'll take them two papers you got in your fist. Otherwise I'm going the limit—and it ain't any limit, so fur as the law says, to what a man can sue fur when he kin show actual damages to his reputation like what I can."

"Gee wizzens!" gasped Miss Effie, and turned her wide innocent eyes upon the justice. "You ain't wanting to git sued fur no limit at all, was you?"

"It don't go no further to talk!" Young Fricke wheeled impatiently. "I ain't fur losing no more time."

For an instant Justice Schubkegel gazed at the broad decisive shoulders.

"Take it!" his voice cracked on a high brittle note. "And be gosh-swanged to you!" He dashed the small folded paper to the floor.

For an instant it lay there, small—how small! Then

"Pick it away!" cried Miss Effie. "It's the farm—the farm yet!" She herself stooped and swept it from the floor.

Even in that high climactic moment a sudden odd question burst from the justice's livid lips: "Whose side was you on anyway?"

But, after all, what need to ask? For Miss Effie was smiling, and when Miss Effie smiled she made the onlooker feel that he was by all odds the most pleasurable object upon which she had ever gazed.

GENTEEL EMPLOYMENT WANTED

(Continued from Page 23)

Girl From Kay's at the Herald Square Theater. My head whirled at this close contact with the theatrical world, for the truth of the matter is I was simply dying to go on the stage. Not that my family had the remotest suspicion of this; but if the facts were known, it was this secret ambition which lay at the back of my constant antics before the mirror, the dramatizing of my songs, and accounted not a little for my eager attempts to glimpse Miss Dorrington. And, moreover, I was all prepared to step into a brilliant career at a moment's notice, for I knew the rôle of Rosalind in As You Like It by rote, had all the words of the Florodora Sextette by heart and could do six fancy-dance steps learned by watching Hattie Williams in this very show of Sam Bernard's!

Imagine, then, the emotions I felt upon seeing that card! With belated good sense, I examined the label upon the package and found it was addressed to Miss Fay Dorrington! Ten minutes later mamma took the big box of goodies downstairs, as if returning poison to a viper's den, and gave it to the actress' colored maid.

But that was far from being the end of the matter, for next day Miss Dorrington came up to thank us. Fortunately, papa was out at the time, and mamma and I received her as politely as it was possible for two respectable women to receive that enemy of our sex, a charming actress. Mamma sat with her arms grimly folded across her stomach, and I hovered behind her, watching Miss Dorrington, who was clad in a princess dress of real Irish crochet lace in écru over pink, and a hat trimmed in shaded pink willow plumes which floated and fluttered above her golden hair. Her pink-and-white complexion was the prettiest I had ever seen, and my fascinated gaze returned again and again to the diamond and emerald frog that moved gently with the soft heaving of her very low bust. If a lady saint had suddenly descended into our midst, I could not have found her more filled with holy graciousness than I found Miss Fay Dorrington, who, contrary to all tradition, was neither loud nor vulgar, and whose ease of manner left us rather at a disadvantage. Before she had been in the room two minutes I had the wildest possible crush on her.

"I have had a touch of the grip," she explained with her dazzling smile, "so Mr. Bernard was kind enough to think of me. I hope the delivery boy's making that stupid mistake did not trouble you too much. Aunty would have come up yesterday, but her back is troubling her again."

"Who?" said mamma incredulously.

"My aunt, who lives with me," explained Miss Fay, with a gesture which displayed a large turquoise ring. "Now that I am up again, she is indisposed. Well, I must be off, or I shan't get my rest before the evening performance. Thank you so much again, and good afternoon."

Miss Dorrington was gone, leaving behind her a most delicious whiff of Florida water, and immediately I turned to mamma in defense of my new-found idol.

"There!" I said triumphantly. "You see, she can't be so terribly swift! Her aunt lives with her!"

"My dear daughter," replied mamma, with the tone of finality she always employed when referring to anatomy, gossip, babies or any other really interesting subject—"my dear daughter, thank fortune you do not understand. In all probability the aunt is merely hired to live there, and is no blood relation at all!"

"Perhaps she is engaged to Mr. Bernard," I suggested. "I noticed she wore her ring on her engagement finger."

Mamma appeared to hesitate, as it would, indeed, have been daring to break that sacred tradition of the finger of the left hand. But eventually she remained firm in her conviction.

"It isn't a solitaire," she announced. "And besides, my dear, men seldom marry the creatures. Ugh! What a smell of scent! I think I will open the window for a while."

But nothing mamma could have said or done would have crushed my flaming admiration for Miss Fay. It was my first real crush on a girl since Eunice Wells, the grocer's daughter, and I had formed a lifelong friendship that was only broken by some parental dispute over the bill which ended in our being torn apart and the trade being taken to the opposite corner. Miss Dorrington's image filled my mind and I schemed to see her again. I at once bought a photograph of her at Sarony's and pondered how and where I could ask her to autograph it. Indeed, for ten full days I wondered incessantly how I might find an excuse to call on her, and then at last I figured out a plan. I would buy a bouquet of flowers, write From an Admirer on a plain card, inclose it, address the box to

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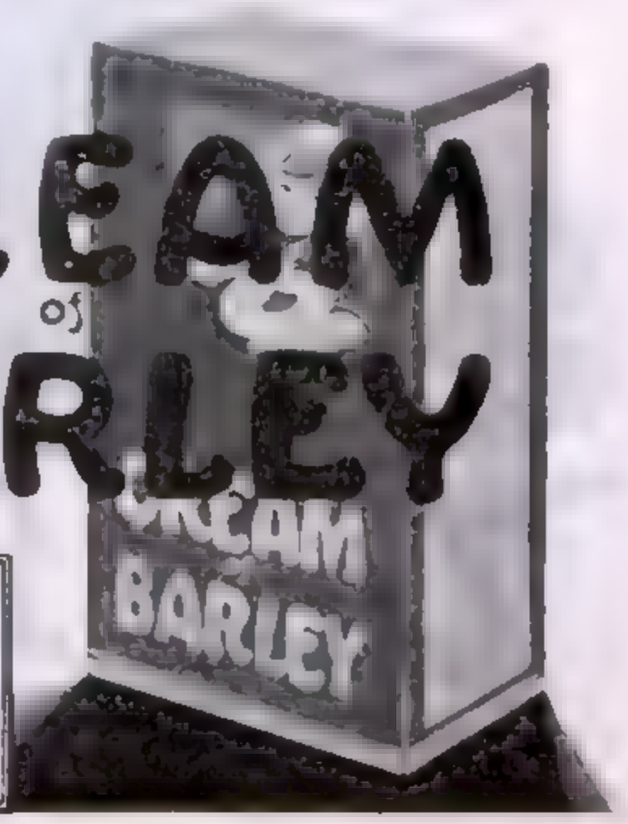

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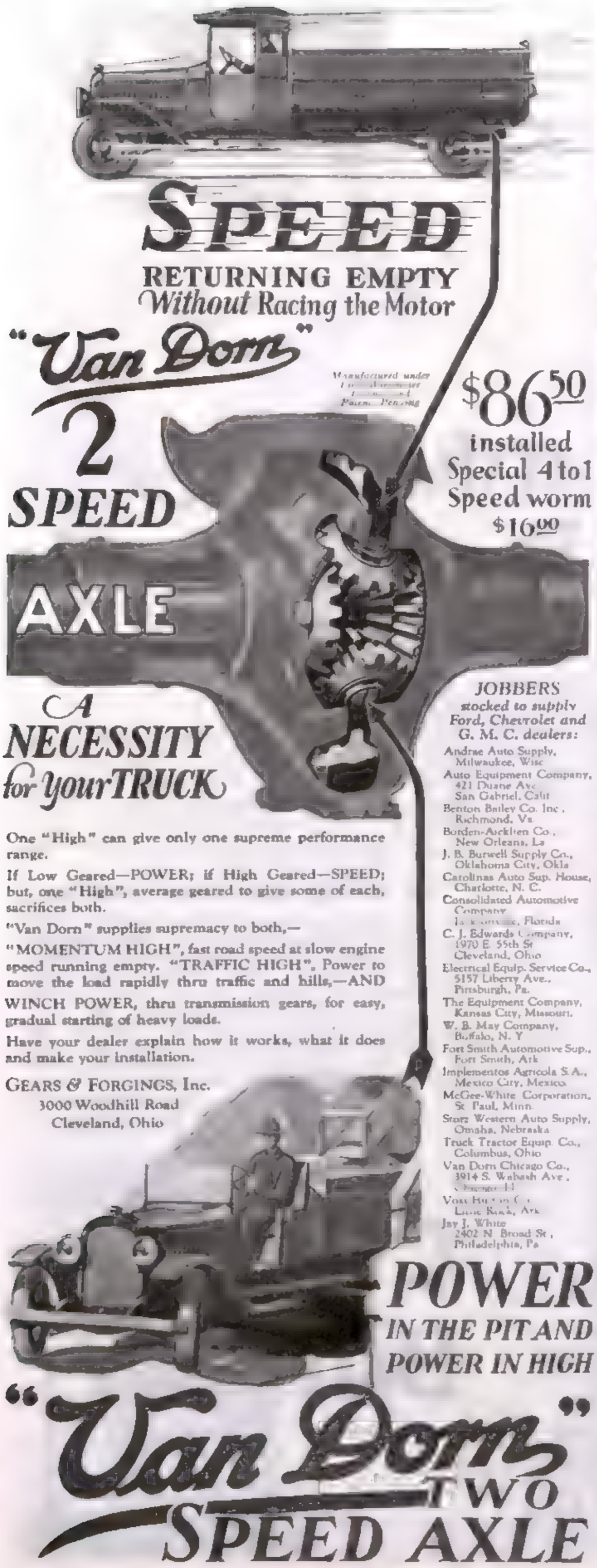
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her and pretend that a mistake had been made in the delivery. But this time I would take it down myself.

Naturally, to make the deception convincing, the flowers must come from a good shop. And so I paid my entire week's allowance for a bunch of lilies of the valley and departed with my prize, my heart high with excitement.

As I returned to the apartment house, my nerves were on edge. Suppose mamma saw me, how could I explain? Eventually I decided it would be better to go directly to the flat on the ground floor without risking a trip home to remove my hat. But immediately the door was opened by the mysterious colored maid, my carefully thought out scheme fell to bits. Miss Dorrington spied me from the drawing-room and came forward with a little cry of welcome before I could say a word.

"For me?" she said, taking the proffered box. "Why, you darling! Come in, do, I am just through with my French lesson, and I'd love a chat."

It was only then that I perceived she was not alone. A dapper little Frenchman in striped trousers and a tail coat was busy gathering books and papers from the very gilt-and-Cupid table I had seen on the sidewalk when she moved in. He bowed formally at our introduction and, to my ill-concealed dismay, kissed my hand.

"Don't mind Tookey," said Miss Fay, laughing. "It's the way they all act over there, isn't it, Tookey?"

The tutor bowed again, mumbled something about Friday at two and departed, while we two girls settled down on a gilt sofa.

Miss Dorrington wore a simply stunning tea gown of baby-blue China silk absolutely covered with white lace insertions, and her slippers of baby-blue felt had pompons on the toes to match. I had never seen such a ravishing costume. Her hair had obviously been done by a hairdresser in a new flat sort of wave which she caught me admiring.

"Do you like it?" she asked, just as intimately as if we had known each other for years. "It's the new way, called marcel. Of course it burns off a lot to have it done every week, but what do I care? We live only once. . . . Do you take French too?"

"No," said I reluctantly.

"I'm trying to educate myself all I can," said Miss Dorrington. "I'm halfway through Dickens now."

"But aren't you afraid of becoming a bluestocking?"

"Not much!" she disclaimed, laughing. "The girl who can really talk to a man is always the winner, don't you think?"

This was a shock. But I swallowed it without blinking, for the evidence of Miss Fay's success was all about me.

"I really would love to do something besides get married," I confided suddenly. "It must be wonderful to be an actress!"

"It's awfully hard work," she told me frankly. "Some people think an actress' life is all song and dance, and presents and stage-door johnnies, but it's not, you can bet your sweet life! But let's not talk about that. Would you like to see the flat?"

How unjust mamma had been to her! She was just a sweet, womanly woman, wanting to show off her house first thing, the same as any girl I knew. Of course I said yes, and she led me around. It seemed incredible that the identical arrangement of rooms could appear as different as her apartment and ours. From the massive cut glass on her dining-room sideboard to the white goatskin rug before her parlor mantel, all was of a luxury hitherto undreamed of. One door remained unopened.

"Aunty is lying down," she explained. "Her back bothers her a lot. You'll meet her some other time."

It was a wonderful visit. I could not seem to tear myself away, even when Miss Dorrington had to dress for the theater. She urged me to sit with her while she flung on her street clothes, and to my amazement, she quite unashamedly powdered her face and added a little rouge to her cheeks and lips.

"Good gracious!" said I. "I thought you made up at the theater!"

"I do," she replied. "This is just my street make-up."

"Then your complexion isn't real?" I wailed.

"Is it as good as all that?" she demanded, greatly pleased.

"But mamma always says make-up would ruin the skin."

"What nonsense!" said she. "Has it ruined mine? And look at any actress you know—haven't they all got lovely complexions? It's the so-called ladies who have the shiny noses and bad skins."

I was speechless, for it was too true. Furtively, I felt of my own nose and found it shiny. I didn't know what to say, because in spite of all my traditions, I was convinced. Meanwhile the maid had buttoned on Fay's red-heeled shoes. Long earrings hung from the delicate ears. An ostrich-trimmed Gainsborough hat crowned the fair hair, and Miss Dorrington was ready to depart. The maid withdrew and Fay took me by the shoulders.

"Look here," she said, "I like you. You are a good little kid, and I want to be friends with you. Come and see me a lot, won't you? I don't often meet girls I can get along with."

Far into that night I thought over her words. It was too—too wonderful! I had found a friend of my own age who had none of the hidden enmity of the girls I had known before. After all, just why was it all wrong to be an actress? Everybody went to see them on the stage. Supposing—just supposing I were really to go over and become one of the enemy. On this outrageous and radical idea, I fell asleep.

It was not until my secret friendship with my beautiful neighbor had lasted nearly a month that anything really violent occurred. And then one day I received a little note on Fay's scented paper in which she informed me that Mr. Sam Bernard was coming to luncheon on Sunday and she would be pleased to have me join them. Great Scott, what an experience! Somehow or other I simply must manage to accept. I told Fay I would come, but postponed making the same announcement to mamma.

The intervening days passed in an agony of indecision, and then mercifully Uncle Robo, mamma's elder brother, saved the situation by having a bad attack of gout which necessitated her going to Yonkers for a few days to look after him. Papa was easy to handle. I merely told him I was invited out to luncheon at the home of a girl I knew, but would be back early. He never even inquired where I was going. And so it was that I was free to dress in my brown velveteen and set forth on my incredible adventure.

The moment I entered the flat below I realized that a new atmosphere had invaded it. It was a place awakened to its true purpose—that of offering gayety in seclusion. Fay looked gorgeous as usual, and a fine new ring glittered on her third finger. I resolved to ask her about it at the first chance. The little French teacher was present as a guest, also a short Jewish-looking gentleman in a very loud suit, a dark, slim girl and a pleasant-looking older man of thirty or more. For an instant I felt disappointed, for nowhere was the gray-haired, loud-spoken Mr. Bernard with his funny German accent. Then I was introduced, and discovered to my amazement that this last man was none other than Bernard himself! The odd man was Mr. Solomon, otherwise unexplained; and the girl, Miss Lillie, of the Florodora Sextette! Fay's aunt was still invisible.

But the funny thing about it all was that after the first few minutes these people didn't faze me a bit! I was accepted into their midst quite casually, as if I had always belonged there, so that after the first flush of bewilderment I settled into my nook and accepted the party much as I

accepted my dreams at night, wherein I did strange things without embarrassment.

Even the meal seemed rather unreal. Cocktails were served before luncheon, mind you! That was a dash of life! Of course I did not touch mine, but laughingly pretended I had gone on the water wagon, as the boys put it—an explanation which the crowd accepted without comment. And when we sat down at table, it was not luncheon at all which was served, but a kind of substantial breakfast, for it seemed that none of the party except myself had got up before noon!

The fascinating looseness of such a circumstance drew me irresistibly. I fell to laughing at nothing. Even an incomprehensible story of Mr. Solomon's concerning the pointless doings of a certain traveling salesman sent me into mirthful shrieks along with the others. He and Mr. Bernard were just full of fun. Miss Lillie said little, but merely looked beautiful, and the diamond sunburst at her throat held me, at moments, entranced. More completely at my ease among these kind, jolly people than ever before in my life, I talked better than I knew how and assumed a sophistication which I devoutly hoped would deceive them all.

But what exactly induced the climax of that eventful party I am unable to say. What madness, generated of the intoxicating atmosphere, possessed me, I don't know. But it is an incontrovertible fact that by the middle of the afternoon the wine which the others had drunk had gone to my head, and I found myself performing for an extraordinarily appreciative audience. Not only did these people see nothing shocking in my theatrical ambitions but they actually encouraged them. I sang a song from the Girl From Kay's:

"Miranda,
On your veranda
I will meander.
Don't say me nay!"

I kicked up my heels to the tunes which Miss Lillie so obligingly played on the piano. I gathered my train, with its ruffled drop skirt and petticoats, into my hands and held the frills beneath my chin while I assured my select audience that:

"I am the belle, they say,
Of Avenue A.
And you can bet your stuff
That I'm up to snuff!"

Shamelessly, and with my technic improving at every round of applause, I kicked the palm of my outstretched hand. A serious recitation from the Bells was received with less enthusiasm, but a hasty switch to an imitation of Yvette Guilbert restored my prestige.

And when at last I had almost exhausted my repertoire I cleverly refused to do more. Mr. Bernard came and sat beside me on the gilt sofa.

"Say," said he enthusiastically, "you're quite a pippin! That imitation was a daisy and you could really dance with a little training. How would you like to join our show?"

"Oh, Mr. Bernard!" I said, frightened.

"I'm not joshing," said he. "If you'd like to commence in the chorus, I'll make Solly here find you a place."

I regarded him doubtfully. After all that had been hinted to me about the morals of theater people, I was prepared for the worst. If I showed the slightest interest, I might even be requested to pull my skirts up to my knees and show that my legs were straight—a request which I understood was not uncommon during the hiring of theatrical aspirants. But I must say that Mr. Bernard evidenced no such evil intent. He merely looked me over as coolly and impersonally as if I were a China tea set he was purchasing for his wife, and this gave me confidence. After all, there was a possibility that theatrical art might be a commodity as difficult to sell as, say, satin-covered coat hangers.

"I'm crazy to go on the stage," I confessed.

"What are you doing now?" Mr. Bernard wanted to know. "I mean, what do you work at?"

His assumption that, of course, I worked at something, far from seeming an insult, paid an unconscious tribute, and I answered boldly:

"I make cakes and sell them." It was out, but nobody was astounded. Mr. Bernard merely shook his head disparagingly.

"No money in that," he said. "Any girl can make a cake. Better come with us. Give you fifteen dollars a week and your costumes. That all right, Solly?"

"Sure thing, if you say so, Sammy!" replied the genial Jewish gentleman, who, I gathered, was in the managerial end of the Herald Square Theater. He turned to me. "We're putting on a new number," he said. "Be at rehearsal tomorrow at ten and we'll have Jonesy run you through the other stuff after, so you can get into the back row in a couple of days. Hey, Fay, Nina's out to steal the calcium from you, kiddo!"

So it was all settled practically without my consent! But oh, the agony of the reaction which immediately set in! Fay's guests drifted on to talk of other matters, leaving me to my thoughts. To the others this decision was the most trivial of matters—to me, a revolution. Of course nobody would marry me, now that I was an actress. But I would rise above old maidhood for my art's sake, and when I dashed proudly by in my carriage with two gray horses and an ermine tippet exactly like Fay Dorrington's, people—including the family—would stare and say, "There goes Nina Wilcox, the actress, the one who is so good as well as so great. They say she has refused the attentions of even kings!" But meanwhile there was the family to face.

As a matter of fact, this was accomplished far sooner than I had anticipated. For the emotions incident to the great step I was about to take in the interest of art and my family's finances so overcame me that I shortly excused myself and made my way upstairs to our own flat. And there was mamma, sitting in the parlor, with her arms folded grimly over her stomach.

"Nina, where have you been?" she greeted me without any preliminaries. "I know of no engagement, and your uncle being much better, here I return to find that you have been out since noon without any explanation."

It was an awful moment. But the applause of those wonderful people downstairs still rang in my ears and gave me extraordinary courage. Besides, there was no use trying to fool mamma.

"I've been downstairs breakfasting with Miss Dorrington," said I. "And I had a corking good time."

An instant of horrified silence ensued. Even papa looked up from the paper he was reading.

"What?" said mamma. "You have been breakfasting with that woman? And at this hour? You must be crazy!"

"I'm not," I denied. "And it was a perfectly lovely crowd, and—and I'm going on the stage with Mr. Sam Bernard. It's all settled, and nobody can interfere."

"Nina!" It was more a cry of pain than a protest.

"What nonsense is all this?" papa wanted to know. "What is the child talking about?"

"That's what I'd like to know!" said my mother.

"It's not nonsense, and I'm not a child," I protested stubbornly. "I tell you I have a real chance to go on the stage. I'm grown up now, and I know we need money, and I want to do my share. I'm going to be an actress."

"I hope I can provide whatever is needful for you and your mother," said my father, rising sternly. "In any event, you will live on what I give you, as all other families do!"

"But we don't, right now!" I disclaimed wildly. "I've been making cakes and selling them for weeks to that horrid Woman's Exchange! And what do I earn? Five dollars a week for breaking my back in the

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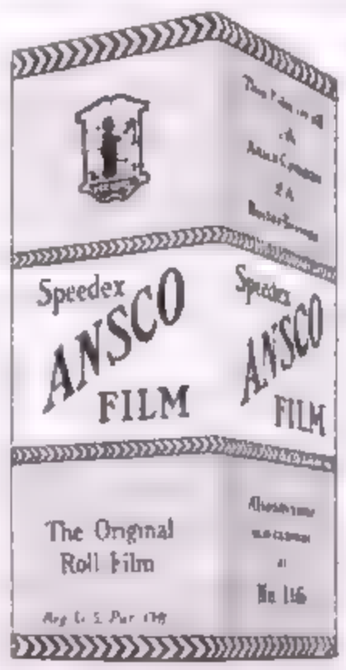

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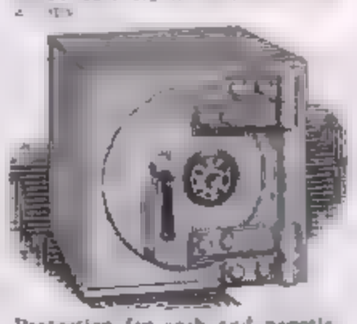

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kitchen! I'm going on the stage instead. Art is more dignified."

"What does she mean?" demanded my father furiously, turning now on mamma, who shrank visibly as my partner in guilt. "Has she been doing this thing?"

"I didn't see any harm in it, dear," mamma pleaded. "Just a few cakes—and no one knows who made them. Quite refined work, really."

But papa was not so easily placated. His pride had been stung to the quick.

"I won't have my women working!" he thundered. "It's a disgrace! Nina can pack her trunks at once! I shall send her to her grandmother's to stay until she is cured of her impudence! As for you, Eleanor, I am amazed and hurt that you should have connived at such a deception."

With which he stalked angrily from the room, leaving mamma to gather up her dignity as best she could.

"Well, daughter," she said, "it will have to be as your father wishes, although I really see no harm in the cakes. But still, your father knows best. And, of course, your friendship with that actress person must cease entirely. I forbid you ever to see her again."

"But why, mamma?" I protested tearfully. "Fay is too—too sweet, really! And she can't help being talented and successful; really she can't. She's the only girl I ever truly loved."

"I can't explain exactly why you must give her up," said mamma with a sigh. "It wouldn't be suitable, so you must trust your old mother's judgment, daughter. It is enough for me to say that men don't marry women of her kind, and if you associate with her they will not respect you either. And now there is a layer cake in the kitchen waiting to be iced. I suppose you meant it for the exchange, but even though it can't go there, you may as well ice it before it dries out, and we can eat it for supper. Run along now like a good girl."

Dutifully I prepared to obey, picking up a sheet of the Sunday paper to spread on the kitchen table. Then, sniffing and daubing my eyes, I made my way to the rear of the flat and set to work. It was no use; my family would never understand me. My heart was broken, but what did they care? They tore my career and dearest friend from me without compunction. Poor, beautiful Fay, how they maligned her! I wished I were a man, that I might champion her properly. But instead, I had to go to grandma's and live like a regular hick, with no matinées, no teas, nothing! And all for what? Because I had tried to resist the hopeless martyrdom of being born a female!

The cake was finished and stood glossy in its coat of chocolate. I lifted it to the open window ledge to cool. Even when one's heart was broken, life went on just the same. Cakes must be iced, and one must clean up afterward. I put the empty chocolate bowl in the sink and started to gather up the now-bespotted sheet of newspaper, when an item in it caught my eye:

FAMOUS ACTRESS TO WED

FAY DORRINGTON, WELL-KNOWN MUSICAL COMEDY STAR, WILL MARRY JAY LITTLETON, NEW YORK CLUBMAN, IN THE AUTUMN

Incredulously I read it over and over, together with the details which followed. Suddenly I remembered the new ring which had sparkled on Fay's finger that afternoon, recalled that she was expecting somebody important who would not appear until later.

So it was at her windows that Jay had gazed across the courtyard so steadfastly! Married—they were to be married, and she a mere actress! But men didn't marry that sort of woman; mamma had said so! It was wrong, all wrong, and there was no justice in the world.

Human nature could bear no more without some violent action. Deliberately and with malice aforethought, I approached the chocolate cake on the window ledge and with a muttered "Fudge take everything!" I hurled it into space.

One of Life's Minor Tragedies · The Pup and the Fly Paper

Take her along when you buy a suit or topcoat—
and one of the first questions she'll ask will be,
"Is it lined with Skinner's Satin?"

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In modern automobiles Thompson Valves guard the gateways of power, Thompson Eccentric Tie Rods make steering safe and easy, Thompson Bolts add to strength and dependability.

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If the valves do not seal perfectly, you will not get proper compression before the spark, and will lose part of the *force of the explosion* when the spark ignites the mixture.

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LEAKY VALVES MEAN LOST POWER

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Thompson Valves

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These products are sold for replacement by jobbers and garages. Ask your repairman.

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

(Continued from Page 25)

married woman who went to a concert with a man not her husband was "fast", and so was the man: Welsh rabbit cooked with beer was "fast"; people who went to evening concerts in German beer gardens were "fast"; people who played games of cards, or any other games, for stakes, were "fast"; a woman who wore a low corsage was "fast"; it was "fast" to be interested in the ballet, to read Ouida, or to have read Byron's Don Juan; it was "fast" to give lively dinner parties on Sunday. On Sunday, indeed, even fast horses were supposed to repose; it was no seemly day for the red-wheeled runabout.

The churchly rule of the elders prevailed unchallenged by any young intellectual. Everywhere, even among those who were not churchgoers, there was an abiding and accepting, not a questioning. One night a milkman expressed his sense of this acceptance to me, and spoke reverently in the very spirit of the times. A friend of mine died; I had been spending the night beside his coffin, and just before dawn had gone out to walk up and down upon the lawn in the moist spring air. The milkman, coming into the yard, observed me, and having filled the household can upon the back steps, approached for a hushed conversation.

"Is this where the fine young man's dead that I read about in the papers last night?"

"Yes."

He sighed thoughtfully. "Well," he said, "I ain't a churchgoing man myself, I'm sorry to say; but I'm an abiding man. My wife's a church member and all, but I can't claim to be. I don't know whether it's going to keep me out of heaven or not, because that's something nobody can tell beforehand, not even church members themselves; but on the other hand, I reckon being an abiding man's pretty safe to keep me out of hell. I like to read James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye, and I can't claim I read the Bible anywhere like as much as I do them two; but yet I never did claim there's any comparison in a religious way between James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye and them old prophets like David and Goliath and Elisha and Job and Jeremiah and all them. No, sir; I read James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye for pleasure; I can't deny it; but when it comes to abiding, I abide by them old Bible prophets. Don't you believe us abiding people got a pretty good chance to get in?"

"In? You mean into heaven?"

"Yes. That's my opinion, anyhow. We can't all be church members—got too much to do that prevents it. Me, for instance, when I get back to the dairy farm after my route on Sunday morning, why, it couldn't hardly be expected I'd clean up and get on my Sunday suit and go to church. Night watchmen, they can't get to church either; but they're just as likely to be abiding men as any. Pretty much everybody is either a church member or at least abiding, when you get right down to the facts. Ain't that your experience?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Yes, sir," he went on, "that's pretty much the way of it. It's just the same all over the country too. I've done considerable traveling; I've traveled on every railroad in this state and I've been on excursions to Niagara Falls and Washington and Asbury Park; I've been in Cincinnati time and again—I got kin living there—I've been to Keokuk, and I've been twice to Chicago. Well, you naturally always get to talking to passengers on trains, and after you find out where they're from and all about their family and how the crops look in their part of the country, and what business conditions seem to be out there, why, nine times out of ten you and them get to talking about religion.

"Well, sir, I never come across but one infidel yet, in all my experience; and even he wasn't so much of one—said a good many parts of the Old Testament was too much for him. Except for that, he was as abiding a man as anybody. But I expect he might go to hell on account of them parts he said he didn't believe in. He's the only one I've run across, myself, though of course I know there's some others here and there that don't believe in the Bible at all; but there ain't many willing to take such a risk. No, sir, not many. Of course I know there's plenty that'll take a chance sliding off to one side now and then, like pitching horseshoes out behind the barn on Sunday, or getting drunk Saturday nights, or cussing around up an alley, maybe; but they know they can get back into line by repenting and abiding again before it's too late. Yes, sir; if you leave out saloon keepers and gamblers, and such like, the United States is a pretty good pious sort of country, by and large. The children respect and honor and obey the laws, and where there's a few like me that can't hardly make it to get to church, why, anyhow they're abiding. Ain't that the way it seems to you?"

In general, though there were exceptions, that was the way it seemed to anybody. There was a tremendous universal respect for respectability. People who did not abide by the rule of the church and the law of the land were not within that respect, and unless they were very powerful and adroit, they were outcasts if their disobedience became known. And almost universally, children honored their parents, believing them to be perfect in goodness, perfect in dignity; and the parents of that day took infinite pains to present only this aspect of themselves to their children. Less strict with the young than their own parents had been with themselves, and much more liberal in everything, they nevertheless retained authority and knew that they must never weaken it by endangering the complete respect their children had for them.

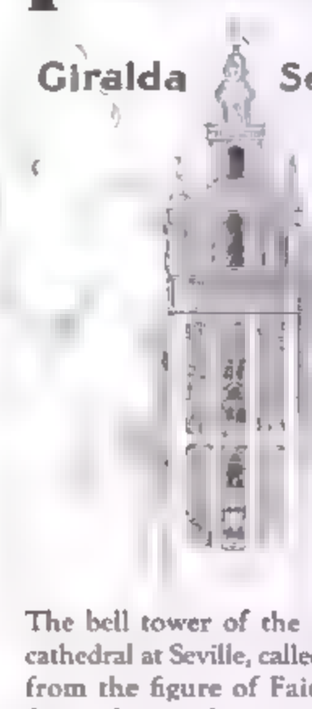
The churches ruled over all the outward part of life, and although there were depths within the social body where they did not rule, even in the depths they were feared and the infractions were stealthy, like night poachings in the king's preserve. Even the legalized saloons dared not be open enemies of the churches, and groped obscurely, under cover, for a little local power in dirty small politics. But the rule of the churches was not the rule of the Inquisition; it was neither early Puritanism nor early Wesleyanism; it was not militant, except when the corruption of brewery politics became too brazen. The children did not challenge the church or the faith of their parents; usually they accepted that faith themselves as a matter of course. Moreover, respectability did not make the town gloomy; and looking back upon it now, it seems to have been not only a contented and peaceful place but a fairly happy one.

Beauty was there, outdoors, and in the tranquil, friendly life of the people. By June, if you ascended to the top of the monument and looked forth from that high vantage in the air, you seemed to be upon a tower rising from an island of stone surrounded not by water but by verdure. There were just glimpses of roofs and windows among green leaves, for the shade trees marched down the streets all the way to the State House, the courthouse and the Circle, where stood the monument. Beyond the town, a lazy silken creek wandered among great sycamores; and there were other waters—a crystal river below high bluffs and a canal that was like a long straight strip of green looking-glass. And all the air was pure; only the clean white dust of the country roads blew a little in the sunshine, and the sky over the town was unflawed blue in winter and in summer.

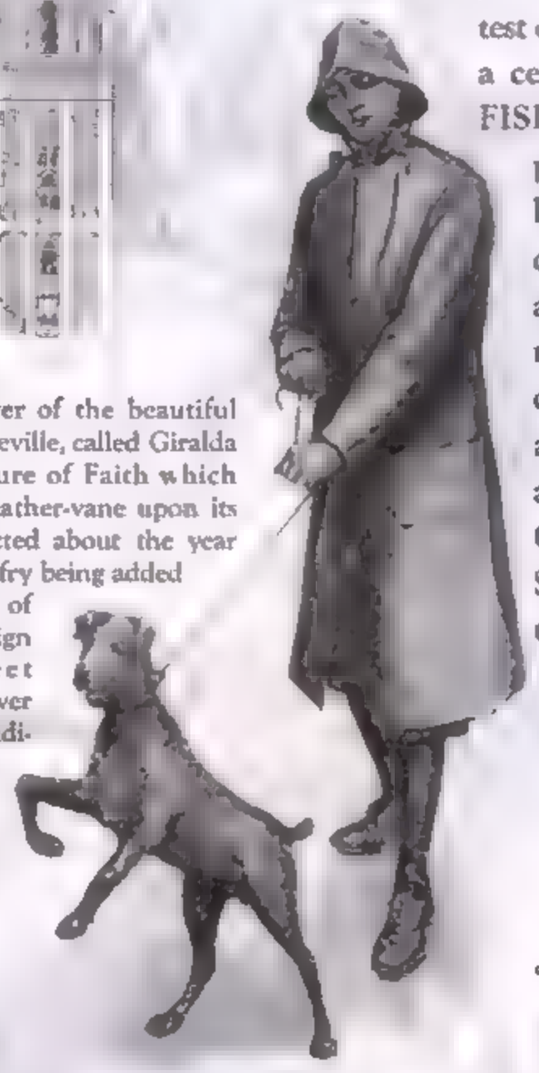
Upon a summer evening, if you walked abroad, there was the multitudinous rustle of leaves as if you walked in a woodland—as indeed you did; there was the quiet murmur of voices from the verandas, or from where the people sat out upon the lawns; there was the plod-plod of horses

FAMOUS TOWERS
Fish Brand

Giralda Seville Spain



The bell tower of the beautiful cathedral at Seville, called Giralda from the figure of Faith which forms the weather-vane upon its summit. Erected about the year 1,000, the belfry being added in 1568. It is of Moorish design and 350 feet high. The tower of the old Madison Square Garden in New York was modeled after the Giralda.



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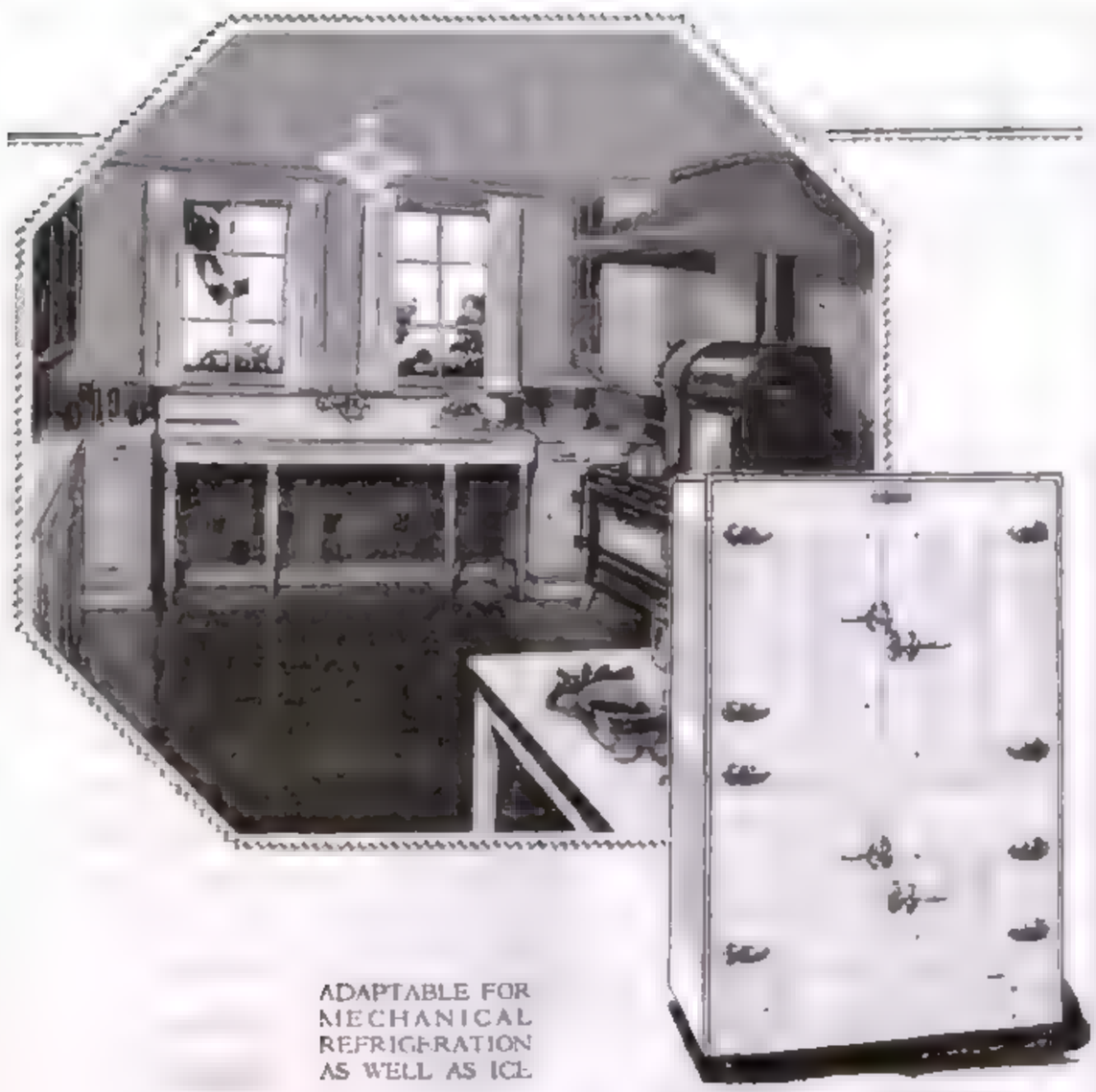

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passing with surreys for the evening family drive; there was the tinkling of the little bicycle bells and the gliding passage of the wheelmen's lamps, whiter small lights than the gold pencilings of the fireflies among the shrubberies on the lawns. Sometimes the surrey drivers would draw rein and pause, and the foot passengers upon the sidewalk would stop; a quiet audience thus would gather outside an open window where a girl with a lovely voice sang to her piano. It is true that the song was likely to be sentimental, even sentimentally pathetic, and the theme was nearly always a variation upon the topic of constancy.

Oh, love for a year, a week, a day;
But alas for the love that lasts alway!

Or it might be the audience gathered on the sidewalk and in the street beyond a picket fence, about a lawn where young people danced upon a waxed platform and an orchestra played by the light of Chinese lanterns strung among the trees. The young people danced happily, and although they sometimes danced as late into the next morning as two o'clock, they began—even when they were under seventeen—at about eight. They danced for sheer gayety and without other stimulation, though liquor was obtainable openly at any bar. When the young men drank, they kept away from the girls they knew; and if they were known to drink often, the girls they knew kept away from them—permanently.

The music to which they danced was made by violins, cellos, flutes, harps, triangles and bass viols; sometimes there was a clarinet and sometimes mild drums and cymbals were heard; and again no one can deny that most of the sound these instruments made was sentimental. What seems incredible now, it is a fact that in those days old people could bear to listen to the dance music that was modern then. Not only could they bear to listen—they loved to listen; they could listen all evening long without bleeding at the ears. For one reason, saxophones had not yet been ejected by the volcanic insides of hyenas in eruption.

There were even midnight serenades, in those days, of a summer night; that dashing custom had not quite disappeared. Young men would hire an orchestra and an express wagon, as the horse-drawn truck with a big canvas top was called; musicians and gallants would drive to the house of a pretty girl, encamp themselves noiselessly upon the lawn, and presently, after a faint and covert tuning of instruments, dulcet melody would ascend to her window. When she was sweetly thus awakened, she would slide out of bed, crawl on hands and knees to the window and lower the shade, raised for the passage of air. Then she would light the gas, and the bright window in the dark night was the serenaders' reward, the assurance that their music was heard and accepted. After a while they would move silently back to the express wagon, the wagon would creak away and the window would go dark again; yet for a time a breath of romance would linger within it and upon the air.

No serenaded lady could have thought to say she got a kick out of such a thing. Beyond question, it was a sentimental age! It was the age of sentiment, of faith, of leisurely days and quiet nights, of reverent children, of dignified parents, of placid newspapers, and of settled and contented living at home.

There the town lay, then, peaceful and completed, warm and green and a little drowsy, upon a September afternoon, when the strangest sight of all the *fin de siècle*—a sight even stranger than the photograph of a living man's skeleton—came rolling forth from within the cavern of forge and fire where it had been conceived.

The languid town awoke. Children, playing in back yards, ran shrieking into the street; colored servants, glancing from front windows, yelled with surprise and bellowed for those in the kitchen to come and look; old ladies were roused from naps and fluttered to the windows. Horses snorted, reared and could not be soothed; dogs barked themselves insane, and well they might.

Well, indeed, might those jolly old dogs bark; well might those kindly old horses prance and run away! For what they beheld that day was their Juggernaut; they might as well have cast themselves beneath its wheels then and there. But for more than horses and dogs the monster rolling through the street was to be the destroyer. Yet a little time and it would have down those sturdy, strong-built, big old brick houses with their broad plate-glass windows where faces stared, half startled, half derisive, at the monster's first passing. A little time and the monster would have them all down, every one of them; it would have them down and their trees down and their green lawns devoured. It would have the whole town down, and more; it would have the *fin de siècle* down and extinct, only the memory of it surviving in belittling laughter.

More, the monster and its adjutants would have the very spirit of that age down. The old faiths were to be put at bay; the old abiding was to vanish; the universal rule of the churches was to vanish; the old content was to vanish; the old romantic sentiment was to vanish; leisure was to vanish; the old reverences and dignities were to vanish; the old authority of parents was to vanish; even dance music was to vanish and be music no more. From the moment of that first apparition upon the streets of the placid town, Death waited for the God of Things as They Are.

And yet the monster that was to erase the world was no great shakes to look at when we goggled at it that September day. It was only a topless surrey with a whirling belt and other inexplicable machinery beneath it, emitting vapor and hideous noises. But there were no shafts for a horse—there was no horse—yet the wheels turned and the ridiculous miracle moved.

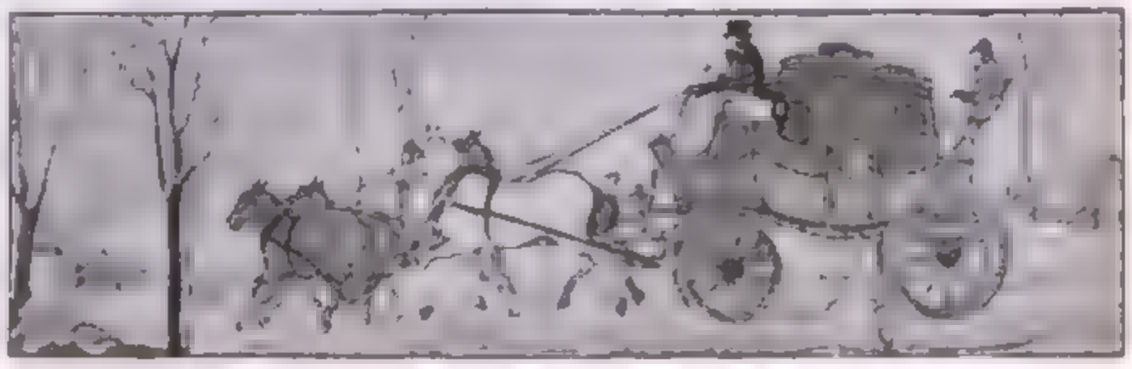
In the front seat a jarred and vibrated man, reddened in the face by his dreadful conspicuousness, held a crooked rod that seemed somewhat uncertainly to guide the forward wheels. And along the sidewalks, and even at the tail of the monster, raced crowds of vociferous, mocking boys and girls.

"Git a hoss!" they shrieked continuously. "Git a hoss! Git a hoss! Git a hoss!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Tarkington. The third will appear in the issue for May fifth.

A Correction

IN THE third of Mr. Marcosson's articles on the oil industry, in the issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for February 18, 1928, on page 31, a photograph was shown carrying the credit, "Copyright by the Humble Oil and Refining Company." The photograph presents an aerial view of the Texas Company's oil refinery at Port Arthur, Texas, and should have been credited to that company.



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TODAY, if you are firing coal by hand you are needlessly wasting money. And of course you are denying yourself and everyone around you the luxury of even heat and power, maintained by quiet automatic mechanical appliances.

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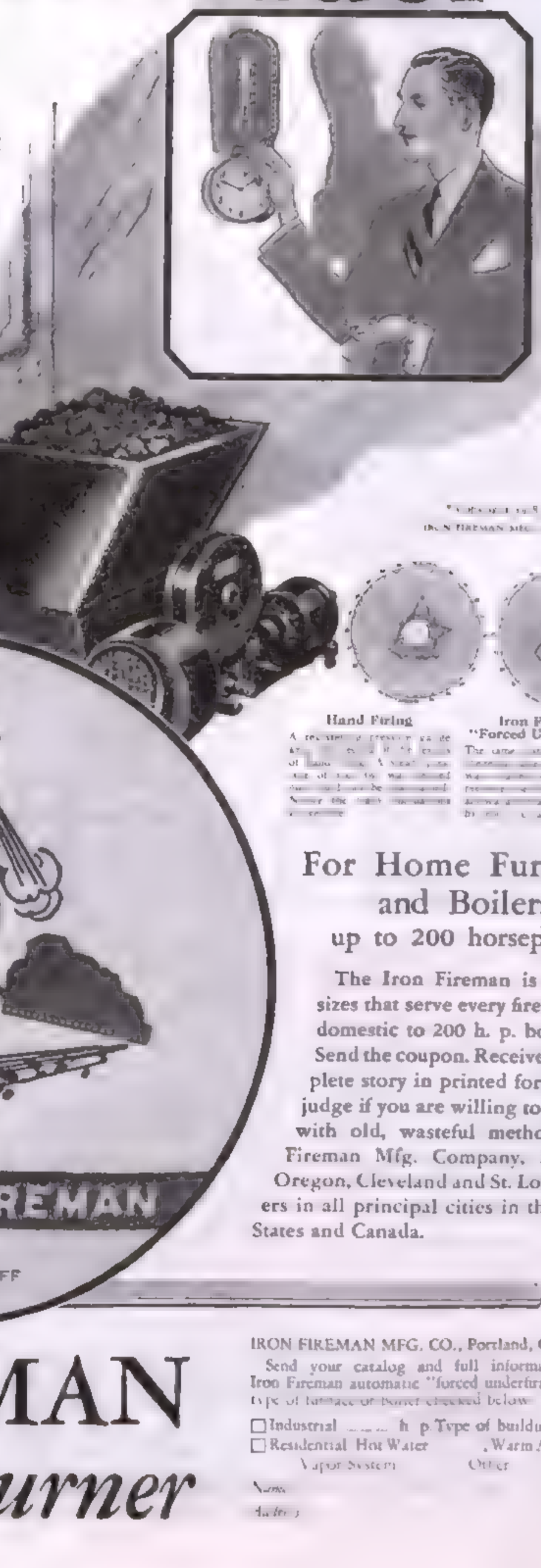
The Iron Fireman feeds the fire from *below*. Coal enters the firebox under the fire and is gradually forced upward into the flame. As the coal approaches the fire and is heated, the most volatile gases are distilled off first, and must pass up *through the fire*. They are consumed and make heat. Nothing is wasted. The Iron Fireman makes a fire 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than with hand firing. Lower priced coal may be used. Slack and screenings, or buckwheat, give excellent results. Coal costs less in these sizes and you get more heat from it than from more costly lump coal. You save both ways.

Contrast this method of Iron Fireman automatic "forced underfiring" with wasteful hand firing: In hand firing you throw a shovelful of coal on the fire. As this coal becomes warm, it releases first its most volatile gases. They pass out the stack as dense clouds of smoke. Much heat is wasted. Smoke ordinances are violated. Air is polluted. Consideration of the rights of others to healthful, pure air for breathing demands Iron Fireman "forced underfiring," which makes no smoke, burns the cheaper sizes of coal, gets all the heat from the coal, saves money and is *automatic*.



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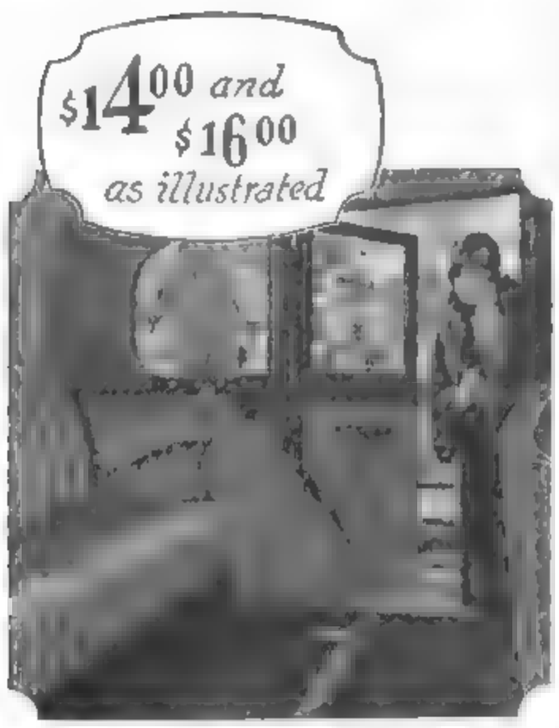

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THE FELLOWS WHO MADE THE GAME

Continued from Page 19

baseball interesting to readers, the accounts of Cincinnati games were as drab as cricket reporting.

Afterward all the Redland scribes, consciously or unconsciously, followed the new system. Johnson wrote better reports of ball games than Weldon did, but not so much. Harry was wont to write two or three columns, giving every detail of play—and Enquirer columns in those days were almost a yard long.

Rennie Mulford, the third of the famous pioneer trio, was a small man, a beautiful writer, a careful, exact reporter and a close student of the sport. We called him Deacon because he was a devout churchman and lived up to his religion. It was a queer combination—a sport, a young college man and a devout little Christian working at the same jobs and associating with one of the jolliest bunches of athletic highbinders ever assembled in uniform.

Another outstanding reporter in the West in those days was a fellow on the Quincy, Illinois, Herald who could twist the English language into the most fantastic shapes. His use of vivid slang and wild invective was masterly, and he had an army of imitators. Who he was I never knew, but he could sling slang until his readers were dizzy and the players did not know whether they were being abused or praised. I recall one story which started:

"The glass-armed toy soldiers from this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian grave robbers from Omaha." That was merely his prelude to an account of a defeat of the home team.

Perhaps the outstanding reporter in Pittsburgh in those days was Aleck Moore, an excellent writer, a kindly but at times severe critic and a student of the game, which he had played as an amateur. His statement that Dinny Lyons, the third baseman, laid down a postage stamp before each game and played on it not only stirred Dinny to cover more ground but threatened to eliminate the future newspaper owner and ambassador to Spain. It cured Dinny of neglect of duty, however, for whenever he seemed inclined to loaf in fielding, all Aleck had to do was to send a postage stamp down to the field, and Lyons hustled.

A Real Baseball Fan

Aside from the amusing and entertaining writers of the early days, there were the partisans. In fact, the majority of reporters with teams were bitterly partisan, as much so as were the ball players. The reporters were largely regarded by the players as part of the team and were expected to uphold the team in its arguments and in its battles with opposing clubs. The majority did. I have seen reporters for the New York team—or with it—battle the Chicago scribes in the press box; and frequently, after some fiercely contested series, the visiting reporters were practically driven out.

Since the game originated in the East and was first reported there, customs had grown up and styles of reporting were set in various cities, and some of the pioneers never entirely adapted themselves to the breezier and more newsy Western way.

The first real reporter was Henry Chadwick, who was writing about the game when the Knickerbockers and Excelsiors of Brooklyn were the great teams. He had played as a youth, and, as Father Chadwick, he became a writer and an authority on the game and its history. He never quite adapted himself to the lighter strain and continued to write rather painful, if accurate, accounts of games almost to the end.

He was a dear old fellow, gentle, kindly, and in his last years a rather pathetic figure around the Brooklyn park. His eyesight had failed until he could see plays on the field only dimly, if at all; yet he never openly admitted it, nor did any of the younger fellows betray the fact that we knew his failing. Some of us would sit with him at each game, gossiping, and listening to his reminiscences, and every inning or two he would say:

"Dear, dear! I was so interested I wasn't watching. Would you mind reading me the details of the last two innings?"

The reporters with good eyes would read from their score books and someone would make certain his score was correct, never letting on that we knew. His keen interest in the sport continued to the last.

The Roster of Writers

Boston, in those days, treated baseball seriously. Tim Murnane, who had been famous as a player, turned reporter when his arm went wrong, and established a school of experts—men who knew the game perhaps better than did the scribes of other cities. Murnane, Walter Barnes and Jake Morse dominated the Boston press box, which was as dangerous as the catcher's position, only a short distance back of the plate and entirely unprotected. During a game it looked like a Harvard faculty meeting, but they knew the sport and took it seriously.

Murnane was a striking-looking man, powerfully built, with a fine face, beautiful eyes and snow-white hair, and he was the ball player's favorite reporter—honest, loyal, severe in criticism of slackers and strong in defense of the fellow who was trying, besides being always the friend and helper of the youngsters.

In Philadelphia, Frank Huff and Frank Richter were among the pioneers, and in New York baseball was rather neglected by the newspapers. They considered it comparatively unimportant for a long time. Then a genius named O. P. Caylor became sporting editor of the old Herald. He was a man of bitter, scathing wit, a master of sarcasm, and, as the country editors used to say, he dipped his pen in gall and wielded a trenchant quill. He became the rival of Weldon in the field of authority in sport. His diatribes directed at visiting clubs and occasionally at the club owners were feared. It was always suspected he was being primed with facts by some of the club owners about others who were unpopular with him. John Foster followed Caylor; while, on another paper, a famous old player, turned reporter, became one of the best loved and most popular of the veteran scribes. That was Sam Crane, who held his place through several baseball generations.

The afternoon newspapers of those earlier days had not paid much attention to baseball or to sports generally. The days of sporting extras and of special wires direct to the parks had not arrived. In fact, up to 1896 there was hardly a park in the country with a direct wire installed except upon special occasions, and the telegraph companies thought so little of the business of baseball they frequently required reporters to make cash deposits before they would accept their stories.

It was largely to the work of Eddie Roth in New York that the development of the afternoon reports of baseball was due. Eddie was the father of the Smith-whiffed, Jones-biffed, Brown-skied school of baseball literature, which developed until the afternoon instead of the morning newspapers became the chief spreaders of baseball news. Roth possessed—or invented—one of the weirdest vocabularies ever used in baseball writing, and sometimes only a past master of the game could follow him through his mazes of slang expressions.

There were scores of writers who developed immediately following the change of style of reporting the games—Eddie Wray, at St. Louis; Otto Floto, at Denver; Harry Pulliam, afterward president of the

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National League: Claude Zuber, of Cincinnati, Eddie Sheridan, of Chicago; John Gruber, at Pittsburgh, who was among the pioneers. Also there were hundreds who rushed into it—and fell out. George Ade served a short apprenticeship in Chicago but never became a regular baseball man; Hugh E. Keough, who, as H. E. K., became the author of some of the finest verse ever written in sports; E. K. Rife, of the Ohio State Journal, a poet-philosopher. Even Brand Whitlock, whose field was politics, tried baseball.

Each spring a new crowd of star reporters, brilliant fellows most of them, quit their regular work to do baseball, blithely explaining that at last they had found a soft job. In July or August they would be pleading with the managing editors to take them off the assignment and let them return to their old posts. The constant traveling and routine of game after game became drudgery unless they really loved the sport.

They discovered also that baseball reporting differs from other fields of criticism. The dramatic, musical, art and book critics are comparatively safe to write their critiques, and some of the writers soon discovered that living with a bunch of large-muscled and sometimes small-brained athletes, traveling, eating and sleeping with them, and then describing them in print as boneheads, nuts, bushers and has-beens is different. Some of the athletes have human feelings and others lack a sense of humor. One of our well-known dramatic critics once essayed to write baseball. He ravished the dictionary to discover words with which to praise his idols, and one morning climbed out a sleeping-car window and resigned by telegraph because three husky athletes were waiting in the wash room for him to rise and explain the meaning of some words he had called them. They had the idea he was cussing them in French.

The majority of the players, however, are hardened or indifferent to criticism, unless it is unjust. I once devoted a quarter of a column of space to taking the hide off Big Bill Lange, who weighed 230 and stood six feet three.

The next morning he came grinning to me and said, "Hughey, lend me a lead pencil." I handed him the pencil and he grinned and said, "I don't want it. I just wanted to see if you wore it out last night."

They will endure almost any criticism from a writer who, they think, knows the game; but woe betide a newcomer who criticizes carelessly or ignorantly. Many of them, too, expect to be criticized if they are mentioned at all. One morning long ago I was sitting in the West Side Irish-American Club, in Chicago, hidden behind a newspaper, when Tim Donohue, a catcher and an odd character, entered.

The Classics Up to Date

Dr. Phil McCarthy was across the table and said to Tim, "Did you see what Fullerton said about you this morning?"

"That blank—blank—blank!" began Tim hotly.

"What are you talking about?" said the doctor. "He says you're the best backstop in the league."

"Well," said Tim, "me and him always was good friends."

The majority of them never understand that friendship has nothing to do with newspaper reporting, and some of the inexperienced reporters who rushed into the game and tried to write impersonally quit suddenly because of this fact.

While the pioneers were advancing to higher jobs or resigning in disgust, new baseball writers were coming on. One of the greatest was Little Joe Campbell, who, after a short career in St. Louis, went to the Washington Post. He was a small, usually shabby and inconsequential-appearing man.

Campbell was the greatest master of slang, classical and otherwise, and the inventor of more baseball expressions than any other writer. I met him on Pennsylvania Avenue one morning arm in arm with Sir Henry Irving in earnest conversation, and not knowing Joe's work outside of baseball, related the incident as a joke only to learn that he was one of the foremost authorities in America on the Shaksperean drama, author of a standard work on Chaucer, and that he wrote editorials and dramatic reviews. His knowledge of classical English perhaps aided him in his baseball writing by teaching him what to avoid or supplying new words.

One night I found him glooming at his desk. "These editors!" he complained. "They insist that I cut out the slang and write baseball in straight English. I'm trying it, and that is not the way to write the game."

I picked up the sheet of his copy which he had just written and read:

"Amie Rusie made a Svengali pass in front of Charlie Reilley's lamps and he carved three nicks in the weather." Which was "straight English" for saying Reilley struck out.

Campbell delivered an address one night before the press club in pure Shaksperean, which started, "Lascivious and stultified blades" to show he could get away from his baseball language.

An Unfair Advantage

Many of the old reporters carried unusual side lines of that kind. They had much time to read and study while on the road, and a number used it in research. Tommy Rice, of Washington and Brooklyn, was an example. Tommy—the first of the Rices in the game—always tried to pick a tail-end team with which to travel, as it gave him more time to delve into other subjects. When Brooklyn won a championship he was heartbroken. He is a lawyer, is an authority on criminology, is a member of the New York State Crime Commission and possesses perhaps the most extensive library on crime in America. Besides that, he became an authority on earthquakes and volcanoes and spent many winters in the West Indies and Central America studying seismology; or, as he said, "Calling on volcanoes."

Jimmy Gilruth, one of the third generation of Chicago baseball reporters, spent all his spare time, while traveling, in libraries, collecting material for his book on the Children's Crusades.

Bill Phelon, one of the most remarkable and eccentric of the fellows who helped make the game, was an authority and wrote books upon the American Indian and the movement of the tribes, and spent years studying reptilian life.

Phelon, perhaps, was the strangest of all the characters developed in baseball—the Rube Waddell of the writers. Awkward, uncouth, he spent his life playing practical jokes that were so bizarre as to be funny. He started in Chicago just after the Dunne-Washburn-Seymour era. I knew him slightly when one day we met and he inquired casually if I would like to see him box Joe Choynski that night, and gave me tickets. The bout was to be staged at Sam T. Jack's theater in Madison Street, and the place was packed. Phelon, robed and in tights, was introduced as the West Side Unknown, and Choynski as the light-heavyweight champion of the world. They shook hands and Choynski backed away, motioning and protesting, while Phelon came at him aggressively. The champion was telling Phelon to take off his glasses.

"No," said Phelon solemnly; "I can't see without them."

Argument was vain and the bout was called off.

His grimmest and most famous joke, perhaps, was at the expense of a little New York reporter who is one of the most accurate and dependable of writers of sport. He is a small man, and his health never has been good. At times he suffered greatly from nervous disorders and had formed the habit of walking from Park Row to his home, far uptown, in order to tire himself so as to be able to sleep. Of course, all the reporters knew his condition and sympathized with him.

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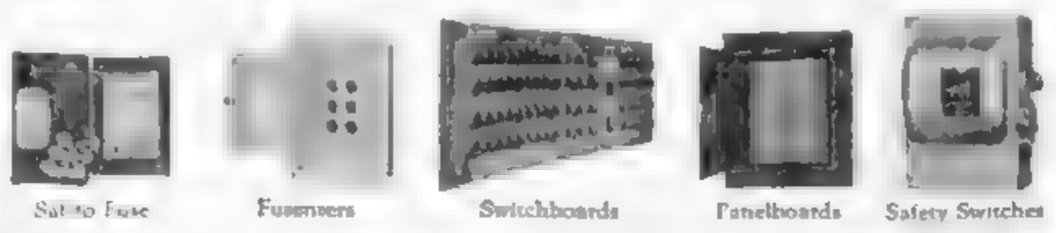

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One night this reporter, walking up Broadway, met Phelon about Thirty-fourth Street.

"Hello, Bill."

"Hello, Bill."

Phelon passed, boarded a street car, descended a couple of blocks farther uptown and met his victim again.

"Hello, Bill," he said.

His victim, startled, turned and stared after him. Phelon walked a block, boarded another car and met him again.

The fourth time he repeated the performance the New Yorker rushed to his doctor, saying, "Doctor, I'm losing my mind. I meet Bill Phelon every block on Broadway."

The players were a little afraid of Phelon, not knowing what he might be plotting at their expense. His study of reptiles added to their uneasiness. He had a habit of carrying a box of snakes, scorpions and such things around with him when the team was traveling, and trying to inveigle young players into rooming with him. One night when he was traveling with the Cincinnati Reds several ball players, indignant over something he had written about them, called at his room to demand satisfaction. They burst into the room and found Bill in his shirt sleeves, feet on the bed, reading.

"Look out, fellows," he said calmly. "Some of the rattlers are loose, taking their exercise."

Then he pulled a string attached to some rattlesnake rattles suspended under the bed and there was a scrambling exit of scared athletes, leaving Bill to chuckle in peace.

For two years he carried a Gila monster around with him, exhibiting it and boasting of its intelligence to everyone he could persuade to come near. He named it Ben and pretended to have become deeply attached to it and it to him, telling weird stories of its affection and intelligence. When Ben died Bill put a mourning band on his arm and wore it six months, pretending to be affected to tears when Ben was mentioned.

A Mark to Aim At

All the time, while writing voluminously of baseball and composing his plots for jokes, he was studying the American Indian and anthropology, and writing burlesque sketches, vaudeville acts and stories. Baseball did not worry him greatly. One spring while I was making the rounds of the major-league training camps in the South, I reached Alexandria, Louisiana, where the Cincinnati club was getting into condition.

"How does the team look, Bill?" I asked Phelon.

"I don't know," he replied.

"How does one get out to the grounds?" I persisted, desiring to reach the park before the practice ended.

"I don't know. Haven't been out yet," he said.

He had been three weeks in the training camp and had not gone out to see the team practice, yet was writing the best reports sent out.

Even in death, the habit of practical joking persisted. He had formed a great attachment for Havana and for the Cuban writers who were the pioneers of baseball in the island, especially for Pepe Conti, of El Pais. Bill knew Pepe was superstitious and hated the thought of death, so, when he realized the end was near, he ordered his body cremated and the ashes sent to Pepe to scatter over the bay from Morro Castle. Pepe received the ashes in a box with a note saying "Hello, Pepe! This is Bill."

Phelon was a man of great versatility and considerable real ability as a writer. He left one bit of work that should be enshrined in each newspaper office as a perfect piece of writing. That was his description of the scene in the Democratic National Convention in the old Coliseum, Chicago, after William Jennings Bryan made his famous cross-of-gold speech. He wrote no more than 500 words, yet it was the most graphic and stirring description of that hysterical scene written. It was printed in the Chicago Daily News, where for years it was kept as an example for all reporters to strive toward in writing.

The Cubans were a later generation of baseball writers, as the game did not seize upon the islanders until ten years after the Spanish-American War. The dean of the Cuban writers and the man who, more than any other, made the American sport popular in Cuba was Victor Munoz, of El Mundo, afterward of El Marino.

Victor was a handsome, stalwart, pleasant fellow who wrote Spanish and English and mixed them with American baseball slang with the most startling effects. He became as beloved among the reporters in the United States as he was in his own Havana, where he was one of the best-known figures.

When Victor died in New York all Havana went into mourning, and in the baseball park there is a memorial that is the finest ever paid any writer of the sport. His chair in the press box is draped in black. At each ball game a bouquet of flowers is placed on the desk before it. The fans, passing the empty chair, remove their hats. No one ever sits where Victor sat. Not even an actor would dare crash that seat.

Intelligent Scoring

There was a writer who was of the third generation of Chicago scribes, starting with the second generation, known as the Little Bishop, who contributed to the game. When he was graduated by one of our greatest universities he was offered a professorship of ancient languages and declined because it "interfered with his personal liberty." He was interested in chess, Sanskrit and had been senior wrangler. He studied baseball closely, criticized severely if justly, and scored with the greatest of care. An ardent advocate of personal liberty, he hated public, semi-public and quasi-public conveniences and conveyances, commencing with the telegraph and railroad companies. Particularly he hated being ahead of time and waiting for trains, which caused him to miss a number each season. He missed one in Cincinnati once and telegraphed me at St. Louis to cover the game for him.

He arrived early in the evening and greeted me, saying "Let us go peruse a potation." When the potation was served he inquired, "Did you send my story?"

"Yes."

"Did you send the Record's kind of story?"

"Yes, Bishop. You miss trains so regularly I have become able to write your kind of story better than I can my own."

"Did you send the score?"

"Yes."

"Did you send the Record's form of score?"

"Yes, Bishop. Knowing you as I do, I always carry your kind of score blanks."

"Did you send the score exactly as you sent your own?"

"No, Bishop," I replied; "knowing you, I did not. There were two hits made in the game which, beyond doubt, were base hits, but I knew that if you were here you would score them errors. So I scored them hits in my score and errors in yours."

The Little Bishop sipped his potation calmly and inquired, "How does it go to score intelligently—once?"

In spite of the fact that he had an inordinate dislike for regular hours and appeared to hate sleep, he was a delightful roommate. I usually turned in by midnight, and somewhere around three the Bishop would wander into the room, drag his bed around until it was in the proper position under the lights, prop himself in bed and read Sanskrit until daybreak. When the daylight was strong he would drag his bed around to the window, sit up and work chess problems until he fell asleep.

At ten o'clock I would leap from bed and sing gayly, then grab the Bishop, shake him vigorously and shout, "Bish! Bish! What are you going to drink?"

(Continued on Page 188)

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(Continued from Page 186)

A shudder would pass over his frame, his eyes would open for an instant and he would say "Gin fizz" and fall asleep again until the potation arrived.

We argued steadily, but never had a row. He was a trained debater and the only person who ever won an argument from Clark Griffith. He could make ball players madder than anyone I ever knew. Entering casually into any argument, he would take whichever side was open, and after reducing his opponent to helplessness and forcing him to admit he was wrong, the Bishop would calmly take the other side of the argument and prove it.

One evening in Memphis just after dinner, Billy Clingman, a great little shortstop, made the careless assertion that stealing is wrong under all circumstances. The Bishop immediately assumed the negative and I fled. At midnight I returned to find Clingman frothing with anger, pacing up and down on the sidewalk.

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I inquired.

Clingman exploded with indignation. The Bishop had reduced the argument to a basis of only two men being left in the world, one sitting on all the food, clothing and riches of the earth, guarding them with a gun, the other cold, naked and hungry, at the base of the pile, and was trying to make Bill admit the naked one would be justified in stealing a slice of bread.

The greatest of all the reporters, and the man to whom the game owes more, perhaps, than to any other individual, was Charles Dryden, the Mark Twain of baseball. In any other line of writing he probably would have been accepted as one of our greatest humorists. His books of reminiscences are classics and his Percy the Trained Flying Fish one of the choicest bits of American humor.

Dryden was the pioneer of the second generation of Chicago writers, and contemporary to some of the first generation. He was a molder, working in Crane's machine shops when they were housed in wooden shacks. Pete Dunne had been promoted and was an editor. He sent for Dryden and offered him a job writing baseball. Dryden appeared at the office carrying a lunch bucket, and when they talked terms, Charlie announced he would not work for less than the union scale. Molders were getting eighteen dollars a week, and writing baseball for the same pay seemed soft. With his odd, whimsical sense of humor, Dryden immediately leaped into immense popularity. He was popular with the public and with the players—which is unusual. In the middle of the season Dryden approached Dunne and asked for a raise, saying he wanted twenty-one dollars a week. Pete made the next pay check for twenty dollars—and after drawing his pay, Dryden disappeared and never returned.

Below the Union Scale

Years later, when Dunne was editor of a New York magazine, I called on him one morning and remarked that Dryden was with the team. He was eager to see him after more than twenty years, and the next day Charlie went to call. They shook hands and stood laughing. Neither could speak until Dunne said, "Charlie, why did you ever quit that way?"

"Well," said Charlie, "the union wages had jumped to twenty-one dollars and I couldn't work for less than the scale."

He served in the United States Navy, tramped over the West, worked in foundries and on newspapers and spent years in the South Seas before he reappeared and started writing baseball again. His work was recognized and he became the foremost baseball writer of the country, making ball players famous or ridiculous by a single yarn.

He worked in New York for a while, then went to Philadelphia, where he did some of his best work. Later he returned to Chicago and remained there until his health broke. He lost the sight of one eye and remarked it was lucky, as he would only have to see half as much of the Philadelphia team. Then he was stricken with paralysis and lies helpless in his home in Alabama, near the sea he loves so well.

Dryden was a whimsical quiet fellow, very modest, and he enjoyed his own fun, which always was clean, wholesome and kindly. Through all his years as a baseball writer he always carried his molder's tools and his union card. Each time he unpacked his grips in a hotel he would arrange his "mush" and his "benny," as he called his umbrella and overcoat, place his molder's trowel and iron with his toilet articles on the bureau and say, "Some day I may have to make an honest living."

He studied and read constantly. He wrote excellent verse, usually hiding it, and it was with the utmost difficulty he was persuaded to write anything except baseball for publication. Some of his verse was grimly humorous and his epic of the Swede sailor washed overboard in San Francisco Bay, which was printed by Frank Holme's Banderlog Press when Frank, a great artist, was slowly dying of tuberculosis, is a treasure for book collectors.

Dryden had wide experience, but seldom talked of his adventures unless to recount some humorous episode. He went to Samoa and visited Robert Louis Stevenson in his island bungalow, and his simple tale of the visit, printed in a San Francisco newspaper, gave a new light on the poet and his home life.

Divided by Five

There have been brilliant writers since those days—Charlie Van Loan, Ring Lardner, Damon Runyon, Irvin Cobb, Grantland Rice and many others—but somehow the pioneer writers got more of the atmosphere of the game, more of the scent of the dugout, into their stories than the moderns do. They lived closer to the players and shared their defeats and victories more intimately. Besides that, the newspapers themselves have changed. The great growth of sport now precludes devoting much space to any one game, so that World's Series games are the only ones on which the reporters may write at length. The moderns probably know the game better; it has become more standardized.

Possibly, too, the writers as well as the players have been affected by commercialism. It never affected the pioneers. The National League in those days figured that any city that could draw 80,000 paid attendance to the seventy-seven home games would make money. The salary limit for years was $30,000 per club. None of us had any money save at rare intervals, and the reporters were not interested in box-office statistics.

One spring, inadvertently, I drew $400 expense money to go on the spring training trip, and some of the players found it out. The first night in camp four of the choicest spirits—Lange, Dahlen, Kittridge and Ryan—broke into my room, sat upon me, searched me and discovered the money. Ignoring my wails of protest, they divided it into five equal parts, handed me my eighty dollars, remarking that that was enough for any reporter, and invited me cordially to go on a party with them.

Last summer a young reporter came downtown in New York from the Yankee stadium.

"How was the game?" I inquired.

"Great!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "We had more than 70,000 attendance." Which may explain the difference.

MODO CORRECTO

(Continued from Page 9

be mere figments of the imagination—of whose imagination? I ask myself! and that humans are descended entirely from the hairy ape. That may well be true of other peoples"—she shrugged indifferently—"but for ourselves, we descend in the direct line from Adam; as you well know, Tubal, who bear the name of Adam's grandson. And that is why we still speak among ourselves the Euskara, true speech of Eden; which I have reason to believe was located in this vicinity—probably in our Valley of the Cherry Trees; a most favorable climate."

"One did not know you also interested yourself in matters so remote," smiled the savant Etcheverray.

"Nothing is remote which concerns my family," replied the matriarch; "and there are times when every family should contemplate its origin with such pride as may be, for this reason: If one suspects himself of being descended from a hairy ape, what is to prevent him from acting, under sufficient temptation, like a hairy ape? Whereas, if one is fully aware of descent from persons to whom the good God saw fit to give dominion over all the earth and the creatures thereof —"

She shrugged, and allowed the modest suggestion to complete itself.

Emily suddenly understood why this old Basque hillwoman was pleased but by no means overwhelmed with the prospective honor of marrying her progeny to a future duke of Spain.

Etcheverray had declined to accompany them, however, having no desire to aid in any way at the offering up of his little friend on the matrimonial altar. He gave the excuse of a new book which must be made ready for his publishers.

"A pity you do not cultivate your land like other men," commented the matriarch. "There is always an honest living to be found in the soil"—the making of books apparently not constituting in her eyes a creditable method of livelihood.

The preparation of Bette for this tour of mutual inspection had been left largely to the superior experience of Esteban's wife, with supervision on the part of the matriarch; Bette's mother being, sartorially speaking, a negligible quantity. The simple costumes ordered from Emily's Paris dressmaker met with passionate approval from the bride-to-be, but only a qualified acceptance on the part of the matriarch. She appeared to be troubled less by the scantiness of the mode—which might well have startled one accustomed to at least two yards of breadth to her hem, stiffly fortified by petticoats beneath—than by the flimsiness of quality.

"We cannot permit Don Jaime and his friends to think that we economize!" She was fingering a fragile painted chiffon destined to furnish butterfly wings for the chrysalis of Bette. "Such a material is hardly worth the sewing; it will not last a year." Nor was there, she complained, any costume suitable for the bullfight. "Brocade, for example, of a body to be heard, lace that has cost eyesight, a *manton* suitably embroidered, so that it is difficult to tell right side from wrong." And where was the Spanish headdress that must always be worn at a *corrida* out of compliment—especially if royalty were present?

"The *velo* arrangement—so—with flowers in the comb." She showed them by fastening some stout-stemmed garden roses upright in front of her respectable little bonnet-Basque with an effect peculiarly naïve; and turned to her marriage cheats.

Emily and Bette exchanged anticipatory glances. One never could tell what might be forthcoming out of those carved and painted treasure boxes of the past. This time they exclaimed in pleasure over flounced voluminous skirts of filmy yellowed lace, with a long mantilla to match, a tall ivory comb, pendent earrings.

"Oh-h, gran'mère! Yours?" breathed Bette, clasping her hands. "Your marriage costume?"

"Ah, no; a Basque marriage dress is an affair more practical, since it must serve also as burial dress. I was married in good black grosgrain. This," said Madame Urruty, her eyes softening oddly, "is a costume of the *Sevillana*, my dears. I wore it for the dancing at the *feria*. . . . *Eh, bien!* We must have Chibou, the tailoress, refashion it for you into a bullfight costume, my Bettita. One does not find such lace in Paris!"

Despite its usual matter-of-factness, there was something in her voice—the remembering tone that women who have much to remember themselves always recognize in others—which made Emily look at her expectantly.

"What is the *feria, madre?*" she murmured.

"You have never visited the *feria* at Seville, my child?" Madame Urruty looked surprised.

Emily shook her head. Spain was the one corner of Europe to which her father had not introduced her. "One can in fact hardly call it Europe," Archibald Weldon had pronounced. "There is something shall we say uncivilized?—in the Spanish temperament. They lack, especially in marriage, the saving grace of humor; and their wives, in consequence, lead singularly dull lives." So the Weldons had avoided Spain.

The matriarch, softened as all women are softened by the sight of their youthful fineries, gave them a picture of Andalusia, while Bette crouched against her knees, happily dreaming, and Emily listened, as was her way, more to the tones of the voice than to what the old woman was saying.

"This," she presently advised herself, "is the *madre's* love story, no less! And poor dear Grandpapa Urruty—God rest his soul!—had nothing to do with it whatever."

At the *feria* in Seville, Madame Urruty told them, strange things might happen which would never happen elsewhere. It was in the reaction from the great tragedy of Holy Week—for in Spain Holy Week is still a tragedy. Black-robed figures paced the silent streets, silently, two by two, in tall pointed hats, without faces; processions of mothers, weeping, followed the agonized figure on the cross; there was no jingling of carriage bells with the staccato accompaniment of horses' hoofs, for during Holy Week all wheeled traffic ceases in the city; now and then a young girl's voice lifted in the stillness, singing a tremulous *saeta* to the Virgin; or the wailing of a *malagueña* filled the air with its curious minor modulations.

And then, quite suddenly, with the rending of the purple veil in the cathedral, joy again, a madness, a delirium of joy—bells wildly pealing; dancing, dancing everywhere, in the streets, at the very altar, where the *seises*, in honor of the risen Christ, perform their ancient stately measure to the sharp rattle of castanets; the Easter bullfight, a great garden of carnations, roses, jasmine, worn in the women's hair; lovers whispering at every window; guitars thrumming in the darkness; beautiful ladies, always with flowers in their tall combs, driving along the Paseo de las Delicias—loveliest of avenues—in open, flower-decked carriages, attended by gallants on Andalusian stallions, dressed in long tight-fitting trousers and open boleros and wide high-topped hats with bands beneath the chin.

"A costume," added the old lady reminiscently, "which sets off very well the person of a fine young man."

Afterward for a week of magic the *feria* itself—little open booths, *casetas*, where leading families of Andalusia sit day after day to dispense hospitality, to drink coffee and *horchatas* with their friends, to visit endlessly; while the young are free as never before or again in all the year to be together. No

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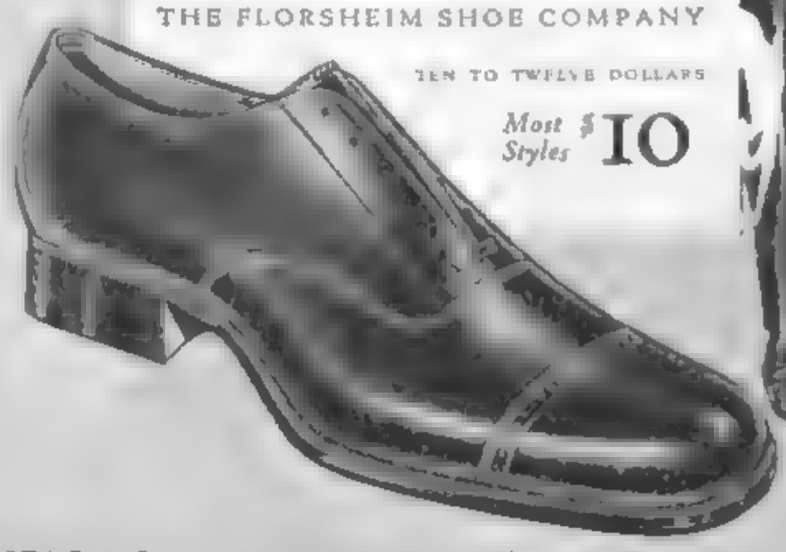

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iron *rejas* between them now; nothing to impede the passage of tender notes, or the touch of hands, or that long, long gaze, the *mirada*, by which true lovers make themselves known to one another, all in silence. And the ladies, mothers and daughters, dance the languorous *Sevillana* dances, the *seguidilla*, the *bolero*; sometimes together, sometimes with father or brother; while the visiting *caballeros* gaze with envy, and thrum the guitar, singing what they dare not say. It is all as simple and candid and charming as the playing of children—for this one week; then back go the women into the jealous Arabic seclusion of house and patio; while the *caballeros* wait, as patiently as may be, for another *feria*.

It sounded to the listening Emily like a strangely unchristian little feast of dedication to Aphrodite, Goddess; and she wondered just what part the matriarch might have played in this innocently erotic orgy.

"It was the only visit I ever made without my parents—to a little friend from my convent school," the old lady was saying. "I was permitted to make such a visit because in the next month we were both to become married women, and would perhaps never be together again in all our lives—nor have we been. . . . No, I had not as yet seen your grandfather." She answered Bette's eager question. "It was my papa who naturally made the arrangements. Nor had Dolores met the gentleman she was betrothed to marry. We went, of course, each day during Holy Week to the mass, attended by Dolores' *nounou*—a silly, indulgent old creature, not a careful duenna. There were two young *caballeros* who made their devotions at the same hour every morning. Dolores was a pretty girl; and even I, in those days —— Eh, well," she confessed with an odd, shy chuckle, "I am afraid we both were guilty of what is called in Spain 'looking mimosa glances.'"

"Mimosa glances!" repeated Bette with interest. "Is it the same thing as the *mirada*, gran'mère?"

"By no means," replied the old lady. "The *mirada* is for declared lovers, who cannot kiss. . . . But tchk-tchk, what am I saying? Seville, my dears, has not, as one perceives, a truly serious atmosphere."

"Even during Holy Week?" smiled Emily.

The matriarch's cheek twitched slightly. "Youth is no respecter of the calendar. *Eh, bien!* We continued to attend the mass, and our two *caballeros* were equally devout; and once"—again she gave that quaint shy chuckle—"I had the misfortune to drop a handkerchief on the church steps, which is considered by Sevillanos great encouragement. Picture our dismay when that very evening we received the serenade, the *polo!* However, as both young gentlemen stood beneath the balcony, we could not tell which was eating the iron for whom —— Ah, you do not know that expression, perhaps—'*comer el hierro*'—eating the iron. There are grilles at the window, as with us here in the valleys, behind which the *señoritas* sit and listen while the *caballeros* press as close as possible, so that they are said to be 'eating the iron.'

"The next week, however, at the *feria*, our cavaliers revealed themselves. Three times in one day they came to our *caseta*; which is to say that their intentions were of the most serious. One proved to be the very gentleman Dolores' parents had arranged for her to marry—her *novio*."

"The miracle of it!" breathed Bette devoutly. "To meet like that at the very mass'"

"And the other?" prompted Emily, after a long moment of waiting.

"The other," said Madame Urruty, "who wore my lost handkerchief in the cuff of his sleeve, was the young Marqués de Santa Colomba—who is now the old Duque de los Canellos, one of whose grandsons is to marry our Bette."

Emily said nothing.

"*Mais, c'est épatant!* What happened then?" prompted the girl with a wriggle of satisfaction.

"But what could happen?" shrugged her grandmother. "Have I not told you I was already affianced? *Alors*, it is something always to remember—a *feria* at Seville. What gayety! And flowers—eh, one danced upon flowers!" Her voice trailed into silence; she smoothed unconsciously the white mantilla in her lap.

"Ah-h-h!" said Bette with a long sigh. "And shall I, too, go to the *feria* before I marry?"

"Certainly not!" replied the matriarch with some abruptness. "Your husband will perhaps take you there for the *lune de miel*; many Spanish go to Seville for the honeymoon."

"But that," protested Bette, her face falling, "would be quite different! A married lady! With whom then could I exchange the *mirada*, or those—what do you call them?—those mimosa glances?"

The matriarch patted the smooth, dark-braided head. "You will content yourself with receiving the *mirada* from your own husband, *mimule*, little monkey flower!"

Bette nodded soberly. Remembering Esteban's eyes when he looked at Emily, she thought she could well content herself with that. And so the great matrimonial adventure had begun.

They were visiting, five strong, at the house of some cousins of Madame Urruty, who did not seem at all incommoded by their numerous presence; in fact Baron Jauregui had assembled some fifteen or twenty other house guests, all blood relations of the matriarch, in order to do her honor.

"It is not every day one has the privilege to entertain our cousin from the hills," he said, in evident gratification. Emily had been right in suspecting that to travel with the matriarch would prove a unique experience. It was rather like traveling with royalty.

The Jauregui villa, of the simpler château type, foursquare, with a *tourelle* at each corner, stood high on the Higueldo, with a fine view of the Concha and the royal summer residence below. It was a large house, filled to repletion at the moment by the Jauregui clan and their infants and dependents; a very substantial clan—many farmers and stock breeders, like the matriarch herself, from the Spanish-Basque provinces; others, merchants, shipbuilders, mine owners from the neighboring Basque cities of Bilbao and Santander. Anatole, who was particular in such matters, reported the society below stairs as being very satisfactory—several ladies' maids who knew their Paris, an English nursery governess, a gentleman's gentleman who accompanied his master into the more rarefied of diplomatic circles. Dinner each night was quite an occasion; and Emily, glancing up from her less important seat toward the far end of the table, thrilled with a quite proprietary pride to see the matriarch, in her village-made black Sunday silk and white bonnet-Basque, conversing simply and pungently, as if at the head of her own kitchen table, with her host on one side and on the other a cousin who happened at the time to be Spain's representative to a great foreign power.

Madame Urruty caught Emily's eye and smiled encouragingly, leaning forward. "You do not find yourself bashful among all these cousins Jauregui?" she asked kindly. "That is well! They tell me," she explained to those about her, "that in the Americas families are less large than with us. Although our little Emily herself is doing well—very well, indeed. Two in four years—fine healthy children, and born with a facility which ——"

Her voice lowered to matriarchal murmurings; and Emily, accustomed as she was to European candor, flushed to realize that her racial potentialities were doubtless being canvassed with some thoroughness.

Later the diplomatic cousin, whom Emily had known previously at the Embassy in Paris, came to renew acquaintance with

(Continued on Page 193)

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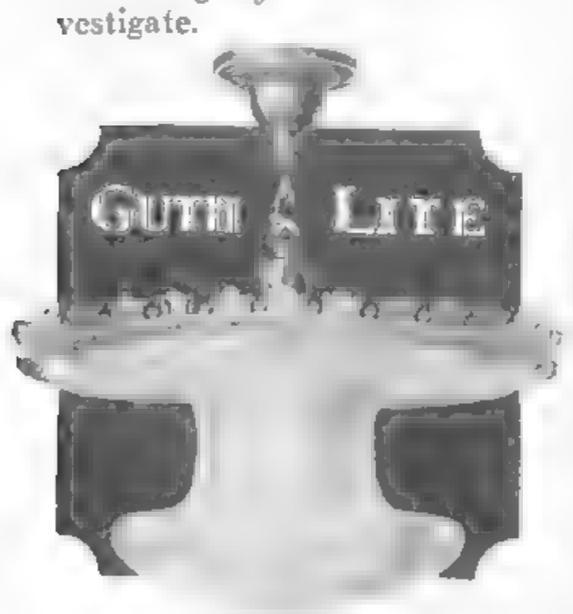

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(Continued from Page 190)

her, having a well-cultivated flair for pretty ladies.

"So, the old Léocadie brings her wares to market," he murmured, eying Bette as she tangoed soberly but capably around the drawing-room with a young cousin. "One wonders what sort of bargain she will drive. The girl has not Esteban's beauty, which is to be regretted; but there is a certain arresting quality; a look out of the eye, shy but fearless; a certain tang to her, if you understand me, as refreshing as a breeze out of La Rhune during a *calmazo*. Does she talk?"

"Frequently," laughed Emily, "and to the point! But not in the presence of her betters. She also yells, on occasion, like a Comanche Indian."

"Um-m," said the diplomat. "Yes! There is an undoubted *alegria*. One envies the successful contestant. No putting such a Bette away behind the *reja*; eh, what?"

"Are the Canellos likely to attempt that?" inquired Emily, in some alarm.

"The duke," murmured her companion, "is not *libresco*; his is not the New Spain. However, time marches, even with us. In Madrid the ladies have formed for themselves a club, if you please; a lyceum as at Paris. Patronized by even the most conservative of the old Catholic houses, those who wear the mantilla to the mass. The Duchess d'Alba, I believe, interests herself. What next? And this little one, with the settlements they will make for her, should be in a position to dictate terms, even to old Canellos. For I fancy our cousin will be generous, since she has so set her heart on the match."

"Why has she so set her heart on it—do you know?"

He looked at Emily with a smile. "Do not you? What? You tell me that bit of history is so *passé* that you, married into our family, have never heard? Not of the famous duel? Nor of how my poor dear old cousin was shut for days into her room on a diet of bread and water because she warned her parents that she meant to elope with Canellos—from the very altar if necessary? And how like her to have warned them instead of eloping first!"

"Good heavens! Not our matriarch?" gasped Emily. "Tell me all!"

He was nothing loath, having his diplomatic relish for a dish of gossip. "The one scandal of our respectable annals—a modest Guipúzcoan daughter defying her parents in a determination to choose her own man, like any peasant girl! And Canellos was equally impassioned—took up his quarters practically beneath her windows and declined to retire. At length her parents had to confess the truth to Urruty and advise him to release them from the articles of agreement, because the stubborn girl would probably not make him at all the sort of wife he wanted. But Urruty was an odd fellow, extremely stubborn himself ——"

"Like my Esteban," interpolated Emily.

"Very like your Esteban," he agreed. "*Mucho hombre*—all the Urruty are 'much men.' And he said that on the contrary the girl sounded like exactly the sort of wife he wanted; and he called out Canellos, and half killed him for having made her conspicuous by his attentions—the duke still carries a stiff leg as a result; and then he bore off his Léocadie by the hair of the head to his lair in the hills. The marriage turned out very well, of course. She probably enjoyed being carried off by the hair of the head—women do—and she presented him his child a year with great complaisance, and when he died she refused, after all, to marry Canellos, who had also become conveniently widowed. Her duty, she said, was to the Urruty *etcheonda*. But there has always been between the pair a lingering *tendresse*. They planned to marry her first daughter to his son, if she had borne a daughter; and now that they have arranged at last this union between their grandchildren, we of the family are well content."

"You don't suppose the duke has been faithful to her all these years?"

He shrugged. "Ah, well—as men are faithful! But I happen to know that there is in one of his houses a woman's handkerchief—certainly not his wife's—framed and hung in a place of honor, which rumor has it was my cousin's *gage d'amour*."

"My word! I should not have thought Spaniards were like that!"

"No? You fancied us lacking in sentiment? Why? Because of the bullfighting, I dare say. Many persons cannot, as it were, see the Spanish for the bulls. You have surprises coming to you, most charming of cousins. In Madrid they will take you doubtless to visit the collections of a friend of mine, one Osma, dead many years, whose house is still kept exactly as he left it, even to the personal photographs and letters lying about; and will be kept so as long as any one of his old servants lives to occupy it. And there, each Sunday afternoon, meet certain of his friends—Canellos happens to be of them, I think—to discuss affairs as they used to do, to carry on their arguments around his empty chair, to drink a coffee and smoke a cigarette to his memory. Ah, there is sentiment, if you like!"

Emily did not like; it was the sort of thing which made her squirm with Anglo-Saxon discomfort. "And little Bette," she thought, "is to be the cigarette they smoke to the memory of her grandmamma's dead romance!" She would have liked to remind the diplomat that sentimentality is by no means incompatible with cruelty.

With the passage of the Cantabrian hills, they came abruptly upon another world; as different from the luxurious verdure of the coast provinces, of Guipuzcoa and the Asturias, as San Sebastian is different from the Pyrenees. They entered into weird and brilliant desolation, a sea turned sand, across which a steady wind drove great black shadow-wraiths of cloud and billows of stinging dust. There were occasional hamlets, almost invisible, compact of the red earth to which they were slowly reverting; others which were merely dugout caves in the sides of clay dunes, from whose thresholds wild-looking men in skins of beasts stared out at them.

"Brigands?" inquired Emily, with a calm which she did not feel.

"No, merely shepherds," reassured Esteban. "It is sheep-raising country here The sheep, like the peasants of these plains, require little sustenance." She saw that the ground was covered with a sparse growth of furze which was never green.

The burro instead of the camel seemed the ship of this desert. Everywhere they encountered him, the rider seated well at the back, a curiously Oriental figure, his blanket held across his mouth because of the wind and hanging down over the beast's rump so that the pair made a sort of centaur, wrong side foremost. Occasionally the tiny creatures bore two women, wrapped in black shawls, oddly suggestive of the flight into Egypt; there is something reminiscent of the madonna in many Spanish women.

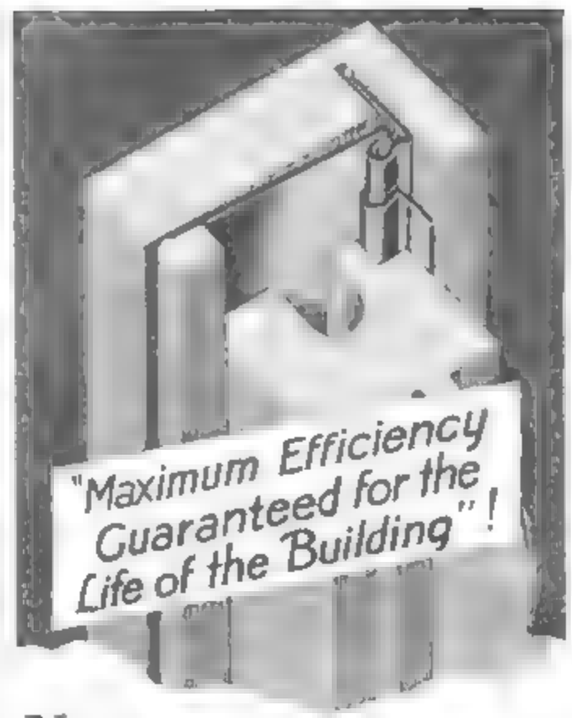
Once their car came to a respectful sudden stop before a herd of calm young bulls which crossed the road, apparently unattended, being managed, explained Esteban, by herdsmen at a distance with sling shots.

"Young *taureaux* are frequently allowed so to roam the *vega* till they reach the fighting age. Go on, Anatole! Do not alarm yourself!"

"Perfectly, m'sieu'; but how is one to know," inquired the chauffeur anxiously, "at just what moment commences the fighting age? One hears the *taureaux* have been known to attack the very locomotives which cross their ranges."

"Never in herds," said his master; and he told them the curious fact that bulls in herds are rarely dangerous; only when alone or with one or two companions. "In which, a Spaniard would assure you, they show their superiority over men."

Nevertheless, muttered Anatole, if one were frequently to undergo such unnerving



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encounters it was well that monsieur had some experience as a *torero*. *Quel pays barbare!* Name of a name! *Ouê, la belle France!*

They were inclined to agree with him; a barbarous land indeed! Here were no hospitable cousinly houses open to them, as everywhere in the coast provinces. They broke their journey at bleak, wind-bitten, raw old cities where all night long people walked up and down beneath their windows, loudly talking, laughing, shouting the *fonda*—a high metallic burst of song coming straight out of the back of the throat, Arab fashion, with quavering twists and long-drawn minor cadences.

"The one idea being apparently to make the voice carry as far as possible," Emily commented.

"It is because there is so wide a silence to fill," explained young Bette, with her curious comprehension of her fellow man; and suddenly the other understood, too, comprehended the passion Spaniards have for noise of all sorts and for one another's company. It was to break the loneliness, to keep out the impending, brooding stillness of the desert to which the peninsula is inevitably returning.

Yet presently the charm of all this vivid and somber space began to grow upon her. It was the vast solitude of the *vega* which gave to the walled cities rising ruinously from it their peculiar character, their long persistence of individuality. Zamora, beloved of the Cid; Salamanca, still young because of her half-forgotten colleges for "poor bachelors"; Segovia, its double-tiered Roman aqueduct like the wall of a huge fallen house with windows full of sky; Avila, holding within turreted rose battlements the mysticism of the greatest of women saints, as Assisi holds for the ages the dream of Saint Francis—all these they passed, and came at length in sight of their destination, Toledo; high, austere, its towers and ancient minarets giving the sky line of an Eastern mirage.

Here, for the first time in Emily's knowledge of her, Madame Urruty showed signs of nervousness. She had commissioned her granddaughter-in-law to purchase for her, in San Sebastian, a hat suitable for world-going purposes, a modest toque which had remained hitherto inviolate in its bandbox; the matriarch contenting herself with her usual small bonnet-Basque, set well to the back of her head, showing the parting of her thick white hair. Now, however, she required Anatole to stop the car and hand her down her bandbox from the luggage rack.

She placed the toque, ignoring Emily's suggestions as to proper procedure, upon the top of her head—after all, one wore millinery presumably for purposes of decoration rather than of concealment—and demanded to know of Esteban whether it became her. Esteban, in an awkward position, tried to refer the matter to his wife, but his grandmother was adamant. One did not purchase millinery, her manner indicated, for the purpose of pleasing women. Thus cornered, Esteban did not lie.

"One is reminded," he said simply, "of the horses in city streets during the summer solstice."

Whereupon Madame Urruty removed the toque, placed it carefully in its wrappings, resumed her bonnet-Basque and tossed the bandbox out of the window.

"*C'est ça!*" she said. "Let us proceed."

Farther on, they saw approaching them a little cavalcade out of Cervantes, consisting of a tall, attenuated figure in a black cape, riding a tall, attenuated horse; beside him on a sleek gray mule a priest in shovel hat and cassock; and slightly to the rear another man riding a *jaca*, that Spanish compromise between horse and pony which, introduced by Columbus, became the ancestor of the American bronco.

"Ah," said Madame Urruty calmly, "it is as I thought; Monsieur le Duc comes to give us safe conduct, in case there are bandits lurking about the gates of his city."

"Oh-h-h!" said Bette, her widened eyes two small rising suns of excitement. "And is the gentleman on the little horse his grandson?"

"That is not a gentleman. Do you not see he rides to the rear? You must inform yourself in these matters, my child. That will be Don Jaime's servant."

Car and cavalcade came to a standstill, occupants and horsemen alike descended, and in the dust of the road an impressive reunion took place. The duke, ceremonially oblivious of all others, bent over the matriarch's hand and saluted it, his hat sweeping the dust, the wind taking liberties with locks too black to be convincing, which showed in the sun faint purplish reactions. His courteous elegance, his air of graceful, gentle melancholy made striking contrast with the matriarch's vigorous old vitality; an El Greco to her Goya. . . . Suppose, thought Emily, he had grown fat!

"*Amiga mia!*" he murmured. "Ah, the wasted years! But '*rosa biancha* at ten of the morning, *rosa perfecta* at two o'clock, *rosa perfecta incarnada* at five in the afternoon'"

Madame Urruty punctured the moment with a little laugh. "For me, as you well know, it is somewhat later than 'five in the afternoon,' my friend. Save for younger ears your *jarabe de pico*"—which Emily by later consultation of her phrase book found to mean "phrases of honey." She indicated Esteban's wife and Bette, shyly lingering in the background.

The duke advanced upon Emily with obvious satisfaction. "*Ma, que gracia! Que elegancia!* The skin of an Englishwoman, with the eye—ah, but one recognizes the resemblance in the eye!" Which was rather a flight of imagination on the duke's part. "So this—this is our most lovely of Bettitas? It makes a man desirous of becoming his own grandson!"

Emily hastened to explain his error and drew Bette forward, crimson and tongue-tied with embarrassment, looking her plainest. Nothing daunted, the old hidalgo bent over her hand and declared that she also was indeed *lozana*—that useful phrase by which Spaniards express all that is desirable in women of grace and charm. But he gave Emily a glance of mute reproach for thus failing him.

They could not persuade Don Jaime to enter their car and let the servant take his horse.

"Ah, no!" he protested with his gentle melancholy. "Modern innovations are for the modern to enjoy. For me, I shall accompany you on my faithful *ginnet* here"—he patted the neck of his anxious steed—"conversing as we go."

But as Anatole had some difficulty in sufficiently throttling down his engine, and as the faithful *ginnet* shared acutely her master's distrust of modern innovations, the conversation proceeded somewhat spasmodically.

They arrived with relief at the heavily bossed and scutcheoned doors of a rather forbidding house whose upper story alone showed windows, each heavily grilled with iron. Here they were received by a housekeeper of middle age, whom the duke presented to them pleasantly as "his good Rosaura."

The interior made Bette forget her bashfulness in sheer pleasure. There was a patio glowing golden with orange trees in full fruit, surrounded on all sides by a double tier of fragile columns with horseshoe arches. In the center a tall cup of mossy marble mirrored the sky, its overflow constantly refreshing the flowers at its foot. The walls were of carved honey-colored plaster, tiled below in *azulejos* as iridescent as a peacock; and each shadowed alcove opening from this patio had its shallow tiled water-mirror in the center, tossing a plume of blowing spray into the air.

"Why, but it is like a *conte de fées!*" exclaimed Bette, who had not outgrown fairy tales.

"Our little Moorish 'happiness garden' pleases you?" smiled the duke, addressing her directly for the first time. "You had not realized, perhaps, that Toledo was a

(Continued on Page 196)

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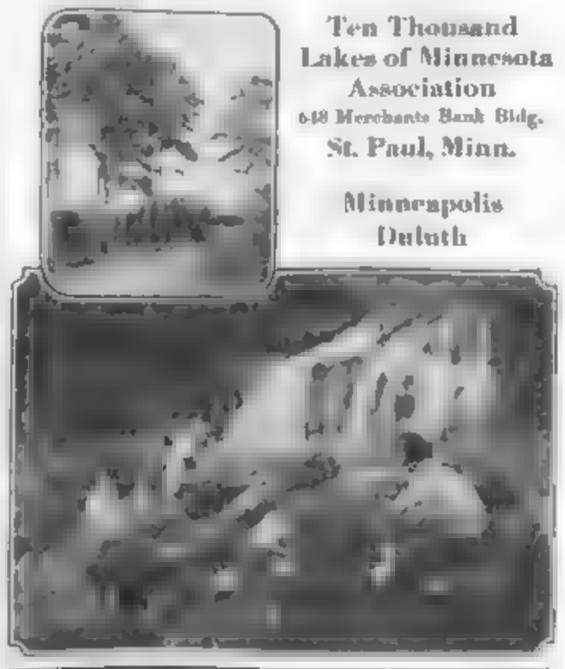

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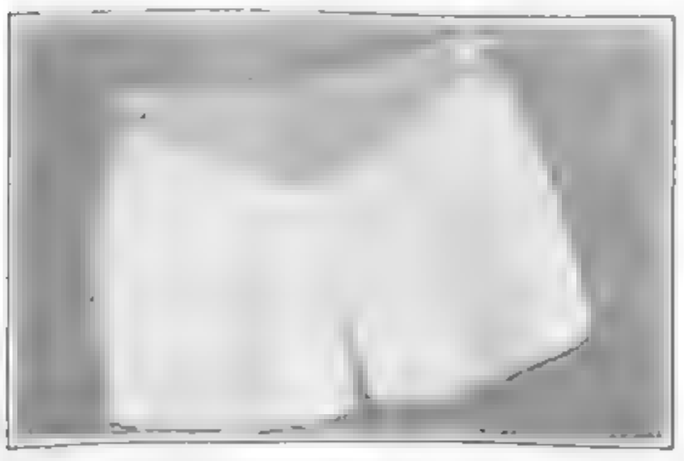

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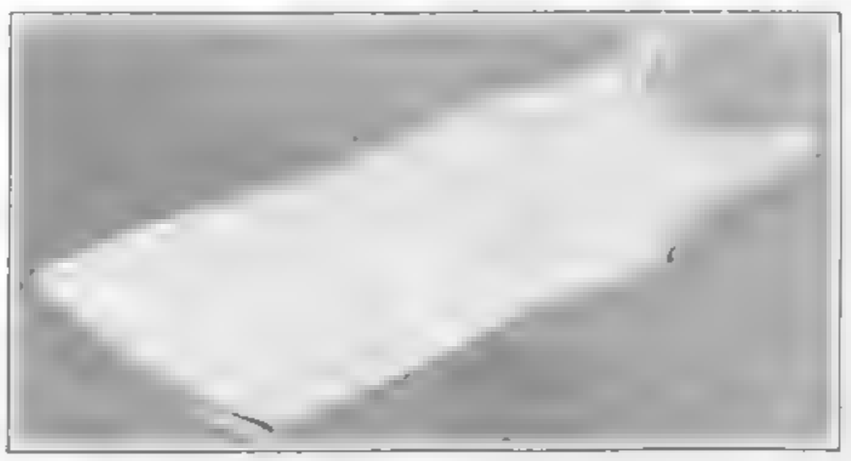

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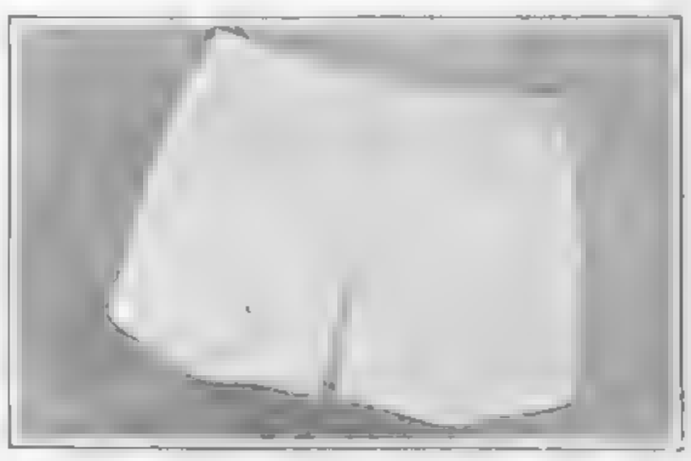

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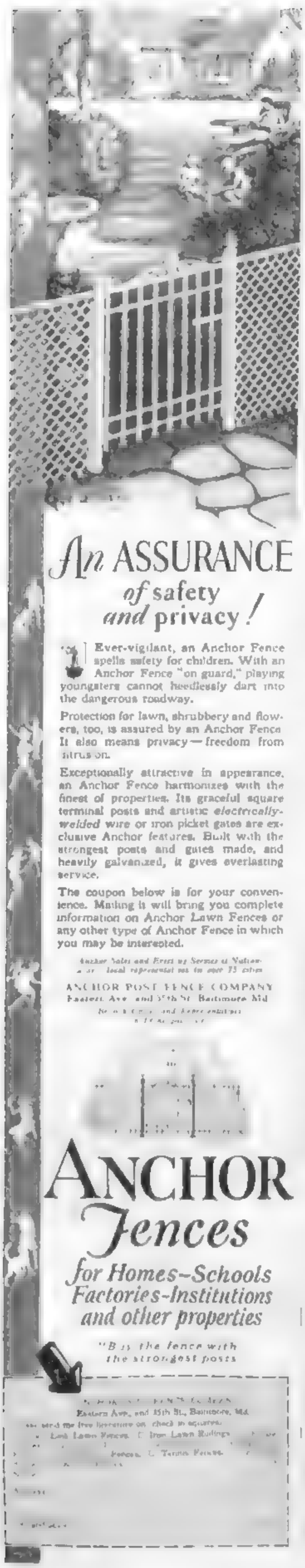

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(Continued from Page 194)

stronghold of our people before the fall of Granada? We of the Saracenic blood keep to the old ways."

Emily, looking at him in some dismay, saw that the olive cast of his skin was, indeed, darker than sun could have burned it. To her American prejudices, Moorish blood meant negro blood; but the Urruty family seemed neither perturbed nor surprised by this admission.

"The house is nothing," continued their host—she was to learn that Spaniards invariably deprecate their most-prized possessions—"and Toledo itself is nothing now; the world has passed us by. Yet my grandson Maximo prefers it to Madrid. He is devout, *muy santamente;* whereas the Madrileños ——" He shrugged, and was charitable to them. "Here we are still at least Toledo la Santa. Also we have a *ganaderia* not far away, and Maximo makes a great cult of the bulls. So I have given to him this little property. Which now"—he made them a courteous gesture—"belongs to you, our guests."

He led them, limping gracefully on a gold-crooked cane, through corridor after corridor of the "little property"; through numberless patios opening one out of another, pleasant outdoor living rooms full of flowers and plashing water, from none of which was there any glimpse of the world beyond. The house had the hidden seclusion of a harem. At length he paused at the door of an anachronism in the shape of a gloomy little Gothic chapel.

"Here," murmured the duke, "you will doubtless wish me to leave you—ah, but I know the ladies!—while you make your devotions of gratitude after the perils of the journey."

"Perils?" said Madame Urruty. "There are still brigands on the *vega*, then? We encountered none."

"I was referring," explained the duke, "to the perils of motor locomotion," which he evidently regarded as many still regard the aeroplane. "I will not keep you from your prayers—unless there is something you require?"

A slight awkwardness ensued, broken by the shy but candid voice of Bette: "If one might have, Monsieur le Duc, a quite hot bath?"

Their host immediately busied himself with the affair; rang bells, gave orders right and left, intrusted them once more to the care of his good Rosaura; so that presently a procession of domestics preceded them along the corridor, each bearing an urn of steaming water. It was evident that the plumbing arrangements also belonged to the Moorish period.

Emily heard their host murmuring rather anxiously to Madame Urruty: "But the little one is *santamente*, I trust? Piety—ah, but that is to the *siempre flor*, the eternal flowerhood of woman, as its fragrance to a rose!"

"Bette is a good little Catholic girl," said the matriarch bluntly. "As to the exact degree of her piety, one has not felt qualified to inquire. That is an affair for Père Marcos."

"I stand rebuked—but I stand rebuked!" exclaimed the duke, all contrition. "I was forgetting our own saying: 'In my faith and in my eye, none has any right to pry.' And to commit the folly of asking such a question about one of your own household! *Que disparate!* Do not think I forget"—he lowered his voice reverently—"how we met ourselves at the very mass."

"To which you were paying at the time very little attention, if I recall," commented the matriarch, who seemed to be in rather a devastating humor.

Toledo, called la Santa, made another of those strange contrasts in which Spain abounds—serene, coolly austere, aloof from the haggard and passionate landscape which presses upon it at all sides, yet full of secret possibilities of enchantment. There was a lingering suggestion of the Arabian Nights; great *ollas* in the patios which might well have concealed the Forty Thieves; enormous keys hanging from the girdle of the housekeeper, such as might have unlocked Bluebeard's closet; a superfluity of soft-footed servants moving amiably about and accomplishing very little.

"I feel," confided Emily to her husband, "that if at any moment we were to clap our hands, houris of the harem would glide in and begin to posture for us—rather improperly."

"You do Don Jaime an injustice," Esteban rebuked her. "He is a devout old-fashioned Catholic gentleman; and his servants, as you see, are chiefly boys—*muchachos*."

Yet there was something of the Eastern potentate about their host—the exquisite, almost effeminate elegance of his person, his unvarying bland courtesy, his excessive languor. Don Jaime quite literally did not lift his hand to do anything for himself; his valet Pascual was at elbow to do it for him—opening a newspaper, lighting his cigarette, unfolding a scented handkerchief—it would not have surprised them if Pascual were required to blow the ducal nose; receiving for each service a pleasant "*Gracias, amigo*," a smile, a friendly pat on the shoulder. The relations of Don Jaime with his servants were delightful; as tender and intimate as with beloved children.

He made himself very charming also to his guests; insisted, despite his lameness, upon accompanying them on foot through the narrow twisting streets, since that was their pleasure; leaning upon the devoted Pascual—"For I must admit that Castilian feet are not well adapted to Castilian cobbles!" And indeed his were not, being as slender and arched and useless as those of an old court beauty.

But he knew his city and his city knew him. Shopkeepers hurried to the door to salute his passage; gamboling urchins paused in their play to cheer; bearded market women coquetted with him affectionately over small purchases of fruits and chestnuts. To see the duke with beggars was to see Castile at its finest. He did not scatter his largesse carelessly; he paused before each applicant with kind inquiries as to health and family, expressing courteous sympathy; and when at length his purse was emptied of small coins, he said regretfully to the cripple who last accosted him: "Pray excuse me, brother, in God's name, from giving. You see, I am even as yourself!" The beggar took off his hat and bowed, the duke also took off his hat and bowed, and so passed on amid general demonstrations of approval.

"You will never rid yourself of your beggars at this rate," observed Madame Urruty. Emily could not recall having seen any beggars in the Basque provinces.

"Ah, one must not ask the impossible," murmured the duke gently. "Beggars are to a nation as sins to the human soul"—something evidently to be regarded with an indulgent tolerance.

Despite Don Jaime's undoubted charm, Emily began to wonder a little at the matriarch's earlier infatuation for him; perhaps the matriarch wondered too. She caught the old lady watching him more than once with an oddly appraising eye. There was something most disarming, however, in his sincere and enduring admiration of herself.

"Your grandmother," he once confided to Esteban over a post-prandial liqueur, "is the finest woman I have known—in a lifetime not devoid of the acquaintance of fine women. It is the regret of my advancing age, as of my youth, that my sons were not able to call her mother." Which seemed a little hard on his late duchess.

Meanwhile nothing had been seen of the future bridegroom. Madame Urruty explained:

"Don Jaime tells me his grandson is making things ready for our visit to the *ganaderia*. It would hardly be *modo correcto* for a young man to remain under the same roof with his intended—particularly his own roof."

"Wouldn't it be *modo correcto* for him to give us at least a sight of his tail feathers, so that we could put salt upon them?" asked

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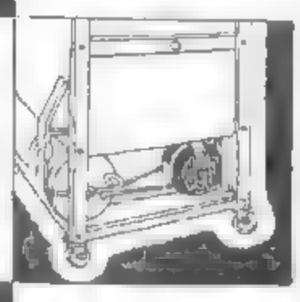

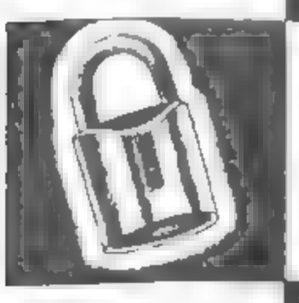

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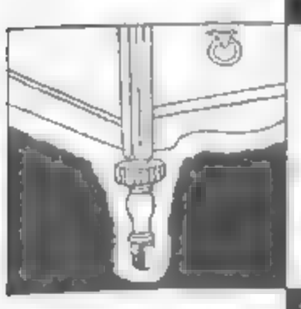

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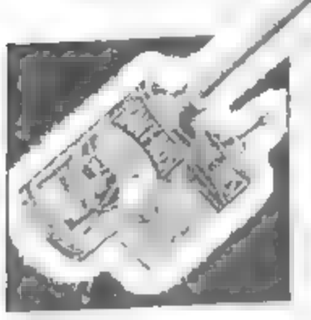

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Emily. "It's a joke—an American joke," she added hastily as the matriarch's rather puzzled eye fixed itself upon her.

"The occasion, I think, does not call for jesting," remarked Madame Urruty with dignity

"I know—that's why I have to do it," apologized Emily, who could not rid herself of the unhappy feeling that she was helping to lead an Iphigenia to the sacrificial stone.

But there was much illuminating conversation about the missing suitor between the duke and his chaplain, Father Domenico. And every day Bette was presented with a large bouquet, bearing a card with a black border half an inch wide, impressively inscribed: El Marqués de Santa Colomba.

"Our Maximo," explained the duke, "was so devoted a son that he is not willing to relax his mourning, although his sainted mother passed from us several years since. Also, his mourning excuses him from attending court. My grandson, despite his youth, prefers a life of study, of modest retirement. His fondness for the humanities is equaled only by his fondness for the bull ring."

The duke had been profuse in his regrets that there was so little at this season to amuse his guests—no *fonnion* of bulls, not even a *zarzuela* playing at the *teatro municipal;* but on the third night entertainment was provided there.

"Not a very suitable exhibition for ladies," he apologized. "The gypsies are a parasite folk who originate nothing. Their *baile flamenco* is no true Spanish dance, such as the *jota*. It combines the elements of every dance—the arm movements of Java and Japan, the body movements of Asia, the European movements of the feet. I, who never leave my country, no longer interest myself in these things; but"—he smiled deprecatingly at Esteban—"it may amuse young Señor Urruty?"

"I take it," murmured Emily to her husband, "that the improprieties are about to commence."

They found the *baile flamenco* rather a disappointment in this respect, however. A circle of plump and swarthy matrons, in long, flounced skirts of many colors, with crimson flowers arranged in front of their tall combs, sat in a semicircle, clapping their hands rhythmically and uttering sharp little cries of encouragement to one of their number who turned herself about languidly in the center on surprisingly small feet, making contortions with her arms. The dancer—each went through exactly the same performance, which was apparently competitive—would occasionally warm to her work and lift her skirt to show a slight provocative glimpse of white cotton stocking, which pleased the audience inordinately. At intervals she delicately revolved a hip at them, nautch fashion, and then the audience went wild—shouted, huzzaed, flung hats and cigarettes and money upon the stage.

"My word, how would they react to the black bottom!" wondered Emily aloud; but she saw that Esteban was not listening. He was staring intently with the rest, muttering "*Ole! Ole!*" under his breath; and she had a startled feeling that but for her hand on his arm he would have gone straight up on the stage to the hag of a woman who was posturing there, her hard, brilliant gypsy eyes fastened avidly upon him as the eyes of women were so often fastened upon Esteban. There were moments when she recalled uneasily old Anna-Damasa's hint of *gitano* blood in the Urruty veins.

"Ah, your husband finds himself moved?" smiled Don Jaime at her ear. He added vaguely, "A matter of symbolism. . . . Not, as I warned you, quite a suitable exhibition for ladies."

As they came out of that reeking and slightly sinister atmosphere into the fragrant night, Bette remarked, "They were quite active for such old persons, were they not?" And Esteban roared with laughter. The salutary presence of Bette, thought Emily gratefully, would serve as antiseptic for all the evils of the world.

The duke, at Bette's request, had heroically dismissed his carriage and was once more escorting them on foot, assisted by the girl's young sturdy arm instead of Pascual's.

"I should so like to see those *caballeros* eating the iron, as gran'mère described to us," she explained eagerly.

The matriarch was not with them, having pleaded the excuse of her years, somewhat to the duke's chagrin, and retired to bed at just the hour when Spain begins to be truly awake.

It was a night for lovers. Gallants stood whispering at window sills, to Bette's great gratification; here and there, through some half-open door, the fragrance of tuberoses and lemon trees stole out to them; each woman they passed wore flowers in her hair—even the blind old sellers of the lottery tickets, who must long since have abandoned hope. From one of these the duke bought a knot of jasmine, which he craved gallant permission to fasten in the girl's smooth braids.

"Damn it all, where is Maximo?" demanded Emily under her breath." Why can't he do his own courting, instead of leaving it to grandpa's practiced hand?"

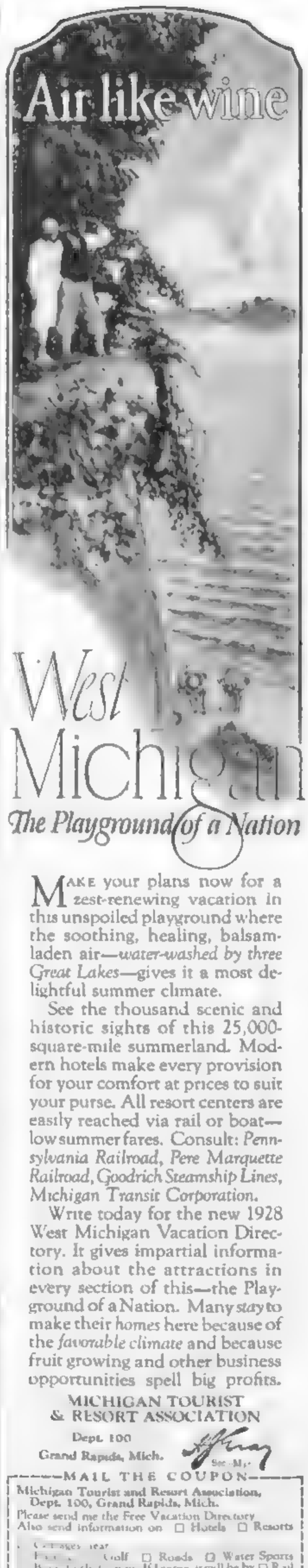
"Patience, he will come tomorrow," soothed Esteban. "The day after, we go to the *ganaderia* to visit the bulls, and *modo correcto* will require Santa Colomba to pay his respects at least once before we leave his house."

"Thank heaven you didn't court me according to *modo correcto!*" she sighed, leaning back comfortably against the strong arm which was always ready for her.

But Bette apparently felt no lack in the occasion. She gave them over her shoulder a look of grave content, the sober radiance in her eyes of a child's at a party.

"To go strolling in a summer moonlight of Spain—could anything be more wonderful?" she said dreamily. "*Miradas*, mimosa glances, everything! Only there is no serenade."

As if to order, it began; the poignant whisper of a violin touched by a musician's bow, and coming, not from some hidden moonlit patio but from a noisy café they happened to be passing. Glancing in, they recognized the player as one of the young gypsies who had sat in the ring of dancing women, beating time with hands and heels; a swarthy, picturesque fellow, in a head



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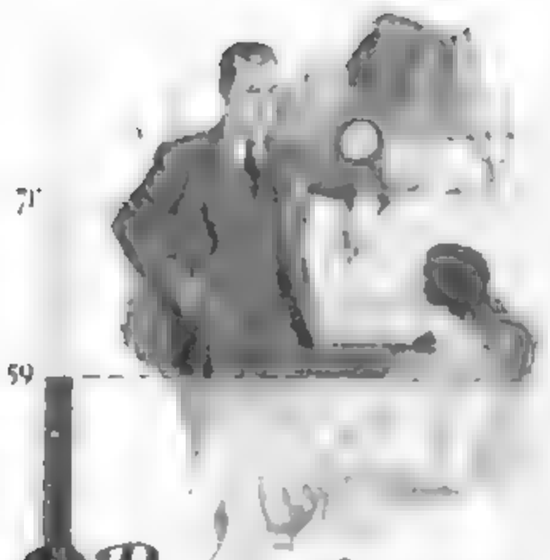

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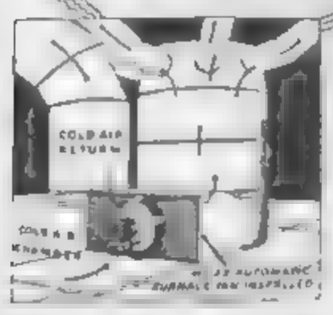

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handkerchief, earrings, a short, silver-buttoned jacket open over a naked and hairy chest.

He appeared to recognize them also—Esteban was always lavish with money—and came out toward them through the tables, playing, his black brilliant eyes fixed boldly on the ladies. There was always something of the wild animal in gypsy eyes, for Emily; she was reminded of the saying of Anna-Damasa, their old witch-woman, that *gitanos* have no souls.

"But how he can play!" she murmured; something within her vibrating to the violin almost painfully.

"A Hungarian, doubtless," remarked the duke. "These wandering tribes visit among each other freely. The *errate* have no nationality, but borrow, as I have said, from countries as they pass—music, dancing, morals!" He shrugged and smiled. "Judging from the fine tone of it, his instrument has also been—borrowed."

"Like our horse Tarasque," said Esteban with a short laugh. "Come, do not encourage the fellow by listening to him." He threw down a handful of pesetas, which the musician did not pick up, but followed along the full length of the tables, staring after them with his fixed gaze, the violin pleading, pleading.

Bette moved away reluctantly, with backward glances; music wrought upon her, who could not make it, a spell of magic.

"Have a heart, Esteban!" whispered Emily, laughing. "Don't you see Spain is living up to itself at last? Look how the man stares at her! I believe he's trying to establish a *mirada!*"

"These Romany *chals* are very impudent fellows," frowned Esteban, whose fine Basque democracy disappeared when it came to the women of his family. "If the child must have a serenade in the interests of artistic completion," he added, "I shall have to see what I can do with my *basauflûte.*"

"No, ah, no! That is for Emily," Bette said wistfully. "Always for Emily. To receive a serenade intended for another would not be to be romantic; would it, Monsieur le Duc?"

Thus consulted, the authority on romance agreed that a proprietary interest undoubtedly enhanced the value of a serenade.

Emily made mental note to offer certain sisterly suggestions to the Marqués de Santa Colomba when she knew him well enough; but these proved in the end unnecessary. For in that loveliest hour of all the Spanish day, called *madrugada,* that tender amethystine twilight which lies between the setting of the moon and sunrise, she was awakened by the plucking of guitar strings in the street below her window.

She poked her husband eagerly. "Wake up, 'Steban! Look who's here! The laggard lover arrives—and strictly according to *modo correcto!*"

Esteban merely blinked an eye, muttered, "*Peste!* What an hour for a triumphal entrée!" and slept again. He had the talent for sleep of a healthy young animal.

Emily ran into Bette's room and found the girl peering excitedly down from the grilled and jalousied windows, beneath which in the shadow of the wall lurked unmistakably a man's tall figure, shrouded in a cape.

"Oh-h! You see him too?" she gasped, clutching at her sister-in-law for reassurance. "Who can it be there?"

"Need you ask?" Emily whispered dramatically.

At that moment the door opened and another tiptoeing figure entered, whose voluminous white gown and nightcap indicated the matriarchal presence.

"So! You hear, petite? It is the *albogado*—the morning serenade," she said with satisfaction; "which is even more of an honor than the *polo*, given at night."

They listened, the three of them together, through a modest repertoire, sung in a slight but tuneful barytone. The matriarch occasionally wagged a head of pleased recognition; Emily herself was surprisingly familiar with portions of the serenade—La Paloma, of childhood memories; also The Eyes of my Pepita, Which are Sweeter Than the Wine. Thump-te-tumty, thump-te-tumty, went the guitar on three unvarying chords, with the regularity of a metronome and slightly out of tune.

Emily's heart warmed to the singer. The pious Maximo knew, after all, how to make a gesture. Here at last was the sort of music one expected out of Spain—a genuine Spanish cavalier who "stood in his retreat, and on his guitar played a tune, dear." And meanwhile the dim loveliness of the *madrugada* warmed into purple and rose and palest gold, until the widening *vega* around them glowed with color like a great bowl of opal. As the first ripple of sun splashed over the edge of it, they made out the shrouded form of their cavalier slipping away in the shadows.

"Ought we not to make applause?" inquired Bette of the matriarch, who replied sedately, "In my day it was the custom to signify appreciation by some slight token—a handkerchief, a glove, a nosegay."

"Say it with flowers!" cried American Emily, seizing some jasmine out of a vase.

Bette threw her bouquet with good Basque aim—so good, indeed, that it knocked off the cavalier's hat. He did not stoop for it; a companion appeared obsequiously to pick it up, to brush it and to hand it to their cavalier, who limped away, leaning upon the other's arm.

Emily started; but the bride-elect was being tucked firmly into bed at the moment by her grandmother, who had caught her shivering.

"To find oneself *enrhumée,*" admonished the matriarch, "would hardly create a good impression when this young man comes today to make his visit of ceremony."

"Today? Ah, *madre!* Emily! Is it already today?" Bette sighed deliciously. "Almost I wish he did not have to come. The serenade was so romantic!"

But she need have had no fear of disillusionment, decided Emily, when that night at dinner the marqués at last made his appearance. The photograph had not done him justice. It was a figure striking as the duke's own, with the same distinguished and attenuated grace which must have once fascinated the eye of the young Léocadie Jauregui, accustomed to more sturdy types of manhood. He was ascetically handsome and most beautifully serious—serious enough even for Bette; his intense black eyes glowed with a somber, sullen melancholy, even when he smiled, which was rarely. Emily, quick to sense impressions, realized that a sensitive youth must have faced this meeting with as much dread as the girl.

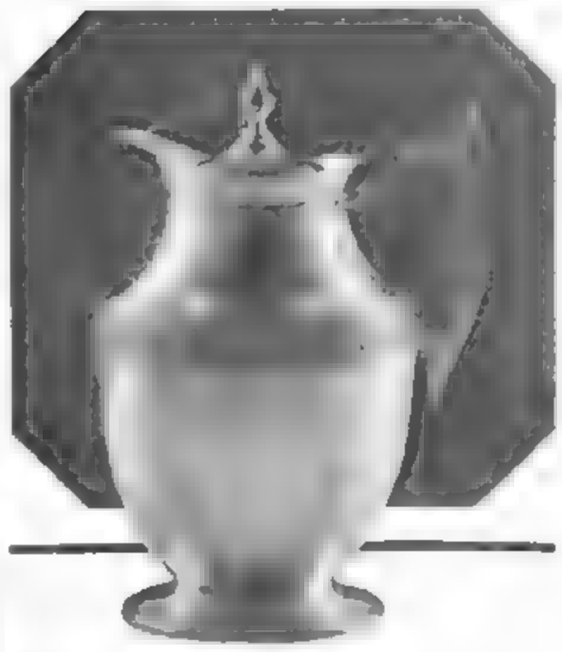
"But Bette," she thought, "will change all that"—looking with tenderness at the young flushed dignity, the pretty poise, the wide, child's gaze turned so confidingly and trustfully on this stranger who was to take her future in his hands. Her face, innocent of powder, had been scrubbed with soap until it shone quite pink; her hair was braided back so tightly in the interests of neatness as slightly to elongate her eyebrows. She wore, in honor of the visit of ceremony, the most elaborate of her simple Paris frocks, cut away slightly at throat and arms, to which she had naïvely added every chain and pin and bracelet of her modest store. Who, seeing her, could fail to love such a touching Bette as this?

In the intervals of making herself agreeable to their host—for the duke, despite his lifelong admiration of Madame Urruty, seemed to find very little to say to her—Emily's ear was alert for the progress of the affair.

The two conversed dutifully, with the painful stiffness of young Europeans of opposite sexes meeting for the first time.

The señorita, inquired Don Maximo, would not find herself incommoded by the roughness of their ranching house, where ladies were not accustomed to be entertained? She had a fancy for young bulls?

(Continued on Page 200)



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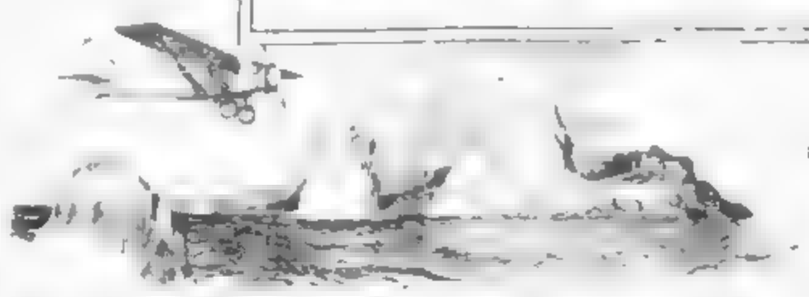

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Continued from Page 198

"Oh, without doubt!" replied Bette, although her acquaintance among bulls was limited. She had a fancy for all animals the younger the better.

The señorita—his look warmed slightly—enjoyed the arena then? She was perhaps *aficionada?*

Not as yet, confessed Bette; she had known only the Provençal bullfight, as at Arles or Nimes, where one contented oneself merely with sticking barbed ribbons into the poor *taureau,* which seemed cruel and unnecessary.

Quite so, agreed Maximo; a silly sport, fit only for the French. Why torture, unless one meant to give oneself the pleasure of killing? The genuine *corrida* was more a game for sportsmen; there one had something!

Undoubtedly, consented Bette in a small voice; there one had something.

The conversation languished; Bette's turn next.

Monsieur had perhaps arrived last night from his hacienda in time to see the dancing at the *teatro municipal?*

He had; he had also been surprised to observe at the theater the señorita in person. She enjoyed such public exhibitions?

"I enjoy better to dance myself," she confessed. Monsieur, she hoped, also enjoyed to dance? The tango, the fox-trotting—perhaps the new American step called char-les-tone?

Maximo's lip curled. "I am no *bailarin,*" he said scornfully. "That sort of thing I leave to my brother in Madrid." In Madrid, men, he indicated, had nothing better to do.

Bette looked rather dashed, but rallied to glance up at him demurely. "Monsieur at least is fond of singing—like myself. That I know!"

He lifted bored eyebrows; he was not one to be caught so easily. "No, it is again my brother who entertains himself in such ways," he said indifferently. "He has bought an American *fonógrafo,* without which he goes nowhere; his servant must be always winding it for him, day and night. For me, that does not amuse."

Bette gave her grandmother a droll little side glance and said no more; evidently it was not *modo correcto* to acknowledge serenades.

Emily found her that night before the mirror with a wet comb, trying earnestly to produce undulations in her straight thick hair, like those of her adored sister-in-law.

"I should like," she explained, "if I could be a little more beautiful now."

Emily held her close. "Why bother to be beautiful? It isn't necessary. . . . You like him then?" The girl nodded shyly; suddenly turned and hid her face in the other's shoulder. "Ho! As much as all that?"

Bette nodded vehemently. "And the serenade," she whispered in triumph, "was not just *modo correcto;* it was—mimosa glances! He had already noticed me at the theater!"

Emily reported to her husband that all was well; Bette had fallen safely in love according to specifications.

"The *madre* was right as usual," she admitted. "She knew her Bette."

"*Bien!* Then we can proceed with the contract. The articles have been already agreed upon," said Esteban, who was in a hurry to get back to his *pelota* and his farm. "I will tell the *madre.*"

Emily had for some reason very little sleep that night; she was troubled by a hint which Anatole had dropped when he came to take the day's orders.

"Madame finds herself content with the marriage arrangements which are being concluded for the little mademoiselle?" he had inquired, with his usual respectful familiarity—the result of their many shared experiences.

"Oh, quite," replied Emily. "And you, Anatole? The young gentleman meets with your approval, I hope?"

"*Sans doute,*" murmured Anatole; "the young gentleman is *très gentil, très aimable;* and with an air, but an air! Yet there are things going on in this house"—his voice lowered to the confidential note—"of which it is possible *mesdames* are not aware. For example, among the domestics one has talk — "

"That will do," said Emily. "You will remember, please, Anatole, that we are guests in this house. We see only what we are expected to see—nothing more."

"*Mais, madame* ——" protested the chauffeur with unusual persistence.

Emily looked at him. The daughter of Archibald Weldon rarely needed to correct a servant twice; it was one of his few legacies to her. Anatole subsided into injured silence. Now she began to wonder why she had been so sharp with him. Anatole's discretion was a thing to be trusted.

Bette was stirring in her room at sunrise; listening perhaps for another morning serenade, which did not come. Emily heard her door open, her light footstep in the passage. On an impulse she slipped into a negligee and followed, with an odd distaste for letting the girl wander alone about the strange old rambling place at such an hour. And so she became witness of a pretty scene enacting in the patio below—the duke's "happiness garden."

Bette stood gazing, evidently entranced, at another girl as young as herself, who paused, arrested as if in the act of flight. Emily gave a gasp of sheer pleasure; it was the most exquisite creature she had ever seen, with the enormous black pansy eyes Murillo paints in his peasant saints and madonnas, a cloud of dark hair floating about her shoulders, so fine that it caught the rays of the early sun in a sort of shadowy aureole. She was dressed neither quite as a peasant nor yet as a servant; a fringed silk *manton* crossed at her waist and tied at the back in the Sevillan fashion, her graceful feet thrust into little slippers with high red heels. Beside her vivid, exotic beauty, young Bette looked almost pathetically sober and plain.

"You live here, in this house?" she was demanding in her clear Basque-Spanish. "And yet we have not seen you?"

"I am niece to Tia Rosaura," said the other, nervously plucking at the fringe of her shawl, "who is housekeeper here."

"You are one of Don Maximo's servants, then?"

The beautiful eyes lifted upon her strangely. "No, I am not his servant! I visit my aunt. Soon I shall return to Seville."

"Oh, you are of Andalusia—that is why you are so lovely!" breathed Bette. "What is your name?"

The other looked mollified. "El señor duque has named me Johár, which is in the Moorish 'Pearl,' because of my white skin. But my saint's name is Maria."

"The Moorish name suits you. Myself"—it was said as simply as if she spoke to one of the village girls at home—"I am Bette Urruty."

Johár frowned; a knitting of soft brows more lovely than many smiles: "That I know!"

The reluctant tone of her voice did not escape the eavesdropper above, who put out an instinctive hand to shield Bette.

"So, you have heard of me?" The bride-to-be blushed. "I am sorry you do not live here always. To have another girl in the house would be very nice; and I so love," she added, "to look at beautiful persons!"

Johár's teeth caught her lip in an uncertain smile that took the breath with its sweetness.

"You—would like me to stay?"

"Oh, I must have you, Johár! I adore you!" cried Bette, impulsively clasping her hand. "Do say you will stay! Perhaps"—she flushed again—"if I were to ask Don Maximo he would engage you for my *chica.* Then we could be together always, and I should not be so lonely for the other ones at home. Not that I am accustomed to have a *chica,*" she added; "but when one marries, the babies begin to come and ——"

"I—your *chica?*" Johár snatched away her hand and burst into sudden, piteous

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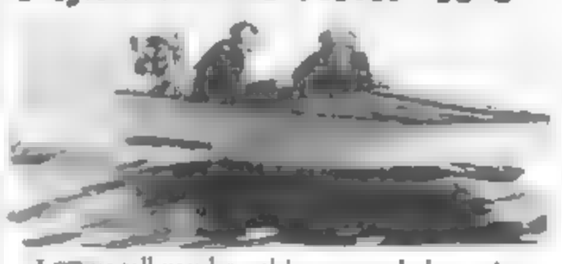

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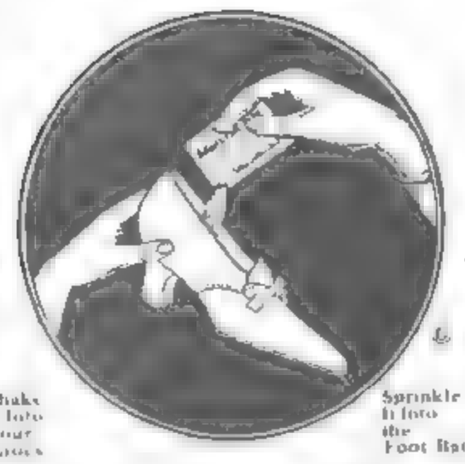

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weeping. "Nurse, perhaps, to your children yours? *Ay Dios mio!* That I could not bear! Never, never, never! First I would die!" And she ran away into the house, still painfully sobbing.

Emily saw Bette turn with a puzzled, anxious, intent look on her face, walking so blindly that she stumbled. She herself hurried to Esteban, who listened to what she had to say without comment, but rose at once and went in to his grandmother, followed by Emily.

They found the old lady fully dressed and knitting vigorously, in an effort to turn to some account those valuable morning hours which polite guests of a Spanish household are supposed to spend in sleep. As they entered, a door from her room into Bette's closed behind the girl, who had evidently been before them. Madame Urruty listened to them in silence; and when Emily had finished she pulled the bell rope beside her bed.

"You will tell your master, if you please," she said to a sleepy servant who came running, dressing as he ran, "that I will speak with him alone as soon as possible."

But at this hour, protested the boy, el señor duque would be still asleep!

"You will give him my message," said Madame Urruty with finality.

Emily would have preferred to escape that interview; but in moments of crisis, as she knew, the Urruty stood together. The duke received them without great delay in his library, suave as ever, though palpably in need of further slumber, attended as usual by his confessor.

Madame Urruty fixed a slightly inimical eye on the prelate. "The message I sent you, Canellos, was that I wished to speak with you alone."

"But my dear Doña Léocadie—my spiritual adviser, *vicaire* to our house ——"

"Um," said Madame Urruty, and kept her eye upon the priest while he somewhat hurriedly retired. It was evident that the advices required at the moment were other than spiritual.

The duke maintained his suavity with an effort. His foot beat a fretful tattoo upon the floor. Emily restrained a nervous desire to giggle.

"Really, my dear friend, your attitude —— I am at a loss to understand ——"

"I myself am at a loss, Don Jaime, to understand under what circumstances you have invited myself and younger members of my household to enjoy your grandson's hospitality," said the matriarch calmly. "Who is this girl Johár who flaunts her beauty secretly about your house?"

"Flaunts?" The duke looked blank. "What? You have seen her then?" Suddenly before their eyes his suavity went to pieces. It was an astonishing exhibition; his features became convulsed, he pounded with his fist, stamped his feet, jerked at the bell rope till it came off in his hands, exploding strange language. "*Caspita!* This is my return for Christian forbearance! Flaunts, does she? *Ca!* I'll flaunt her! I'll turn her out! I'll send her to a charity asylum where she belongs! I'll ——"

His housekeeper came running to him, and he struck at her with his cane. "Is it you or I then who gives orders here? *Que Dios remate tu nombre!*" [There is no worse insult than to invite God to blot out a Spanish name.] "You swore that you would never let the girl out of your quarters! Now take that young *maja*, that ingrate ——"

"Send your servant away," broke in Madame Urruty quietly, "and compose yourself, Don Jaime. Such agitation is bad for the arteries. . . . Now then; we were speaking of the girl Johár."

The duke mastered himself as suddenly as he had lost himself, and turned upon them a countenance composed to mournful calm.

"Ah, my friends, how can I express to you my regret, my utter dismay? That our young, our charming little fiancée should be exposed, beneath our roof, to so unnecessary an encounter! I blame myself seriously for the folly, the amiable weakness, of letting the *niña* remain during your presence here. One was overpersuaded—the relative of a faithful servitor, you understand; orphaned, unprotected, become so dangerously beautiful —— And your visit was to be, regrettably, so brief. But *mea culpa, mea culpa!* I admit that I am overkind, overindulgent, wax in the hands of those who love me. It is my nature," he said with growing complacence. "And our poor little Pearl, as innocent as she is beautiful—it seemed imperative that she remain under my protection and in the care of her worthy aunt until a suitable *novio* be found for her. But Rosaura has broken her promise to me to keep the child out of sight. She shall pay for this!"

Emily had not a doubt of it. The duke seemed far more concerned with their discovery of Johár's presence than with the fact itself.

Madame Urruty quietly remarked that the household of a young bachelor was not the most desirable retreat for a young person in her position and of so striking an appearance. The situation was liable to misunderstanding.

"You are right—you are quite right! I confess to you that I have been both disturbed and anxious. It is for that reason that I find myself so deeply relieved by the prospect of the boy's immediate marriage. There is nothing so settling to the temperament as marriage. And I assure you Maximo has been made to suffer for his fancy—for I will not conceal from you the fact that there has been a passing fancy, yes. The spring of the year, their free companionship—for which I cannot but blame somewhat the ambitions of my good Rosaura—the sudden ripening of such beauty—what would you? They loved—or fancied that they did so; as innocently as two cherubs in Paradise. One was even a little touched!" He spread out his hands in the gesture which with Spaniards takes the place of a shrug. "What am I—what is any man of sensibility, to condemn too harshly a lad who follows the blind dictates of his heart in the spring of the year?"

Don Jaime, glancing at Esteban for masculine sympathy in these sentiments, encountered a very level gaze: "You do not permit your grandson to marry the girl, however?"

"Marry? Santa Colomba marry the relative of my servant? A most respectable family, devoted to our interests for several generations, but —— Surely you jest, Urruty!"

"My grandson does not jest," observed Madame Urruty. "He knows quite well that had I discovered such a state of affairs in my household, provided the girl were virtuous and healthy, I should have had the pair at the altar inside of an hour."

"Spoken like a true woman! But as I recall," said the duke gently, "you of the Basque provinces have not quite our *castellismo*, our Castilian feeling for the integrity of blood."

"No?" remarked Madame Urruty. "You think not?"

"Besides," he added in some reproach, "I have long entertained, as you know, other intentions for my grandson."

Esteban spoke again. "Santa Colomba himself does not wish to marry the girl?"

Again the duke spread hands of deprecation. "But naturally! He is a man of the most delicate honor. To take advantage of her dependent position here—unthinkable! He even declared at first that he would enter the monastery rather than contract a marriage with any other woman; being, as I have told you, of a nature truly devout. But it is a blood, I fear, that runs too hot for the monastic life; and he has at last been convinced that for a man in his position, a suitable marriage may be regarded in the light of almost a religious duty."

"You have persuaded your grandson to marry my little sister as a religious duty?" asked Esteban evenly.

"'Persuaded' is hardly the word, my dear fellow! In such families as ours, and yours"—he made an appreciative gesture toward the matriarch—"the younger members do not need to be 'persuaded' to do what is best for them. And since seeing the

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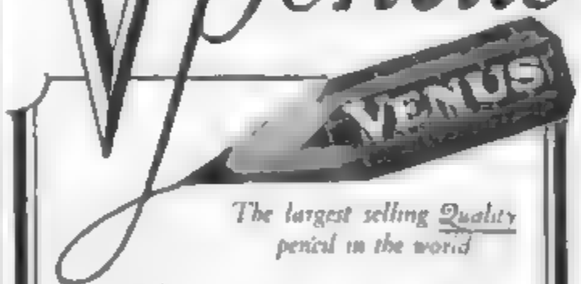

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delightful little Doña Bette, I am certain he is quite, quite reconciled. How could it be otherwise?"

Emily exclaimed irrepressibly, "And was our Bette to know nothing of this?

"Certainly not!" the duke reassured her. "We should naturally have done everything in our power to protect a young bride intrusted to our care from any knowledge which might distress her tender heart. The encounter with the poor little Pearl was unfortunate. As you may have noticed, it quite upset me for the moment. But—there is the advantage of arranging a marriage with due forethought. One feels that one may count upon the intelligence, the good taste, of a young woman brought up as your sister has been"—again he courteously indicated the matriarch—"the trained instinct, the fine feminine sympathy; which is to the *siempre flor*, the eternal flowerhood of woman as "

"—— its fragrance to a rose," finished Madame Urruty grimly. "Ah, yes! I dare say one could count upon my granddaughter to do what is expected of her; even, if necessity arose, to adopt permanently into her household this young person to whom you refer as your Pearl. Fortunately, the necessity will not arise. Eh, no, Canellos, the day of the harem passed, I think, with the fall of Granada." She rose.

"Doña Léocadie!" protested the duke, evidently horrified by so indelicate a suggestion. "I assure you nothing could be further —— The girl remains with us only until arrangements can be made for a suitable marriage for her! How can you conceive ——"

"I conceive only this," said Madame Urruty flatly: "That love between a boy and girl, fed by propinquity and opposition, soon becomes a conflagration which cannot be extinguished by the efforts of two old people, nor yet of themselves. And why extinguish it? A little clean healthy peasant blood in the veins of your great grandchildren, my friend, will not be amiss!"

She went toward the door, which the duke hurried, limping, to open for her in dismayed silence.

Something in his complete dejection—perhaps the ever-present reminder of his limp—touched her to compunction. She stopped and held out her hand. "I am sorry," she added simply. "Do not blame yourself for this disappointment, Jaime—blame rather youth; a condition from which we should be glad to have safely recovered, you and I."

She paused again outside to ask at what hour they were to leave for the *ganaderia*. The duke brightened; all perhaps was not yet lost. He named an hour.

"Will you be good enough," she added, moving away, "to express to your grandson, Santa Colomba, our thanks for his hospitality, and our regrets that we shall not again be able to receive him, either under your roof or our own? Unless accompanied by his wife, Johár."

Which was all very well, thought Emily; but there was still Bette to be considered. She recalled with no pleasure the child's happy little confession, her shy pride of being in love. How deep, she wondered, would love at first sight go with so steadfast a nature? And how much had she realized about the girl Johár?

Bette, however, was not of those who shirk meeting trouble halfway. She was waiting for her confidante at the door of her room.

"*Belle-sœur*," she said rather breathlessly, drawing Emily inside, "I have told the *madre* that I do not wish, after all, to be married to Don Maximo—that I very much do not wish it! In fact, if they insist upon the marriage, I shall—I shall ——"

She was wringing her hands together distressfully, so that Emily took them in both of hers.

"Don't fret, darling; they won't," she promised.

Bette relaxed. "Thank you, *belle-sœur*," she said rather pitifully. "I have not told gran'mère why. She would not comprehend. But you —— Is it true that in America persons always love one another, as you and Esteban loved, before they marry?"

"More or less," said the other cautiously.

"And therefore," continued Bette, who was nothing if not logical, "when they do love as you and Esteban loved, they must always marry? How that is wonderful!" she said, very low. "It makes of love a something mystical, does it not? And holy, like a high altar, before which one makes the genuflection, and places flowers, and burns her candle."

"And burns her candle—yes," said Emily, under her breath.

Bette lifted a face that was for the moment rather beautiful. "So, you see," she explained simply, "why I could not marry Don Maximo, who has for me no such love, and will never have. For him—it is not possible."

She turned away and stood gazing out of the window with such an unusual droop to her thin young shoulders that Emily put a protective arm about them.

"Feeling sort of sorry for yourself," she rallied her, "because you've decided not to be a duchess when you grow up?"

Yes, it was like that, accepted Bette gratefully. How pleasant to have signed oneself so to the girls at school: "Elisabette, Duquesa de los Canellos!" And the serenade, too —— "Oh, but Emily, how *could* he have given to me so beautiful a serenade, when all the time there was ——"

She paused abruptly. Innate reticence, and loyalty to another woman, would never permit her further reference to the girl Johár.

So then Emily disclosed the truth about the serenade. It was the duke himself who, feeling there was some lack perhaps in his grandson's wooing, had risen gallantly to the occasion.

Bette began to giggle, and Emily with her. "Oh, these men! These funny little-boy men!" There was room in her abundant young maternity for even the heartless old sentimentalist who would have so betrayed her. She laughed out loud and long; too loud and long, so that the tears which were in her voice came into her eyes, and had to be blinked stoically away.

But Esteban and his grandmother, listening in the corridor outside, nodded to each other with relief.

"*C'est çal* Let us proceed," said the matriarch, as she had said when she threw her Paris hat out of the automobile.

Riders of the Winged Ski

IN THE article, "Riders of the Winged Ski," published in the March 3rd issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it was incorrectly stated that Nels Nelsen, holder of the world's ski-jumping record, was an American. Mr. Nelsen is a naturalized Canadian, and the record in question was made at Revelstoke, B. C.

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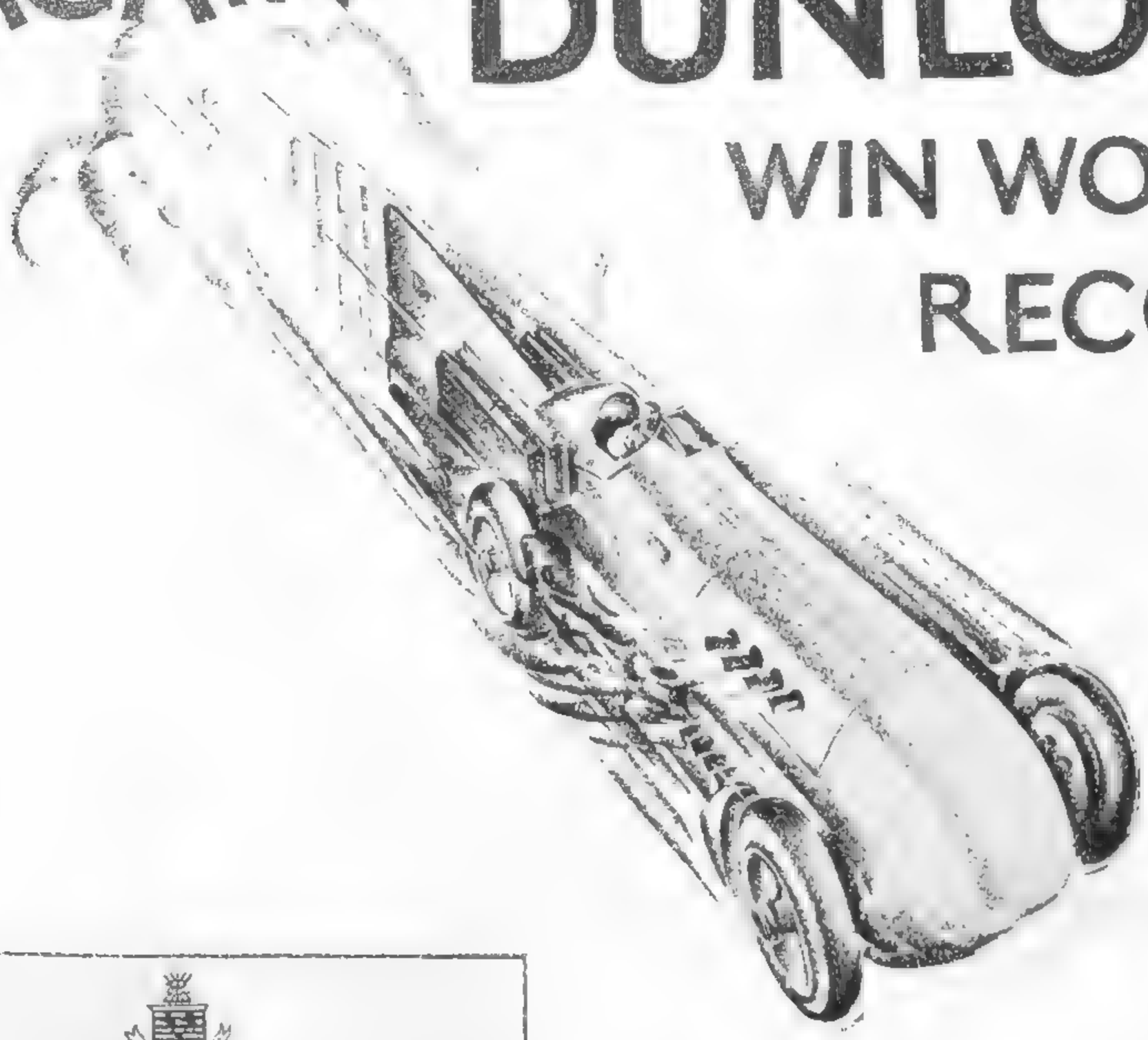

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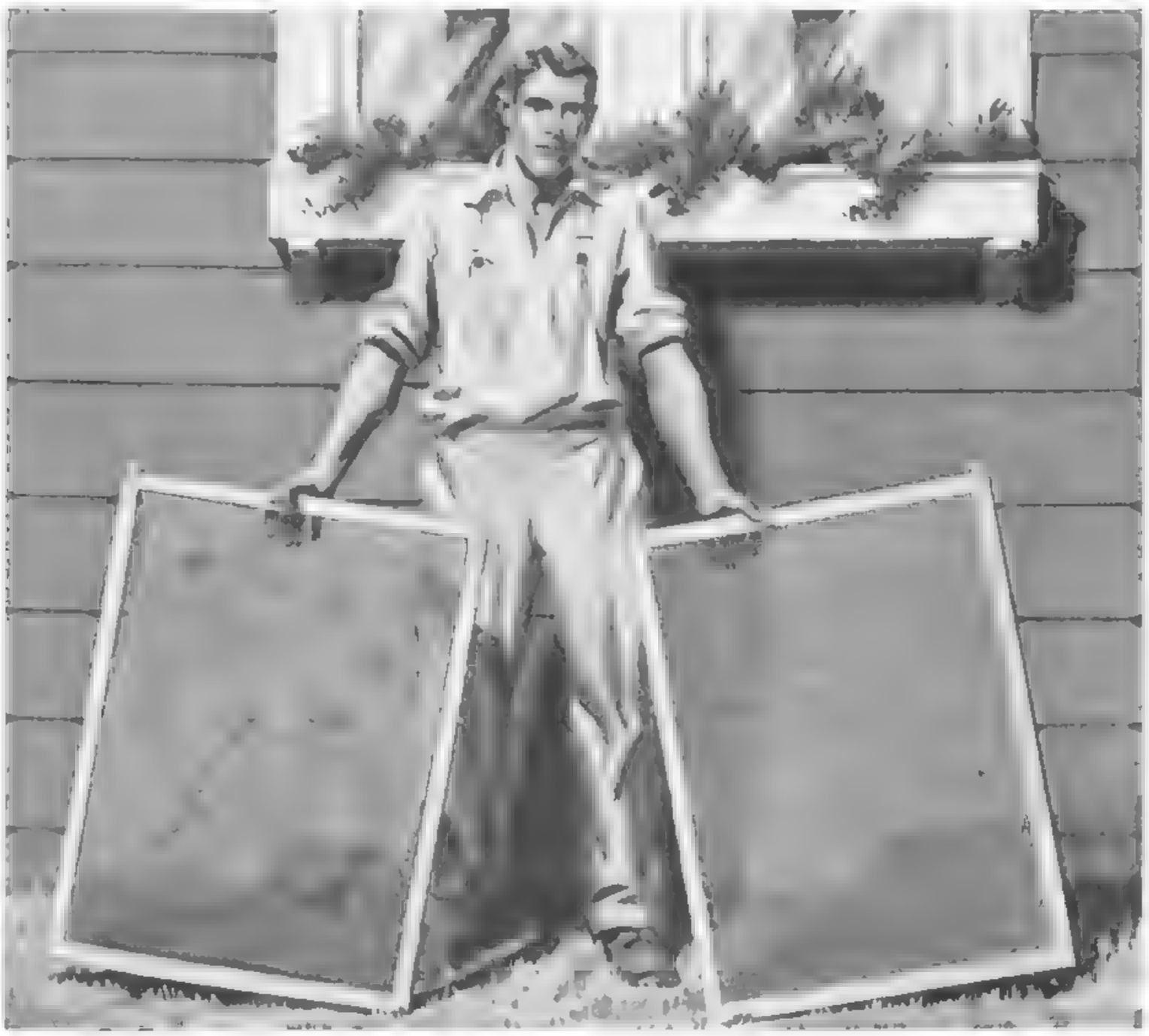
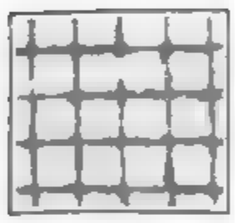
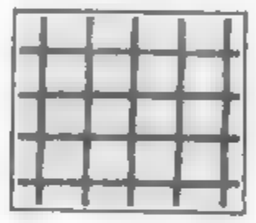
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Service tells *which* is Bronze





Unretouched photograph showing how rust destroys iron screen. Compare with photograph opposite.



Bronze Screen after identical exposure. Bronze—specially strengthened copper cannot rust.

THE picture tells the story . . . how to end the annual spring annoyance of overhauling screens—how to save the cost of yearly painting and patching. Use Bronze Screens —Bronze is specially strengthened Copper.

Bronze Screens are always easy to see through. Their attractive appearance adds distinction to doors and windows. They cannot clog up because they never need painting.

No rust. No holes. No frequent replacement. No patching. No sagging or bulging.

Bronze screening means perfect protection, relief from annoyance and a saving of about $7 yearly in the house of average size.

You can switch from temporary screens to life-time screens at very little expense. Bronze window screens cost about 55 cents more than screens made of iron or steel wire, and the advantages are so obvious that many people are changing all their screens at once; others add a few Bronze Screens each year.

Ask your dealer for *Bronze Screening*. The leading brands have Anaconda Bronze Wire.

Screens of
ANACONDA BRONZE

Rust-proof your house, inside and out

Start with the gutters and rain-pipes. If you install Anaconda Copper, years of exposure will cost you nothing for upkeep. If your house is usual size, you will save an average of $24 each year otherwise spent for painting, patching and repairs.

Gutters and rain-pipes of rustable metals are extravagant, no matter how much care you give them. Paint them on the outside and rust attacks them within. Anaconda Copper can't rust.

The same with water pipe. Brass pipe lines to carry hot and cold water are now the rule in well built houses. The initial cost is a trifle more than for rustable pipe—about $75 more in the average $15,000 house.

But picture the results. No more rusty pipes. Plenty of water upstairs, because Anaconda Brass pipe does not clog with rust—no more reddish-brown water to stain washing and make drinking and bathing disagreeable. No more pipe leaks to damage ceilings. No more annual repairs and replacements.

Learn all the facts about rust-proofing with Screens of Anaconda Bronze, Sheet Metal Work of Anaconda Copper and Anaconda Brass Pipe. Mail the coupon now.

The owner of a seven or eight room house can save $61 *every year* by rust-proofing with Anaconda metals. Country-wide investigation has disclosed these yearly savings:

Screens of Anaconda Bronze	$ 7.00
Anaconda Sheet Copper Work	24.00
Anaconda Brass Pipe	30.00
Average Yearly Saving	$61.00

Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze *cannot* rust, require no painting, patching and renewing. The first cost is the last, and in the average house is only $298 more.

Anaconda Brass Pipe and Anaconda Sheet Copper products can be identified by the name Anaconda stamped in the metal. To be sure of the utmost service copper and brass can give, ask your contractor to use Anaconda, and look for the trademark.

DO NOT CONFUSE

"Rust-*resisting*" metals with Anaconda Copper which *cannot* rust. No one knows how long copper lasts; 100 years is not unusual.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY S 49
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me your booklet on the advantages of rust-proofing my house throughout.

Name

Address

City State

ANACONDA COPPER · BRASS AND BRONZE

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"

Here's a cap that *stays* where a cap *should* stay. Try it!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

"Leaves Faces Fit?" Certainly. Why not? It ought to. Eighty-eight years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin have gone into its making.

Its lather is quick and thick. It prepares both skin and beard so perfectly that the razor's work is made as easy and smooth as a razor's work can be.

It will not turn a dull blade sharp. You could not use it satisfactorily with a jackknife. But it makes dull blades *seem* less dull, and sharp blades sharper.

And super mild (yes, just that, *super mild*), it soothes while it softens; freshens facial tissues; gently, thoroughly cleanses facial pores. *Leaves Faces Fit!*

Ask the drug clerk. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . .

. . . . *but they all come back to Williams!"*

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!"*

Then—a dash of AQUA VELVA! Made for after-shaving. *Keeps* the face Fit all day.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 50)

They're wiser, I know, for in the past twenty or thirty years our facilities for education have been vastly extended and improved. But morally they're not different, except as modified environment has modified some of their ideas—and the ideas of nearly all the rest of us as well.

"True, they're delving into matters that we older men, when we were young, almost never heard of. Psychology, sociology, biology, evolution, philosophy—these are subjects that are being bandied about on college campuses nowadays with all the impersonal nonchalance with which we oldsters used to deal with chemistry and mathematics and physics.

"In that situation there lies, perhaps, some element of danger. More than ever is it essential that the young man, passing through the atmosphere of the modern college, keep his feet solidly on the ground and his eyesight straight."

A Welcome Subject

"In one of my lecture classes was a young man gone red. Not merely a socialist, but more. The keystone in the arch of his political creed was the public ownership of public utilities.

"Well, of course, as a public-utility man, I could scarcely agree with him. But I didn't argue. Instead, at the end of the school year, I assigned him as his thesis a detailed study of all the municipally operated utilities in Massachusetts."

The Part Knowledge Plays

"I said to him: 'I'll make it easy for you to get at all the records, and I'll give you clerical help for the figure work. Now go to it.'

"He plunged in and worked like a Trojan. He dug into municipal-utility accounts and dredged up facts on operation. He studied costs and the quality of service to the public.

"What he produced wasn't merely a report. It was an able treatise, and in it he developed, with his charts and graphs and tables of statistics, a most comprehensive argument.

"His book is regarded today as one of the best arguments ever written—against municipal ownership.

"Seeing straight, thinking straight, gaining in knowledge all the time, doing the job that's before him doing it well for the sake of the job itself and for what it will add to his experience—thus a man gains in going value and thus he builds up, from day to day, the balance sheet of a successful career." —ARTHUR H. LITTLE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Co-ordination of Effort Throughout The Entire Certain-teed Organization, Produces Savings Which Are Used in Giving The Public Products of Extra Value

Vital to the athlete is the smooth unison of muscles, nerves and mind! To Certain-teed, the unusual coordination of its selected personnel is equally fundamental. . . For, the added efficiency thus supplied, is a strong bulwark to Certain-teed's policy of manufacturing only products of extra quality.

Among its purchasing representatives located throughout the world; the thousands of employees operating its many large plants; the members of its compact sales force . . in the entire Certain-teed organization, there is a mighty power of cooperation which builds superiority into each product. The Certain-teed label—whether on roofing products, floor coverings, paints or gypsum products—must represent full satisfaction at all times.

Scientific elimination of waste is brought about by installations of modern machinery, by careful systems of processing, and by special methods of speeding products along to dealers. Thus, science and personal zeal are coordinated—producing many economies which Certain-teed passes on to purchasers in the form of extra quality and extra value.

ASPHALT ROOFINGS
ASPHALT SHINGLES
BUILDING PAPERS
BUILDING FELTS
PAINTS - VARNISHES
LACQUERS

Certain-teed

Certain-teed

LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS
GYPSUM BOARD

WISS SHEARS AND SCISSORS

NOW ALSO

OBTAINABLE IN STAINLESS STEEL

Here you have what you have always wanted—a special assortment of high grade scissors and shears, in popular types and sizes, made of STAINLESS STEEL.

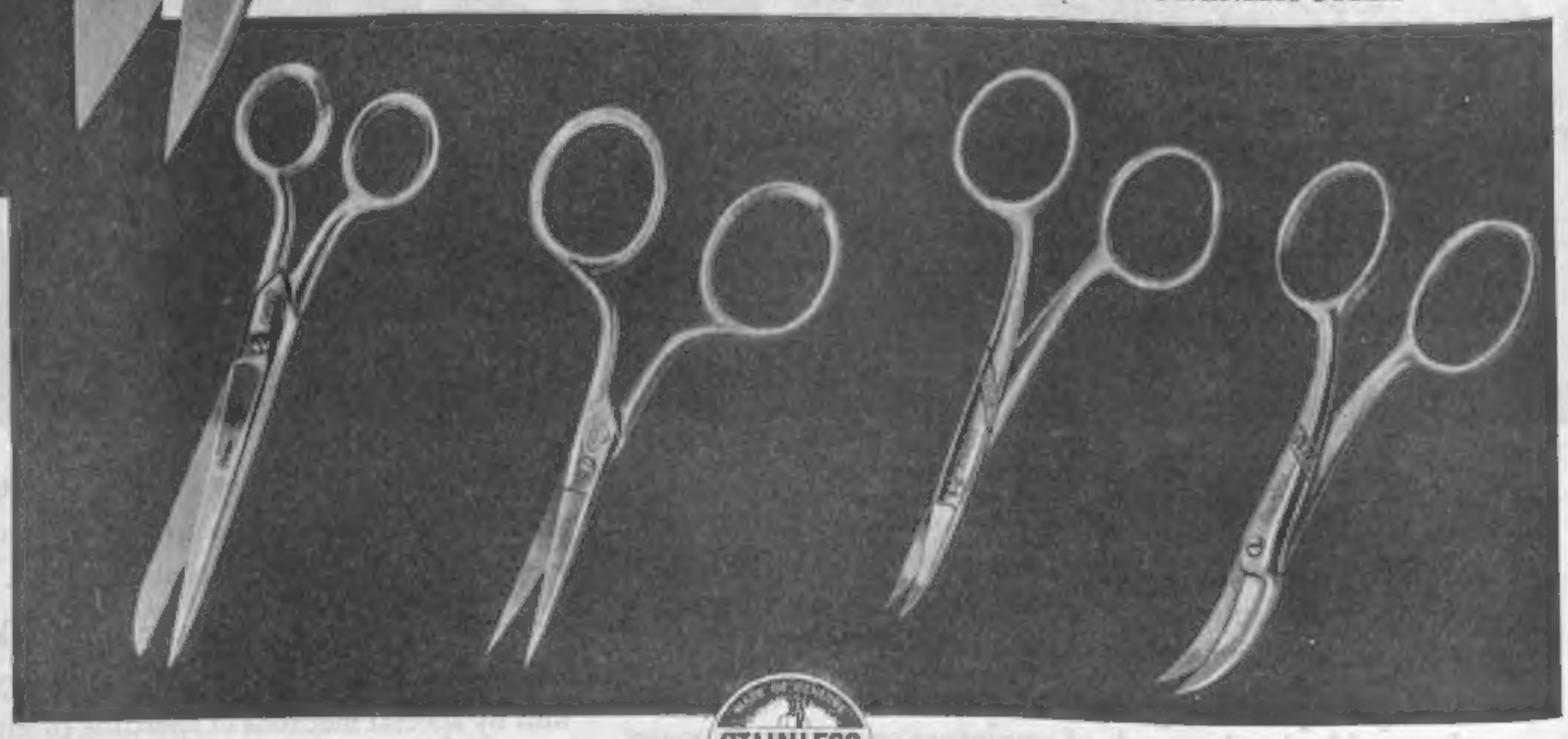
Consider how useful a pair of Wiss STAINLESS STEEL household shears can be in your kitchen—for cutting up salads, trimming meats, preparing fruits, fowl and vegetables.

Think of the joy of having stainless scissors in your mending basket, and of the everlasting smoothness assured to your embroidery scissors because they, too, are made of this non-corroding steel.

It's easy to see the advantages of STAINLESS STEEL in Wiss cuticle and nail scissors—manicure tools that can be used in the bathroom without ever any fear of rust.

In each of the models illustrated, all the desirable qualities of STAINLESS STEEL are added to the cutting ability, finish and design that have made Wiss scissors outstandingly popular the world over.

For sale wherever good cutlery is sold. Ask your dealer to show you these special Wiss models in STAINLESS STEEL.



Wonderful Cutters

Household Shears, for heavy duty, from dressmaking to kitchen work. 6, 7, 8 inch sizes, $2.25, $2.50 and $3.00.

Ladies' Scissors, for sewing and mending 5-inch, $2.00.

Embroidery Scissors, daintily made, needlesharp points, 4-inch, $1.75.

Manicure or Cuticle Scissors, curved needlepoints, strongly made. 3¼-inch, $1.75.

Nail Scissors, curved blades. For the hardest service. 3½-inch, $1.75.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rocky Mountains.

STAINLESS

STAINLESS STEEL

WISS SCISSORS

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY · COMMONWEALTH BUILDING · PITTSBURGH, PA.

NO EXCUSE

Baby needn't keep you at home!

. . . Take him and go where you will—for the day's picnic, to the camp in the mountains, to the cottage at the seashore—you can have for baby's bottle the same safe, wholesome milk he has at home.

Pet Milk is not a substitute for milk.

. . . It *is* milk—different from ordinary milk in these respects:—It is more than twice as rich—It is sterilized—always free from anything that could make him ill—or even disturb his digestion—It is more easily digested than ordinary milk—It is as safe and as easily digested as mother's milk.

The sealed container keeps Pet Milk pure and fresh and sweet, in the summer camp as well as on the pantry shelf at home. The whole day's feedings prepared at once will keep fresh and sweet through the day, without the use of ice.

Take baby where you will!

. . . There is no reason why he should ever have less than normal, sturdy growth—no excuse for digestive disturbance—you need have no fear for him of less than perfect health because of lack of safe, wholesome milk.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

Let us send you our free booklet "Baby's Milk."

PET MILK COMPANY
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" recipes over your favorite radio station.

"Last year over 300,000 women wrote me of their baking successes with this new method"

Betty Crocker

It is now known that baking uncertainties too often come from flour...that is why experts advise the new "Kitchen-tested" Flour

"I have tried many recipes with Gold Medal Flour—and the same recipes with other flour—and I find that I have much better luck with 'Kitchen-tested' Gold Medal. I did not realize that different makes of flour could make such a difference. Will always use Gold Medal and can say it is the best."—Mrs. A. A. Jackson, South Range, Wisc.

* * *

This grateful letter from Mrs. Jackson is typical of more than 300,000 letters written by women last year, praising this new discovery in the art of baking. A discovery which *doubles* your chances of perfect baking results.

For it is only recently that chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that *flour* is 50% of the cause of baking failures. They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely different in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time!

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means *one* flour for *all* your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

Money Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it.

Chocolate Orange Dessert
A tempting combination of flavors and colors. One of the many interesting recipes constantly created in the Gold Medal Kitchen.

One view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you.

The words "Kitchen-tested" are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Mills at MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL, OGDEN

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY,
General Offices, MINNEAPOLIS

A Revelation! "I had some pretty good flour in my cabinet. But the next time I tried Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour the difference was like night and day. Gold Medal is the only flour I ever want to use."
MRS. H. E. COEFIELD
Hammond, Ind.

I'll never change! "Never again will I fool with other flour. With Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour my biscuits are wonderful dainties. The cakes also, especially the sponge cake. I'm a Gold Medal booster forever."
MRS. M. C. KLINE
Randolph, Minn.

Always Singing! "I am always singing Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour praises and I have induced a number of my friends to use it instead of having two kinds of flour."
MRS. A. W. FARR
Buffalo, N. Y.

Special Offer
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer only good if you live in U. S.)

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we shall be glad to send you selected samples, including Chocolate Orange Dessert—FREE.
Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.,
Dept. 335, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes *free.*)

☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Kitchen-tested

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